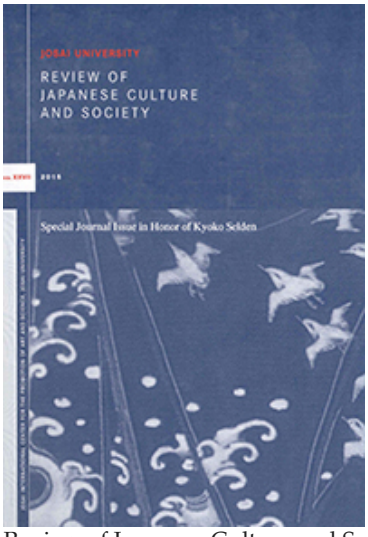
Introduction to the Special Issue in Honor of Kyoko Selden: Japan in Translation

Alisa Freedman



Review of Japanese Culture and Society, **Volume XXVII, Special Issue in Honor of Kyoko Selden (2015); also available** here (http://www.josai.jp/news/2015/20150721_RJCS.html)

This issue of The Asia-Pacific Journal: Japan Focus is the first of three special online issues that can be read in conjunction with a 2015 special issue of the Review of Japanese Culture and Society (http://www.josai.jp/jicpas/RJCS/) (Volume XXVII).[1] Together the issues offer examples of Kyoko Selden's literary translations and writings that span Japanese history, literature, and multiple genres. The two journals were venues through which Kyoko shared much of her work. These poems, stories, novellas, essays, plays, memoirs, and biographies—drawn from her more than twenty books and fifty short pieces—exemplify her belief in the humanizing power of literature and art, concern for the human toll of historical events, and gentle humor. They reveal new dimensions of established authors while ensuring that marginalized voices are heard. The selections highlight Kyoko's emphasis on women writers and her interlocking themes: war and peace, classical literature and art, Ainu traditions, Okinawan literature, atomic cataclysm, music, education, and childhood, among others. We have prioritized texts that have not been published and those that were first circulated in private venues; included are a few of her many contributions to the Asia Pacific Journal and Japan Focus. We have completed translations that Kyoko did not have a chance to finish before her passing in January 2013.[2]

Flute Boy, **Watercolor by Kyoko Selden**

Kyoko Selden—educator, translator, editor, calligrapher, painter, and poet, among other talents—was born in Tokyo in 1936; her father Irie Keishirō was a journalist and later professor of international law. As detailed in her memoir, Kyoko experienced war as a child, first at her family's home in Tokyo and then in the Nagano countryside with her brother Akira and other schoolmates who were relocated to safety from bombings shortly before the firebombing of Tokyo. She attended secondary school in Tokyo and graduated with a degree in English from the University of Tokyo in 1959. With the help of a Fulbright Fellowship, she studied English literature at Yale University, becoming one of the first Japanese people to travel abroad before passports became more easily available in the 1960s. Kyoko earned a doctorate in English literature in 1965 and in subsequent decades demonstrated her ability to translate into both Japanese and English. At Yale, she met Mark Selden, whom she married in 1963; for fifty years, Kyoko and Mark partnered in projects combining social activism, literature, art, and translation. At Yale, she also became friends with Noriko Mizuta, with whom she prepared three anthologies of Japanese women writers (More Stories by Japanese Women Writers: An Anthology (https://www.routledge.com/products/9780765627346) [M.E. Sharpe 2011], The Funeral of a Giraffe: Seven Stories of Tomioka Taeko (https://www.amazon.com/Funeral-Giraffe-Seven-Stories-Tomioka-ebook/dp/B0063HO7U8) [M.E. Sharpe 1999], and Japanese Women Writers: Twentieth Century Short Fiction (http://www.tandfebooks.com/doi/book/10.4324/9781315703138) [M.E. Sharpe 1982]). Kyoko taught at Dean Junior College, National Taiwan Normal University, Tsuda College, and Washington University before Cornell University, where she instructed modern and classical Japanese language and literature as a senior lecturer. Kyoko helped foster generations of scholars in Japanese literature, history, and the social sciences through collaborative projects, as evidenced by the many joint translations in this issue, and by designing teaching materials, such as her book series Annotated Literary Gems (https://eap.einaudi.cornell.edu/annotated-japanese-literary-gems-0)(Cornell East Asia Series, 2006 and 2007 with additional volumes (http://www.uhpress.hawaii.edu/p-6782-9781933947358.aspx) in progress). It is no exaggeration to say that Kyoko helped shape the American canon of Japanese literature and the field of translation studies. The Kyoko Selden Memorial Translation Prize in Japanese Literature, Thought, and Society was established at Cornell in 2013. (http://lrc.cornell.edu/asian/seldenmemorial) As Kyoko's Cornell colleague Brett de Bary aptly observed in a personal email and elaborates in her preface to the special issue of the Review of Japanese Culture and Society, "Kyoko appears to be one of those people whose outlines emerge so overwhelmingly at the moment of death. How quietly powerful and prolific she was!"

This Asia-Pacific Journal issue opens with Kyoko's work on classical warrior tales and poetry. In the 1980s, Joan Piggott (Gordon L. MacDonald Chair in History, University of Southern California) and Kyoko began translating and annotating sections of the fourteenth-century Taiheiki: The Chronicle of Great Peace, Chapters Thirteen through Nineteen (out of forty), picking up where Helen Craig McCullough's seminal The Taiheiki: The Chronicle of Medieval Japan (first published by Tuttle in 1979) left off.[3] These initially provided materials for their interdisciplinary Taiheiki course, first taught at Cornell University in 1992 and still offered at the University of Southern California. Excerpts from Chapters Thirteen and Fourteen, published for the first time in the special issue of the Review of Japanese Culture and Society, dramatize events of 1335 and exemplify the gory battles, alluring subplots, cultural allusions, and character sketches that comprise the Taiheiki. They are paired with renga (linked verse) by the basara (flamboyant)

warrior Sasaki Dōyo (1295?-1373) selected from the Tsukubashū (Tsukuba Anthology, 1356-57), the first of two official medieval renga collections, and the Hinin Taiheiki, or The Paupers' Chronicle of Peace (co-translation with Joshua Young). One of many Edo-period (1600-1868) Taiheiki parodies, the Hinin Taiheiki is unique in its inclusion of actual poverty, unrest, and famine. In this mock-heroic tale based on historical events of 1681, Osaka beggars memorably and hilariously attempt to drive famine refugees from the countryside out of the urban areas they deemed their own territories.

The Takarazuka Concise Madame Butterfly (Shukusatsu Chōchō-san) by Tsubouchi Shikō (1887-1986) exemplifies Kyoko's attention to historical adaptations and the intersection of literature and other media. This charming Japanese version of the 1903 Giacomo Puccini opera Madame Butterfly, told from the perspective of the female protagonist, was performed by the Takarazuka all-female revue in August 1931. It is part of Kyoko's project with Arthur Groos (Avalon Foundation Professor of the Humanities, Cornell University) on the history of Italian opera in Japan.

A goal of Kyoko and Mark's work has been to ensure that the trauma of war, particularly the perspective of civilian victims, never be forgotten. This is evident in their edited book The Atomic Bomb: Voices from Hiroshima and Nagasaki (https://www.amazon.com/Atomic-Bomb-Voices-Hiroshima-Nagasaki/dp/087332773X?ie=UTF8&tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (M.E. Sharpe, 1989) and numerous articles and literary translations published in the Asia-Pacific Journal. Reprinted here are poems by atomic victims in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. These poets— young and old, amateur and professional—use a range of poetic styles, from haiku and tanka to free verse, to powerfully convey the firsthand experience of nuclear disaster. Also reprinted is Masks of Whatchamacallit: A Nagasaki Tale (Nanjamonja no men, 1976), an evocative story of women's emotional and physical experience of radiation sickness by Hayashi Kyōko (1930-), the outstanding Nagasaki novelist and chronicler of the bomb and its legacies, and haiku by Mitsuhashi Toshio (1920-2001) about war memory and atomic bombings, among other topics. Mitsuhashi was a member of the Shinkō Haiku (Newly Rising Haiku) movement that the Japanese government in the 1940s deemed a threat to "national polity" (kokutai) and silenced. The themes of these texts are further expounded in Kyoko's vivid memoir of childhood during war in Tokyo and Nagano, with an afterword written by her brother Akira.

Also represented in this issue is Kyoko's interest in Ainu oral traditions and contemporary Okinawan stories that creatively use language to provide deeper understanding of these embattled cultures and their past and present on the peripheries of the Japanese empire. Included are two examples of Ainu kamuy yukar, epic songs of gods and demigods, one of three main genres of Ainu literature, in which a human chanter impersonates a deity. "The Song the Owl God Himself Sang 'Silver Droplets Fall Fall All Around" (Kamuichikap kamui yaieyukar, 'Shirokanipe ranran pishkan') was translated from Ainu into Japanese by Chiri Yukie (1903-22) and published in 1923 by Kyōdo Kenkyūsha, a press presided over by the ethnologist Yanagita Kunio. "The Goddess of the Wind and Okikurmi" (Ainu no min'wa: kaze no kami to Okikurmi) was retold in modern Japanese by Kayano Shigeru (1926-2006) and published as a children's book with illustrations by Saitō Hiroyuki in 1999. Both kamuy yukar sing of gods who protect and teach humans; they demonstrate how Chiri and Kayano worked to preserve Ainu culture and language and make that literature accessible to Japanese. We present the beginning section of Okinawan author Sakiyama Tami's (1954-) Swaying, Swinging (Yuratiku yuritiku, 2003), which portrays an imaginary, legend-rich

island, all of whose residents are older than eighty. In this novella, comprised of stories within stories, Sakiyama embeds multiple Okinawan languages in her prose to depict the lives of islanders in connection with the spirit of the sea that surrounds them and voices from the past. (A translation of the novella in its entirety appears in Islands of Protest: Japanese Literature from Okinawa (http://www.uhpress.hawaii.edu/p-9532-9780824839796.aspx), edited by Davinder Bhowmik and Steve Rabson, University of Hawaii Press in 2016.)

Excerpts from three longer works represent Kyoko's explorations in art history and aesthetics. First, Kyoko translated the extensive catalogue on Japan: The Shaping of Daimyo Culture, 1185-1868 (http://www.nga.gov/content/ngaweb/research/publications/pdf-library/japan-the-shaping-of-daimyo-culture.html), held at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. in 1988 and 1989, the first exhibit anywhere, including Japan, to present the artistic legacy of daimyō (regional lords) from the rise of warrior rulers in the twelfth century to the dissolution of the feudal system in 1868. Second, in his "Ukiyo-e Landscapes and Edo Scenic Places" (Ukiyo-e no sansuiga to Edo meisho, 1914), author Nagai Kafū (1879-1959) offers a wealth of information about ukiyo-e artists, schools, and movements. This lyrical essay, the translation of which first appeared in the December 2012 issue of the Review of Japanese Culture and Society (Volume XIV) (http://www.josai.jp/jicpas/RJCS/2012.html), epitomizes many of the themes of Kafū's literature and his faith in the ability of artists to capture the tenor of their times and the power of art to shape the ways people view urban daily life. Third, Cho Kyo (Professor, Meiji University) presents a cultural history of female beauty in China and Japan in his The Search for the Beautiful Woman: A Cultural History of Japanese and Chinese Beauty (Bijo towa nanika: Nitchū bijin no bunkashi, 2001). Kyoko's complete translation of this book, which is excerpted here, was published at Rowman and Littlefield (https://rowman.com/ISBN/9781442218932/The-Search-for-the-Beautiful-Woman-A-Cultural-History-of-Japanese-and-Chinese-Beauty) in 2012.

For over thirty years, Kyoko was involved in the Talent Education (Sainō kyōiku) movement, as a parent of three children learning to play violin and cello, and as a translator of major works of the Suzuki Method, which became popular in postwar Japan and then, from the early 1960s, spread throughout the United States, Europe, and other parts of the world. Created by violinist Suzuki Shin'ichi (1898-1998), whose biography Nurtured by Love (Ai ni ikiru, 1966) is excerpted here, the Suzuki Method teaches children classical music while fostering their motor skills, concentration, and character. Nurtured by Love (http://www.abebooks.com/Nurtured-Love-Suzuki-Shinichi-Selden-Kyoko/16363879899/bd), one of Kyoko's many co-translations with her daughter Lili Selden, displays her interest in biography as well as music and childhood education.

Among Kyoko's last translation projects was Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense (Dainana kankai hōkō, 1931) the best-known novel of author Osaki Midori (1896-1974). This fragmented novella, the full translation of which is only available in the Review of Japanese Culture and Society special issue, is replete with inventive use of language, heightened sensory perceptions, parodies of psychology, and cinematic narrative styles. It represents the culmination of Osaki's modernism and her creation of female protagonists, who like the author, were attempting to make lives for themselves in Tokyo. This story of four youths—a woman, her brothers, and childhood sweetheart who live together, passionately pursue their studies, and are obsessed with romantic love—was Osaki's final publication

before she retired to her home in the remote Tottori countryside. As exemplified by Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense, Osaki's literature is marked by an anti-realist, anti-worldly imagination, which conjures a fantastic realm beyond the everyday. Osaki displayed a writer's individuality within a social milieu that restricted the expressive practice of women. The rediscovery of Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense by literary critics in the 1960s led to a reevaluation of Osaki's work and her influence on female authors.

Sketches by Kyoko Selden

The idea for these two special issues, first proposed by Noriko Mizuta and realized with the editorial expertise of Miya Elise Mizuta, was made possible with the help of many people with whom Kyoko collaborated. We are grateful to the Review of Japanese Culture and Society for allowing the reprint of selected texts, and we encourage Asia-Pacific Journal readers to peruse the journal issue (http://www.josai.jp/jicpas/RJCS/), portions of which are included here. We are indebted to Lili Selden and Hiroaki Sato for their literary, translational, and editorial expertise throughout the entire process of preparing Kyoko's translations for publication. Their contributions are particularly notable in the translations of the Hinin Taiheiki, renga by Dōyo, haiku by Mitsuhashi, and the introductions to these selections. Joan Piggott was generous with her knowledge of the Taiheiki and renga, among other areas. Miya Elise Mizuta, Noriko Mizuta, and members the editorial staff of the Review of Japanese Culture and Society—Professor Haga Kōichi (Assistant Editor), Natta Phisphumvidhi (Production Editor), Tajima Miho (Editorial Editor), and Nara Hiroe—facilitated all aspects of publication of the Review of Japanese Culture and Society issue. At the Asia-Pacific Journal, Alex Bueno, Kienan Knight-Boehm, and Emilie Takayama provided able technical support. We also appreciate support from the Jōsai International Center for the Promotion of Art and Science.

SPECIAL FEATURE

Japan in Translation I
In Honor of Kyoko Selden

Edited by Alisa Freedman

Joan Piggott, Introduction to the Taiheiki: The Chronicle of Great Peace

(/2016/14/Piggott-1.html)

Selections from the Taiheiki: The Chronicle of Great Peace, translated by Kyoko Selden and Joan Piggott (/2016/14/Piggott-2.html)

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Renga by Sasaki Dōyo: Selected from the Tsukubashū (Tsukuba Anthology), translated and annotated by Kyoko Selden, edited by Lili Selden (/2016/14/Selden-3.html)

The Takarazuka Concise Madame Butterfly, translated by Kyoko Selden and Lili Selden (/2016/14/Selden-4.html)

Alisa Freedman is an Associate Professor of Japanese Literature and Film at the University of Oregon. Her books include Tokyo in Transit: Japanese Culture on the Rails and Road (Stanford University Press, 2010), an annotated translation of Kawabata Yasunari's The Scarlet Gang of Asakusa (University of California Press, 2005), and co-edited volumes on Modern Girls on the Go: Gender, Mobility, and Labor in Japan (Stanford University Press, 2013), and Introducing Japanese Popular Culture (forthcoming from Routledge). She has published articles and edited special journal issues on Japanese modernism, Tokyo studies, youth culture, gender, television, humor as social critique, teaching pedagogies, and intersections of literature and digital media, along with translations of Japanese literature. She is Editor-in-Chief of the U.S.-Japan Women's Journal.

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Notes

[1] The 2015 special issue (Volume XXVII) of the Review of Japanese Culture and Society, published in English by the Jōsai International Center for the Promotion of Art and Science at Jōsai University, includes a complete translation of Osaki Midori's novella Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense and Uehara Noboru's short story "Our Gang Age," 1970), among other literary works not reprinted here, and writings by Noriko Mizuta, Brett de Bary, Arthur Groos, and Akira Iriye. Interspersed are Kyoko's photographs, artworks, and original poems, providing glimpses of her rich personal life and artistic range and sensibility.

[2] The published texts included here have been revised and edited for this special issue.

[3] In these special issues, some translators and authors have chosen to transcribe Chinese words in Wade-Giles, while others have used Pinyin. We have maintained the use of both romanization systems as the translators have suggested.

Introduction to the Taiheiki: The Chronicle of Great Peace

Joan Piggott

Helen McCullough translated and published the first twelve chapters of the medieval military chronicle Taiheiki, The Chronicle of Great Peace, in 1979. In the late 1980s and early 1990s, Kyoko Selden and I, then colleagues on the faculty of Cornell University, began meeting weekly to read, discuss, and translate a broad range of Japanese historical texts, including sections of the Taiheiki through Chapter 19 (out of forty). Our short-term objective was to develop materials for an interdisciplinary seminar that would introduce more of the Taiheiki to English readers. In this special issue, two selections from the Taiheiki—the dramatic and tragic death of Go-Daigo's cast-off son Prince Moriyoshi (alt. Morinaga, 1308-35) from Chapter 13 and an account of the critical battle at Hakone Takenoshita from Chapter 14, both events of 1335—are paired with linked verse by the basara (flamboyant) warrior Sasaki Dōyo, and the Edo-period Hinin Taiheiki: The Paupers' Chronicle of Peace. All were originally translated and annotated for our Taiheiki course, first taught in 1992, a class that I continue to teach at the University of Southern California.

By way of brief introduction to the Taiheiki, we know neither its authors' names nor its completion date. Criticisms of the Taiheiki (Nantaiheiki) by Imagawa Ryōshun (active 1370s-1440s), compiled in 1402, suggests that an initial account took form between 1338 and 1350, but editing and expansion continued long after, into the era of the third Ashikaga shogun, Yoshimitsu (1358-1408; reign 1368-94). Literary historian Hyōdo Hiromi thinks that an early text of thirty chapters was expanded by an additional ten chapters.[1] The journal of the well known courtier Tōin Kinsada (1340-99) names the monk Kojima as one author, while Imagawa's Criticisms of the Taiheiki mentions two other monks, Echin and Gen'e, as compilers. Gen'e was an intimate of Ashikaga Takauji's younger brother and lieutenant Tadayoshi (1306-52), as well as a prominent scholar of China's Sung dynasty (960-1279). Since both Echin and Gen'e died in the 1350s, they would have been early contributors to the manuscript.[2] As for the issue of how the early story was written, historian Satō Kazuhiko thinks that, at least for battle narratives, the authors used records made by Ji-sect monks, who followed armies of the day and tended to funerary rites on the battlefield. In some cases we also have reports of battle service called gunchūjō submitted by warriors to claim rewards.[3]

The Taiheiki can be divided into three chronological sections: the first twelve chapters provide the narrative up to the fall of the Kamakura Shogunate in 1333—this was the section translated by McCullough. The next nine chapters (13-21) tell the story of the monarch Go-Daigo's restoration, its failure, and Go-Daigo's subsequent death in Yoshino in 1339. And the final nineteen chapters (22-40) narrate the fortunes of the newly established Ashikaga Shogunate up to 1367, including battles between adherents of the northern and southern courts, the fracturing and inner struggles within the Shogunate between supporters of Takauji and Tadayoshi in the 1350s, and the back story for the reign of Ashikaga Yoshimitsu that began in 1368. While the Selden-Piggott translation does not yet include chapters from this third section, we have translated the titles of each subsection and written abstracts for them, which provide readers with a good sense of the contents of each

subsection. The plan is to put all this work on the Japan Historical Text Initiative (JHTI) website in the near future,[4] providing a platform where multiple translators can work on sections simultaneously to advance the ongoing translation project more quickly.

As for historical context, the knowledge of which greatly enriches a reading of the Taiheiki, English readers can find useful material in Andrew Goble's The Kenmu Revolution (1997), Kenneth Grossberg's Japan's Renaissance (1981; reprinted in 2010), and Thomas Conlan's two studies, State of War (2004) and Sovereign and Symbol (2011).[5] Fortunately, in these books Conlan has begun to develop the new field of Nanbokuchō historical studies—that is, the history of the era of warfare between supporters of the two courts, north (in Kyoto) and south (in Yoshino and Kawachi), from 1336 to 1392—in English.

In terms of style and genre, the intellectual historian Ōsumi Kazuo has noted strong influence from the Heike monogatari (Tales of the Heike, compiled in the mid-fourteenth century) battle narratives on the Taiheiki descriptions of warfare.[6] Nevertheless, the sustained depiction of bloody and unending civil war and the fissuring of society at all levels over several decades distinguishes the Taiheiki story, even if blind monk Akashi no Kakuichi's Heike (the best known edition of the text, completed in 1371) and extant versions of the Taiheiki—far fewer than those of the much larger Heike opus—took form around the same time. The sharp critique of politics and society in the Taiheiki evokes the Chinese historiographical tradition of "praise and blame" that dates back to the Han dynasty Historical Records (Shih chi in Chinese, Shiki in Japanese). And while some researchers have questioned its historical authenticity, the Taiheiki is frequently cited by historians.[7] For instance, Satō Kazuhiko's research on "evil bands" (akutō), the mentalité of "lowers overcoming betters" (gekokujō), and other aspects of society and culture in the fourteenth century draws extensively on insights from the Taiheiki.[8] Hyōdo Hiromi actually reads the Taiheiki as the chronicle of the Ashikaga Shogunate, arguing that it served a function similar to the earlier Azuma kagami (Mirror of the East, circa 1266) for the Kamakura Shogunate. And Ōsumi sees the Taiheiki as a primer (ōraimono) from which medieval readers took away basic lessons on both the classical texts of China and Japan, as well as knowledge of events associated with the fall of one warrior government, the rise of another, and the hostilities between the northern and southern courts.[9]

To conclude, having a fuller English translation of this important historical chronicle is a goal that Kyoko and I espoused, and we worked over many years to advance that objective. Future plans for the results include making more of our Taiheiki translation accessible to readers online, interspersed with the Japanese text of the Survey of Classical Japanese Literature (Nihon koten bungaku taikei)[10] on the website of the Japan Historical Text Initiative at the University of California, Berkeley. We will also publish a set of Taiheiki-related materials, including Imagawa Ryōshun's Criticisms of the Taiheiki, which we have already translated, to provide additional historical context for English readers of this important account of war and peace in medieval Japan. I am so glad to see some of that work published herein.

Selected Place Names Mentioned in the Taiheiki. **Original map created by Joan Piggott.**

Introduction to the Translated Sections

Chapter 13 begins with a series of ominous events: Go-Daigo Tennō's trusted minister Madenokōji Fujifusa (also known as. Fujiwara Fujifusa, 1295-1380?) forcefully criticizes Go-Daigo's restoration government, drawing parallels from Chinese history. He then resigns to become a hermit in late 1334. In 1335 Saionji Kinmune (1310-35), from the family that had long served as shogunal liaisons (mōshitsugi) at the Kyoto court, plots the assassination of Go-Daigo in order to restore the Kamakura warrior government. But Kinmune's treason is revealed, in part by a series of heavenly signs, and he is executed. Then Hōjō Takatoki's son, Tokiyuki (?-1353), who survived the fall of Kamakura in 1333, rises in rebellion with backing from some eastern warriors. Dubbed "the Heike" in the Taiheiki—thereby reprising Heike monogatari stories of earlier Gempei warfare (1180-85)—these "Hōjō remnants" strive to retake Kamakura. Faced with this challenge, Go-Daigo solicits General Ashikaga Takauji's help, but Takauji is initially unwilling to fight unless he is named premier warrior of the realm, that is, shogun. In the end, however, Takauji heads east to fight without that appointment. He is encouraged when his troops swell from 500 to 30,000 as he proceeds up the Eastern Sea Road. Meanwhile, his brother Ashikaga Tadayoshi (1306-52), then in Kamakura and facing the brunt of the rebels' attack without adequate defenses, is forced to withdraw and join Takauji. As he does so, he orders the execution of Go-Daigo's son, Prince Moriyoshi, whom the Ashikaga had been holding under arrest by royal order since 1334. Scenes from that execution are described in our first translated section.

We know from the final sections of Chapter 13 that Takauji and his forces subsequently bested the Hōjō forces in battles fought around the Hakone area, and that Takauji then began using the title of "shogun." In the first section of Chapter 14, we also witness the dueling memorials submitted to Go-Daigo by His Majesty's rival commanders in the tenth month of 1335—Takauji and his cousin, Nitta Yoshisada (1301-38). Each argues, albeit with quite different rhetoric, that he himself is the most loyal and capable royal defender. Ultimately, Nitta gets the nod—in part due to the murder of Prince Moriyoshi—and is ordered to pacify Takauji. A long list of those who joined the royal force follows. As it set out in the eleventh month, the force of 320 lords and 67,000 troops reportedly stretched from the capital to Atsuta Shrine in today's Nagoya, far up both the eastern mountains and sea routes. This catalog of royal generals comprised a critical record for later descendants of those who supported the throne at this epochal moment of Go-Daigo's restoration.

What happened to the Ashikaga ranks reads less heroically. Takauji himself initially refused to fight the royal force; he withdrew to a monastery, while his brother Tadayoshi took the army—reportedly numbering between 200,000 and 300,000 troops—to Mikawa and Suruga for battles at Yahagi, Sagisaka, and Tegoshigawara in the late eleventh and early twelfth months of 1335. Despite the fact that Nitta's army was severely outnumbered, they were still able to

force the Ashikaga to retreat, at which point Takauji's fellow generals faked a royal order from Go-Daigo promising to destroy all the Ashikaga family whether they fought or not. That edict finally moved Takauji to rejoin the battle. With Takauji back in service, the Ashikaga won a decisive battle just a few days later at Takenoshita in the Hakone area, on December 11, 1335. That victory, which swelled the army of the Ashikaga side and resulted in the dispersal and flight of Nitta's forces, is the subject of our second translated section.

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Joan R. Piggott is Gordon L. MacDonald Professor of History and Director of the Project for Premodern Japan Studies, a graduate program at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. She is the author of The Emergence of Japanese Kingship, editor of Capital and Countryside in Japan 300-1180, and co-editor of The Dictionary of Sources of Classical Japan (with Ivo Smits, Michel Viellard-Baron, Ineke Van Put, and Charlotte von Verschuer) and Teishinkōki: The Year 939 in the Journal of Regent Fujiwara no Tadahira (with Sanae Yoshida). A volume of selections concerning the birth of Toba Tennō (1103-56) from the Chūyūki journal of the courtier Fujiwara no Munetada (1062-1141) is almost ready for submission to the press (co-edited with Sanae Yoshida and Christina Laffin), as is a volume of essays on estates in the society

and economy of the medieval age (co-edited with Jan Goodwin). She is also completing an annotated translation and contextualizing research on Fujiwara Akihira's New Monkey Music (Shinsarugakuki), which depicts the urban world of the Heian capital in the mid-eleventh century, when court leadership by retired monarchs was emerging.

SPECIAL FEATURE

Japan in Translation I
In Honor of Kyoko Selden

Edited by Alisa Freedman

Alisa Freedman, Introduction to the Special Issue in Honor of Kyoko Selden: Japan in Translation (/2016/14/Freedman.html) (/2016/14/Freedman.html)

Selections from the Taiheiki: The Chronicle of Great Peace, translated by Kyoko Selden and Joan Piggott (/2016/14/Piggott-2.html) (/2016/14/Piggott-2.html)

Kyoko Selden, Introduction to the Hinin Taiheiki: The Paupers' Chronicle of Peace (/2016/14/Selden-1.html) (/2016/14/Selden-1.html)

Hinin Taiheiki: The Paupers' Chronicle of Peace, translated by Kyoko Selden with Joshua Young (/2016/14/Selden-2.html) (/2016/14/Selden-2.html)

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Notes

[1] Hyōdō Hiromi, Taiheiki yomi no kanōsei: rekishi to iu monogatari (Reading the Taiheiki, History as Narrative) (Tokyo: Kodansha Sensho Mechie, 1995), 1-43, esp. 27.
[2] See Paul Varley's discussion in Steven D. Carter ed., Dictionary of Literary Biography. Volume 203: Medieval Japanese Writers (New York: Gale Group, 1999), 283-86.
[3] Satō Kazuhiko, "The Society of the Taiheiki," in Okutomi Takayuki et al., Nihon no chūsei, sono shakai to bunka (Medieval in Japan, Society, and Culture) (Chiba: Azusa Shuppansha, 1983), 105-28. Recent research that adds many new insights to this discussion is Kitamura Masayuki, Taiheiki sekai no keishō (Images of the World of the Taiheiki) (Tokyo: Hanawa Shobō, 2010). Ji Sect is a branch of Pure Land Buddhism that formed around itinerant preacher Ippen Shōnin in the thirteenth century.
[4] The Japan Historical Text Initiative website (http://pnc-ecai.oiu.ac.jp/jhti/index.html).
[5] Andrew Goble, The Kenmu Revolution (Cambridge: Harvard University Council on East Asian Studies, 1997); Kenneth Grossberg, Japan's Renaissance (Cambridge: Harvard University Council on East Asian Studies, 1981; republished by Cornell East Asia Program, 2010); Thomas Conlan's State of War (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Center for Japanese Studies, 2004); and Sovereign and Symbol (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2011). Also useful is Paul Varley, "Cultural Life in Medieval Japan," in Kozo Yamamura, ed., The Cambridge History of Japan, Vol. 3 (Medieval), especially 458-81 (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990); G. Cameron Hurst, "Warrior as Ideal for a New Age," in Jeffrey Mass, ed., The Origins of Japan's Medieval World (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1997), 209-36; Thomas Conlan, In Little Need of Divine Intervention (Ithaca: Cornell East Asia Series, 2001); Lorraine Harrington, "Regional Administration under the Ashikaga Bakufu," (Ph.D. Dissertation, Stanford University, 1983); Karl Friday, Samurai, Warfare, and the State in Medieval Japan (Oxford: Routledge, 2004); and Andrew Goble, "GoDaigo, Takauji, and the Muromachi Shogunate," in Karl Friday, ed., Japan Emerging (Boulder: Westview Press, 2012), 213-23. Other chronicles of the same era that have been translated into English are Shuzo Uenaka, A Study of Baishōron (Ph.D. Dissertation, University of Toronto, 1978) and George Perkins, The Clear Mirror, Masukagami (Stanford: Stanford University Press,1998).
[6] See his entry for the Taiheiki in the Kokushi daijiten (Great Dictionary of National History) (accessed through Japan Knowledge (http://kokushi.jkn21.com/body/display), accessed February 16, 2014.
[7] For instance, dates for the battle of Takenoshita in the Baishōron, also compiled in the mid-fourteenth century, differ from those in the Taiheiki, and those in the former have been determined to be correct. See "Taiheiki, Baishōron kara mita Hakone, Takenoshita no tatakai" (accessed January 12, 2014).
[8] See Satō Kazuhiko, Taiheiki no sekai (The World of the Taiheiki) (Tokyo: Shinjinbutsu Ōraisha,

1990). For class use, Piggott and Selden translated Satō's essay, "Taiheiki as Nanbokuchō-era Literature" (Taiheiki, Nanbokuchōki no bungaku toshite), which is a rich introduction to his reading of the Taiheiki. See Okutomi, Takayuki et al., 1983, 105-28.

[9] Ōsumi Kazuo, Chūsei rekishi to bungaku to no aida (Between History and Literature in Medieval Times) (Tokyo: Yoshikawa Kōbunkan, 1993), esp. 198-216.

[10] Nihon koten bungaku taikei (Anthology of Japanese Classical Literature), vols. 1-3 (Tokyo: Iwanami Shoten, 1960-62).

Selections from the Taiheiki: The Chronicle of Great Peace

Translated by Kyoko Selden **and** Joan Piggott

From Chapter 13

13.5 Minister of Defense Prince Moriyoshi Dies.

Appended: The Matter of Kanchiang and Bakuya

Utagawa Yoshikazu, "Imperial Prince Moriyoshi, the Prince of the Great Pagoda" (Ōtō no Miya Moriyoshi Shinnō), from the series Mirror of Famous Generals of Our Country **(Honchō meishō kagami), 1858. Museum of Fine Arts Boston. Available** here (http://ukiyo-e.org/image/mfa/sc140485).

After Ashikaga Tadayoshi (1306-52), Chief of the Royal Left Stable, had passed Yamanouchi,[1] he summoned Fuchibe, provincial Governor of Iga, and said to him, "We have withdrawn from Kamakura due to lack of troops, but if we raise enough troops in Mino, Owari, Mikawa, and Tōtōmi, and, if we then quickly attack Kamakura, we can destroy Sagami Jirō Tokiyuki easily. But Prince Moriyoshi (1308-35) will always be an enemy of the Ashikaga family. [2] Although there has been no royal edict to execute him, I want to seize this opportunity. Rush back to Yakushidō Valley and stab him to death."

Fuchibe responded, "Yes, sir," to Tadayoshi's command and, with his followers, seven in all including the commander, he rode back to the cave where the Prince was being held. Confined in an earthen prison that always seemed dark regardless of the time, the Prince was reading sutras by candlelight, unaware that it was morning. Fuchibe told him that he had come for him. Seeing the carriage placed in the garden, the Prince said, "I know you have been sent to take my life." He ran toward Fuchibe to seize his tachi sword.[3] Fuchibe gripped the sword firmly and struck the Prince hard on the knees. Having been stooped for half a year in jail, it seemed that the Prince could not stand upright as he wished, and, although his spirit was brave, he fell face down. Fuchibe sat astride the Prince, pinning him down as he struggled to rise. And drawing the short sword he wore at his waist,[4] he tried to cut off the Prince's head. But the Prince turned his head and firmly caught the tip of the sword between his teeth. Now Fuchibe, a man of considerable strength, pulled back on the sword to prevent the Prince from seizing it, leaving about one inch of the tip broken off [in the Prince's mouth]. So Fuchibe threw away the short sword and, pulling out his wakizashi sword,[5] pierced the Prince twice in the chest. When the Prince appeared to be weakened from the stabs, Fuchibe grabbed his hair and sliced off his head. When Fuchibe ran out of the cell to inspect the head in the light, he saw that the Prince's mouth was still biting the

tip of the sword, and his eyes looked alive. Fuchibe thought, "Precedent would suggest I not show a head like this to my master." So he threw it away in a nearby thicket and rejoined [Tadayoshi's] troops.

The Lady of the South Wing,[6] who had served the Prince, witnessed these events. She sat there with her body frozen from fear and sorrow, and she was unable to stand up. After a while she regained composure and picked up the head left in the thicket. Its skin was not yet cold, its eyes not yet closed, and its complexion no different than before. "Could this be a dream?" she wondered with tears and grief. "If so, let there be a reality to awaken to!" Much later, an elderly monk at Richikōin[7] said that he had heard about what had happened and performed the funeral rites. The Lady of the South Wing had her hair cut right away and,[8] shedding tears incessantly, she headed to Kyoto.

Now there was a reason why Fuchibe left the Prince's head in the thicket instead of presenting it to [Ashikaga] Tadayoshi.[9] Long ago late in the Chou Dynasty,[10] the King of Ch'u, aspiring to take All Under Heaven by force, accustomed himself to the ways of battle and cherished his sword for many years. One day, his wife Moyeh, while cooling off by leaning against an iron pillar, felt strange and suddenly became pregnant. After ten months, she went into painful labor and gave birth to an iron ball. The King of Ch'u did not see this as abnormal. "It must be the spirit of iron," he declared. So he summoned a blacksmith named Kanchiang and ordered him to forge a treasure sword out of the iron ball. Kanchiang went to the Wu Mountains with his wife Bakuya,[11] and after three years of tempering the iron with the waters of Lungch'uan,[12] he forged a pair of swords, one male and the other female. Before the swords were presented to the King of Ch'u, his wife told Kanchiang, "These swords communicate spiritually with each other and can destroy the enemy without even moving. I am pregnant now. I know our baby will become a strong valiant man. You may give one sword to the King of Ch'u, but hide the other one to give to our child."

Following his wife's advice, Kanchiang presented the male sword to the King of Ch'u and hid the female sword deeply away for the child still in his wife's womb. When the King of Ch'u opened the box and gazed at the sword, he sensed a spirit in it. So he decided to keep the sword encased. But the sword cried out constantly in a mournful voice. Suspicious, the King of Ch'u asked his ministers if they knew why the sword was wailing. They answered, "This sword must be one of a pair. It cries because they are not together in one place." Enraged, the King of Ch'u summoned Kanchiang and had the chief jailer behead him.

Later, Kanchiang's wife gave birth to her child. The child's appearance differed from that of ordinary people: he grew fifteen feet tall, and his strength was that of five hundred men. Since his eyebrows were a foot apart on a three-foot-long face, people nicknamed him "Meichiench'ih (One-Foot-Between-the-Eyebrows)." And when the boy was fifteen, he saw the words his father had written before his death:

The sun rises over the north door. On the southern mountain stands a pine. The pine grows on a rock. A sword is inside it.

The boy realized that the sword must be inside the pillar of the northern gate. He broke the pillar, and, as expected, there was the female sword. Meichiench'ih grasped it with a poignant desire to seek revenge on the King of Ch'u for his father's death.

Hearing of Meichiench'ih's desire for revenge, the King of Ch'u thought that he could not rest as long as the boy lived. So he sent several tens of thousands of soldiers to attack him. But Meichiench'ih himself overcame tens of thousands—they were wounded or killed by his bravery and by the female sword's blade.

Then Tseng Shanjen, Kanchiang's old acquaintance, approached Meichiench'ih and advised, "Your father Kanchiang and I were friends for many years. To repay his friendship, I will help you plot to defeat the King of Ch'u. If you wish to avenge your father's death, bite off three inches of the tip of your sword and die with it in your mouth. I will present your head to the King of Ch'u. And as he looks at your head with glee, spit the tip of the sword at him, and the two of you will die together." Greatly pleased with this plan, Meichiench'ih bit off three inches from the tip of the female sword and then slit his own neck. He had ordered it [his head] placed before the visitor [Tseng Shanjen], who then presented it to the King of Ch'u.

Now the King of Ch'u was delighted and had Meichiench'ih's head hung from the jail gate. For three months the head did not decompose—rather its eyes glared and its teeth clenched and gnashed constantly. Terrified, the King of Ch'u dared not approach, and he ordered the head to be placed in a metal cauldron and boiled for seven days and seven nights. When the head had cooked over a strong fire and started to disintegrate—its eyes finally closed—the King of Ch'u thought the problem was solved. But when the King opened the lid to take a look, the head spit out the sword tip, and with sure aim it cut through the King's neck and his head fell instantly into the cauldron. Therein the heads of the King and Meichiench'ih bit at each other in the boiling water–one now on top, then the other. Meichiench'ih's head was often on the bottom and when it seemed it might lose, Tseng Shanjen cut off his own head and tossed it into the cauldron. It joined Meichiench'ih's head in biting into the King's head, and people heard Meichiench'ih proclaim, "In death, I have avenged my father." Tseng Shanjen added, "In death, I have repaid my friend's favor." All three heads boiled until nobody could recognize which head was which, and then they disappeared.

The three-inch sword tip that had been in Meichiench'ih's mouth remained in the state of Yen and came into the possession of Crown Prince Tan.[13] When Tan ordered Chingk'o and Ch'in Wuyang to attack Emperor Ch'in Shih Huang-ti,[14] a dagger leapt out of a case containing charts and chased the Emperor.[15] Dodging a medicine bag thrown at it, the dagger pierced a copper pillar six feet in diameter to a depth of three feet. Then it broke into three pieces. That dagger was none other than the Kanchiang-Bakuya sword.

Known as such, this pair of male and female swords was treasured by generations of monarchs but suddenly disappeared in the time of the Ch'en state.[16] Then for a time an evil star appeared in the sky, foretelling disaster under Heaven. And just as two important ministers, Changhua and Leihuan, climbed a turret to view the sky, a flash of light from a sword rose from the old jail gate to battle the star. Changhua, curious about the sight, ordered the area from which the light emanated excavated and found that the Kanchiang-Bakuya swords had been buried five feet below. Changhua and Leihuan took the swords and tied them to their bodies to take them to the monarch (Son of Heaven). But when they passed the edge of a marshy area called Yenp'ing Landing,[17] the swords unfastened themselves and slid into the water. As the men looked on, they turned into male and female dragons and sank beneath distant waves.

Fuchibe recalled these ancient events when he saw Prince Moriyoshi bite off the tip of the sword and clench it in his mouth. This is said to be the reason why Fuchibe threw Prince Moriyoshi's head in a thicket, to avoid presenting it to Ashikaga Tadayoshi.

From Chapter 14

14.4 The Battle at Hakone Takenoshita

Katsukawa Shuntei, "Ashikaga Tadayoshi Fording the River at Kawanaka-jima," circa 1770-1820. British Museum. (http://www.britishmuseum.org/research/collection_online/collection_object_details.aspx?objectId=787651&partId=1) **Also at** Wiki Commons. (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ashikaga_Tadayoshi#/media/File:Ashikaga_Tadayoshi_fording_the_river_at_Kawanaka-jima.jpeg)

On the eleventh day of the twelfth month of the same year [1335], the Ashikaga brothers divided their army into two forces. They decided that Tadayoshi would hold the Hakone Road while the Shogun [Takauji] headed for Takenoshita.[18] But their troops, who had been defeated in various battles, had not recovered and did not feel up to fighting. While the soldiers that had gathered over the previous few days awaited the commanders' arrival and wondered what to do, the enemy captured the Izu provincial headquarters [at Mishima]. It was rumored that Nitta's troops had traveled miles that very night. Ashikaga Takatsune of Owari, head of the Right Royal Stable, and his brother, the Minister of Personnel; the Miura Governor of Inaba; the censor Toki Yoritō with his younger brother Dōken; the Sado fourth-level official Sasaki; and the second-in-command of the Bureau of Chinese Dance, Akamatsu Sadanori, all agreed, "It won't do for us just to look around at each other like this, all gathered in Kamakura. Regardless of what others decide to do, let's head for Takenoshita. And if the enemy attacks before our rear force arrives, we will engage them in battle and die."

So at twilight, they set out for Takenoshita. They had very few men—it was a wretched-looking group. But being brave warriors concerned with their honor, they thought that they must not depend on numbers alone. They climbed up to Takenoshita and looked down over the enemy in the distance. From the Izu headquarters to the east and for some miles to the west, how many tens of thousands of fires they saw burning was beyond anyone's guess. It was as if stars had fallen to the seaside. Saying, "Let's burn fires, too," they brushed aside the snow and gathered grass from here and there, which they lit by blowing on it. But those fires were just like the torches [to attract deer] under which hunters spend the night in the summer foliage. The warriors' luck held—the enemy did not approach that night. And at dawn the Shogun [Takauji] left Kamakura for Takenoshita, with 180,000 men including the Niki, Kō, and Uesugi. Tadayoshi led 60,000 men to the Hakone Pass.

Around eight in the morning on the twelfth day, the Kyoto forces that were camped at the Izu provincial headquarters divided. To Takenoshita went the Prince-Minister of Palace Affairs together with sixteen royal intimates.[19] Minister of Civil Affairs Wakiya Yoshisuke was second-in-command (fukushōgun), accompanied by the second-in-command of the Right Royal Stable Hosoya, the Tsutsumi third-ranking prelate, fourth-in-command of the Left Royal Guards Ōtomo, and the enforcer Sasaki En'ya Takasada.[20] In all, some 7,000 troops followed them. Meanwhile, at the forefront of the royal force on the Hakone Road were Nitta Yoshisada along with other leaders of his family and some twenty relatives. They were flanked by thirty famed warriors from various provinces including the Chiba, Utsunomiya, Ōtomo Chiyomatsumaru, the Kikuchi Governor of Higo called Takeshige, and the Matsuura League. They comprised the main force of 70,000 men.

The fighting began around noon with everyone making war cries—they were enough to shake mountains, agitate rivers, and move Heaven and Earth as friend and foe fought for victory. Kikuchi Takeshige of Higo led the Hakone battle and chased three thousand enemy troops to a distant peak. Midway to the top, the enemy put up their shields and stood shoulder to shoulder to catch their breath. Seeing this, the Chiba,

Utsunomiya, Kawagoe, Kōsaka, Aso, and Atsuta Daigūji troops formed a single force and, shouting to encourage each other, attacked with deafening war cries.

During this melee the scholar-monk Dōjōbō Jochūgi Yūgaku [of Mt. Hiei] arrived, accompanied by some thirty novices from his cloister.[21] All wore armor with deep red lacing at the hem, and each novice had a branch of artificial plum blossoms in his helmet. They showed themselves from behind their shields and advanced together as the vanguard. Brawny warriors from Musashi and Sagami called out, "Just shoot them, even if they are only boys!" With that, the warriors let loose a barrage of arrows in quick succession, and eight of the youths fell in no time and lay prostrate on the bamboo grass. Members of the Musashi Seven League swooped out with drawn swords to cut off their heads.[22] How could Dōjōbō and his cohort allow the youths to be killed? With swords and halberds raised, some thirty of them jumped over the fallen, one after another, shouting, "Slash them diagonally, Sakamoto-style. Turn them into Buddhas!"[23] They chased the foe and cut them down. The warriors were overwhelmed and drew back rapidly toward a northern peak before taking a rest. Seizing this opportunity, Yūgaku and his fellows carried the wounded on their shoulders down to the camp below.

Among [Nitta] Yoshisada's warriors there were sixteen who had made a pledge of mutual support. They were the Sugihara Governor of Shimōsa; the Takada Governor of Satsuma named Yoshitō; Ashihori Shichirō; Fujita Rokurōzaemon; Kawanami Shinzaemon; Fujita Saburōzaemon and Shirōzaemon; the Shinozuka Governor of Iga, Kuryūzaemon; the Nanba Governor of Bizen; the Kawagoe Governor of Mikawa; Nagahama Rokurōzaemon; the Takayama Governor of Tōtōmi; Sonoda Shirōzaemon; Aoki Gorōzaemon and Shichirōzaemon; and Yamakami Rokurōzaemon. With everyone utilizing a common helmet emblem, they advanced and withdrew as a unit, so they became known as the League of Sixteen. Neither shields nor armor were effective against their arrows—they never failed to strike down the enemy they faced. [Meanwhile] Nitta's steward, the lay monk Funada, galloped here and there exhorting everyone he saw.[24] And when Commander Yoshisada surveyed his army from atop a hill, he saw how bravely the Utsunomiya, Kikuchi, and Matsuura were fighting, valuing their names and slighting their lives. In the face of such bravery, members of the Kamakura force were unable to control their horses, and countless numbers withdrew.

The Prince-Minister's [Takayoshi's] forces headed for Takenoshita and, comprised of some five hundred warriors and palace guards, they must have decided foolishly that they should not allow their? warriors to spearhead the attack. Carrying the royal banner in front, they advanced on Takenoshita and, even before the enemy shot a single arrow, they shouted, "No one who draws a bow and shoots an arrow against the monarch will escape heavenly punishment. If you value your lives, take off your helmets and surrender."

Watching this, Head of the Royal Stables Owari [Ashikaga Takatsune] and his brother; Toki Danjō Shōhitsu Yoritō and his brother; the Miura Governor of Inaba; Sasaki Hangan; and the Akamatsu Governor of Chikuzen, all of whom had been in the same camp since evening, said, "From the look of their horses and banner emblems, they seem to be Kyoto aristocrats. Don't shoot your arrows from a distance. Just draw your swords and engage them in battle!" Three-hundred-odd horsemen advanced, their horses' bits lined up side by side. "Men born to houses of the bow and horse are concerned with their reputations, not with their lives! To see if this is true, let's fight." They let out battle cries in unison and attacked. And since the royal force was at the foot of the mountain while their

enemies were further up the peaks, how could they hold out? Without a single bout the royal force retreated, whipping their horses on the rear.

Watching the battle, the Toki and Sasaki advanced, insulting those who retreated: "You are untrue to your own words. Return, you cowards!" Some five hundred warriors who were slow to retreat were captured alive or killed, with only a few remaining. Having made such a mistake in the first battle, the royal force seemed to lose heart. This emboldened the Niki, Hosokawa, Kō, and Uesugi, who advanced and attacked the Prince-Minister's camp without hesitation.

The royal force having already been forced to retreat, seemed powerless. Its second-in-command Wakiya Uemon-no-suke declared, "It is a shame that unworthy men carelessly advanced to the front and caused our side to lose strength. We must disperse the enemy!" He gathered seven thousand-odd troops and arranged them like a flight of wild geese. Their banners streamed through the air like dragons, and they deliberately attacked from the side. But their enemy, now feeling victorious, did not flinch. They advanced into the attackers, scattering them. Ashikaga and Nitta banners clashed again and again, in the east and west, then separated and then to the south and north. All the warriors fought face-to-face as if it were their last chance to die valiantly. Of course, the warriors on both sides were well known, so no one could escape—it was kill or be killed. A veritable flood of blood drenched the horses' hooves, and the places where dead bodies were heaped were like slaughterhouses. The cruelty was too awful to express in words.

Wakiya's son, [whose title was] Shikibu-no-taifu, was only thirteen years old.[25] When the foe separated friends (how it happened no one knows), he found himself in the enemy's midst with three retainers (rōdō). Being young but quick-witted, he tore off the battle insignia from his helmet and mussed his hair so that it covered his face, making him unrecognizable. Throughout, he remained calm and collected.

His father Yoshisuke knew nothing of this. "Yoshiharu is missing," he lamented. "Was he killed or taken alive? One or the other must be the case. If I do not know if he is alive or dead, what is the use of living even a moment longer? A warrior can throw away his life thinking of the glory to be enjoyed by his descendants. Although my son is still young, I could not bear to part with him, so I brought him to the battlefield. How can I continue without knowing his fate?" Tears fell on the sleeve guards of his armor as he galloped into the enemy throng. "No matter how many times we have seen it, a father's concern for his son is always deeply moving. Let's go with him!" Saying this, some three hundred of Yoshisuke's mounted warriors rushed to protect him.

At the time of Yoshisuke's second attack, the enemy force, however great, was weary of battle and retreated. Yoshisuke took advantage and continued to chase them. Just then, the son recognized his father and turned his horse back [towards him]. At this, four of the horsemen—followers and the master—tried to gallop toward Lord Wakiya [the son]. Two riders with katahiki emblems, not recognizing the boy, also turned their horses, thinking friends were returning to the fight.[26] They exclaimed, "You are brave. We will go with you and die in battle!" So at the moment when the boy, Yoshiharu, galloped straight into Yoshisuke's troops, he winked at his retainers, and they cut down the two enemies who had turned with him, taking their heads and holding them high. The sight delighted Yoshisuke—it was as if his son had returned from the dead. Eager to show his valor once more, he told his son, "Rest your men and horses." Then they all returned to the battle.

Since the entire [royal] force was fatigued from fighting, they considered replacing their troops

with fresh ones. But just then the Ōtomo and Sasaki, who had been waiting in back with about one thousand horsemen, shot a single arrow, rolled up their [royal] banners, and galloped to join the Shogun's side. Then they turned a barrage of arrows on the royal force.

Ukagawa Yoshitora, "In the Taiheiki, the Great Army of Ashikaga Takauji Is Defeated by the Small Force of Kusunoki Masatsura" (Taiheiki: Ashikaga Takauji no daigun o Kusunoki Masatsura kosei ni te uchiyaburu zu), 1847-52, Museum of Fine Arts Boston (http://www.mfa.org/collections/object/in-the-taiheiki-the-great-army-of-ashikaga-takauji-is-defeated-by-the-small-force-of-kusunoki-masatsura-taiheiki-ashikaga-takauji-no-daigun-o-kusunoki-masatsura-kosei-ni-te-uchiyaburu-zu-472367)

The Prince-Minister's troops, which had suffered numerous casualties in the first battle, would not fight again. [Wakiya] Uemon-no-suke's troops, men and horses alike, were tired from two mounted battles, and had too few men left to fight. And since those [Ōtomo and Sasaki's] forces that were to be used as fresh troops had suddenly turned traitor and shot at the Prince-Minister and Yoshisuke, there was no way for the royal force to put up a fight. "Before the enemy cuts us off, we should join the main force," they decided, and withdrew to Sanohara.[27]

The Niki, Hosokawa, Imagawa, Arakawa, Kō, and Uesugi, as well as troops from the provinces of Musashi and Sagami—thirty thousand men—gave chase. As a result, Nijō Chūjō Tamefuyu, a key retainer to the Prince-Minister, was killed; and Yoshisuke's men suffered some three hundred casualties when they turned back to fight. Nevertheless, the troops from Kyoto, now on the run, paid scant attention and vied with each other to flee. They could not put up a fight at Sanohara or defend the Izu headquarters, and some three thousand men in the rear force escaped westward along the Eastern Sea Road (Tōkaidō).[28]

The source text is Nihon koten bungaku taikei (Anthology of Japanese Classical Literature), vols. 1-3 (Tokyo: Iwanami Shoten, 1960-62).

SPECIAL FEATURE

Japan in Translation I
In Honor of Kyoko Selden

Edited by Alisa Freedman

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Notes

[1] Yamanouchi is the mountainous area to the west and northwest of Tsurugaoka Hachiman Shrine in Kamakura. Tadayoshi is heading westward. The date is the Twenty-third of the Seventh Month, 1335.

[2] Prince Moriyoshi, also known as Prince Morinaga, was a son of the monarch Go-Daigo and Minamoto no Chikako. He was appointed by his father as the head abbot of the Enryakuji Temple on Mount Hiei in 1327, and according to the Taiheiki, he fought on his father's behalf while Go-Daigo was in exile from 1332 to 1333. Later, perhaps because he feared Moriyoshi's intentions, Go-Daigo turned him over to the Ashikaga, and after some time, he was executed by order of Ashikaga Tadayoshi in 1335, as related here.

[3] Tachi is a type of sword hung from the waist with the blade pointing down, unlike the katana sword, which is shorter and worn thrust through the belt. For a useful discussion, see Karl F. Friday, Samurai, Warfare, and the State in Early Medieval Japan (New York: Routledge, 2004), 78-88.

[4] Koshi no katana, literally, "waist sword." The Nihon koten bungaku taikei (Anthology of Classical Japanese Literature) (subsequently NKBT) headnote suggests that this was probably a sayamaki, a dagger worn for self-defense. It had no sword guard and was worn with a long string wound around the sheath.

[5] Wakizashi, or "sideworn," is a sword worn with the edge facing up, thrust through the belt. Also called katana or uchigatana (striking sword).

[6] Perhaps Fujiwara no Yasufuji's daughter, who served Go-Daigo.

[7] Richikōin: A temple in Kamakura.

[8] Cutting off her hair implies that she was renouncing the world and becoming a nun.

[9] Tadayoshi (1306-52) was the younger brother and lieutenant of Ashikaga Takauji (1305-58).

[10] Lasting from around 1030 to 223 B.C., Ch'u was a state in the Yangtze Valley that became especially powerful and annexed other states in the late Chou Dynasty. The epoch of the late Chou Dynasty, 770-221 B.C., is also known as the Eastern Chou Dynasty. It was a time of the total

collapse of Chou royal power, and it saw the increasing influence of the kings of various territorial states. The events described here most likely took place in the Spring and Autumn Period (771-476 B.C.), the first half of the later Chou Dynasty.

[11] Wu Mountains in Chechiang Province formed the southern border of the state of Wu in the Spring and Autumn Period.

[12] Literally, "Dragon Spring." Its waters were used for tempering iron.

[13] According to the NKBT editors, no Japanese or Chinese source explains how the sword came into Tan's possession. The state of Yen (in northeast China, covering the area of present-day Hopeh and Liaoning provinces) was one of the last contending states of the Warring States Period. It survived the fall of the Chou Dynasty.

[14] First emperor of the Ch'in Dynasty, known simply as the "First Emperor," Ch'in Shih Huang-ti (259-210 B.C.), is famous for burning books, standardizing measurements and money values, and constructing the Great Wall.

[15] Sources vary between measurement charts (sashizu) and maps (chizu).

[16] A state in the Spring and Autumn Period that was destroyed by Ch'u around 479.

[17] Located at present-day Chien Ch'i in Fuchien Province.

[18] A site along the Hakone Road in the Hakone Oyama vicinity—see the map. The exact place is uncertain, but it was east of Mishima. Shizuoka Prefectural Library locates it between Susono and Hakone. See here (http://www.tosyokan.pref.shizuoka.jp/data/open/cut), accessed February 8, 2014. Nokureyamakure means "seven ri over fields, seven ri over mountains."

[19] The Prince-Minister was Prince Takayoshi (?-1337), one of Go-Daigo's sons.

[20] Sasaki Enya Hangan Takasada (?-1341) served as a member of the Royal Police (kebiishi) and as a third-level official (jō) in the Left Royal Guards, among other postings. He helped Go-Daigo during the fight for Kyoto that preceded the monarch's retaking the throne in 1333. Originally, he fought against the Ashikaga, but later he joined their side at the Battle of Hakone Takenoshita. He subsequently served as provincial constable (shugo) of Izumo and Oki—the "hangan" frequently used as his title referred to his enforcement duties as a royal police officer.

[21] Monasteries like those on Mount Hiei had many child residents. Some were servants; others were oblates (young boys pledged to become monks). During the medieval age many boys went to study at monasteries, which were the educational institutions of the time. According to the index for the Taiheiki prepared by Ōsumi Kazuo, the monk Dōjobō Yūgaku appears numerous times in the second volume, and he is also mentioned in the Baishōron, ca. 1349, another chronicle of events surrounding the founding of the second Shogunate by Ashikaga Takauji. There is an English translation of the latter by Uenaka Shuzo, in his dissertation A Study of the Baishōron, which was completed at the University of Toronto in 1978.

[22] The "Musashi Seven League" (Musashi Shichi Tō) was an alliance of lesser warrior families from Musashi that made their reputation during the Gempei War (1180-85) and remained active during the medieval age. They included the Yokoyama, Kodama, and Inomata families. They were important vassals of the Kamakura Shogunate.

[23] Sakamoto is a town on the eastern side of Mount Hiei where many monks lived.

[24] Funada Yoshimasa was Nitta's house steward (shitsuji), just as Kō Moronao served as the Ashikaga house steward.

[25] Normally, this would mean a fifth-ranker in the Ministry of Personnel. At this time, however,

such postings were honorary, especially given this boy's age.

[26] This was possibly the crest (mon) of the Akamatsu, according to the NKBT gloss, vol. 2 (Tokyo: Iwanami Shoten, 1961), 62, note 8.

[27] Sano, in the vicinity of Susono City (Shizuoka Prefecture) today.

[28] The Tōkaidō was one of the seven official circuit roads. It followed the eastern seaboard, linking Kyoto and Kamakura.

Introduction to the Hinin Taiheiki: The Paupers' Chronicle of Peace

Kyoko Selden

In the Edo period, famines occurred frequently, imposing disaster. Major famines occurred in roughly thirty to forty or fifty to sixty year cycles, with minor famines interspersed. Typically in Kansai (western Japan), the direct cause was drought, while in Tōhoku (northeastern Japan) it was cold, but floods could also wreak havoc in many areas. Famine was also the product of the political and social system.

Two severe famines occurred during the Enpō (1673-81) and Ten'na (1681-83) eras, although neither is ranked among the four or five major disasters of the Edo period (1603-1868). Repeated storms and floods in the summer and fall of the second year of Enpō (1674) led to a nationwide disaster known as the Enpō Famine. Just six years later, in the eighth year of Enpō (1680), inclement weather caused crop failures in many provinces, and in the spring of the ninth year of Enpō (1681, renamed first year of Ten'na on the 29th of the ninth month), starvation spread across western Japan. The weather was unfavorable in 1682, raising the price of rice and leading to mass starvation in western provinces. Known as the Ten'na Famine, this disaster lasted well into the early summer of the following year. In Kyoto and surrounding provinces, epidemic diseases raged.

By the early seventeenth century, the kaimai system of compulsory shipments of rice (and often soy beans) to supply large cities had been imposed. Rice was measured by koku or hyō. One koku, 1,000 Japanese cups or approximately 180 liters, was said to be the amount that fed one person per year. One hyō, a straw bagful, was 0.35 to 0.4 koku. Among fiefdoms in northern Japan in the 1650s, Sendai was already shipping 150,000 to 160,000 koku of rice. In the 1670s, Hirosaki shipped approximately 25,000 koku to Kansai alone, and in 1670 Akita sent 11,000 bags to Osaka.[1] This meant that following a bad crop, there was no rice at home, and the price jumped in cities. It was impossible to buy rice from nearby provinces, as each attempted to secure its own provisions by kokudome, prohibiting shipment of grain to other domains.[2] Occasionally, rice was borrowed from the shogunate, but it typically arrived too late or not at all, due to shipwreck or plunder. Even if monetary payments were made to facilitate such borrowings, there was no guarantee that rice would be included in the delivery.

The government responded with a few measures, including relief and restrictions on processed foods and rice storage. If a boat carrying rice was shipwrecked, it was to be helped; plunder was to be reported.[3] Stockpiling rice during times of famine was forbidden and distribution of rice gruel was encouraged.[4]

The Enpō 9 (or Ten'na 1, 1681) section of the Jōken'in zō daishōkokukō jikki (Factual Account of Shogunal Lord Tsunayoshi Who in Death Was Given the Title of Grand Minister) volumes of the Tokugawa jikki (Record of True Events of the Tokugawa Period)[5] notes that the three bugyō (magistrates) and ōmetsuke (government inspectors) were summoned before the shogun and told that each should organize relief activities for their localities because "the peasants were reportedly experiencing hardships due to frequent rain storms" the previous year.[6] In En'pō 8 (1680), the shogunate issued a directive that sake brewing be reduced to half that of the previous year and sake not be sold until the second month of the following year.[7] A directive

the following year ordered that sake brewing in all provinces be reduced to half of the previous year until the following fall.[8]

Edo Period Hinin **Beggar, from** Illustrated Sino-Japanese Encyclopedia (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Beggar_Japan_Man.svg) **(**Wakan sansai zue, **1712).**

Because of the kaimai system, large cities had an abundance of rice, even in times of famine. Consequently, large numbers of people left their farms and drifted to Edo, Osaka, and Kyoto. These refugees were called kinin（飢人, also pronounced uenin), the starved, or komokamuri（薦被, literally "mat-wearers," because beggars often dressed in mats). Together, they constituted a class of hinin（非人, also written 貧人 and 疲人), or paupers. (They were also called nohinin 野非人, [literally "field paupers"].) The word hinin originally signified something that was nonhuman, such as a god or demon in human disguise, but later referred to people who looked different from the general population, such as monks, recluses, and the poor in general; as explained below, in the Edo period, hinin was used to refer to people who were unusual or lowly in a broad sense, and it came to designate the discriminated who came to cities from the countryside. Thus nohinin meant unsettled vagrants.

These nohinin drifters were often arrested, placed in temporary relief sheds, and then sent home. On some occasions, those who could walk received food as well. The earliest known written record from the Edo period of segyō (almsgiving; in this context, cooking and distributing rice porridge) was by a private man of virtue in Kyoto in 1626 during the great famine of the Kan'ei era (1624-43).[9] The shogunate in 1669 organized a 100-day distribution of rice gruel for the starved in Kyoto. In the second month of 1675, the shogunate engaged in relief activities in Yamato, Settsu, and Kawachi provinces and prepared sheds in Yanagiwara in Edo and distributed rice gruel. Between the third and fifth month that year, the shogunate offered gruel and money to the starving who had swarmed into Kyoto. In addition to gruel distribution, osukui bushin (relief construction work) was sometimes created. According to The History of Osaka City (Ōsaka-shi shi), in 1670 refugee sheds to accommodate the city's nohinin were built at two places behind the Kōzu Shrine; more sheds were constructed in Takahara during the Kan'bun era (1661-73).[10] A document records the repatriation of nohinin from Osaka in 1675.[11] In 1684 a big roundup collected 612 nohinin.[12] In Enpō 8, beggars in Edo were prohibited from sleeping under people's eaves, and a directive that year ordered: "From now on do not let a single beggar stay in town; if they have made shacks and the like, tear them down within three days and send the beggars away."[13]

To facilitate relief work, nohinin refugees were organized, or were encouraged to organize themselves. For example, during the great famine of Kan'ei, merchant Enomoto Yazaemon's Memoranda (Oboegaki) recorded that a "taishō" (leader) emerged from among the mat-wearers sheltered in an approximately 400-yard-long shed erected by the shogunate.[14]

Cities had their own hinin who lived just outside the city, unlike other eta, discriminated lower-classes, who lived in rural areas. For these resident hinin, Osaka designated kaito (literally, "inside the fences") tax-exempt areas outside the city confines; one kaito was found in each of the districts of Tennōji (established in 1594), Tobita

(1609), Dōtonbori (1622), and Ten'man (1626).[15] Historical records portray the hinin in these kaito as highly organized groups with fairly strict rules and duties. A hierarchy existed that consisted of a chōri (chief), kogashira (junior headman) or kumigashira (team head), wakakimono (young men), and deshi or kakae no deshi (underlings or underlings for hire).

Although the size of these four kaito in the Enpō and Ten'na eras is unknown, in the Dōtonbori kaito, there were fifty-two wakakimono in the second year of Genroku (1689). To cite later headcounts, at the time of the Kyōhō famine (1728), 6,000 beggars were in Osaka, of whom more than 2,000 lived in one of the four sheds; the rest were nohinin. A record from the sixteenth day of the first month of 1733 counts 6,082 newly emigrated and long-term hinin, of whom 4,212 were hiningashirano teshita (underlings of hinin headmen) and 1,770 were ōrai-hinin (street paupers). The kaito population in 1789 was 1,158.[16] The population fluctuated and tended to increase when street paupers joined kaito, as occurred in 1684, when 612 street hinin were distributed to the four areas. The 153 hinin sent to Dōtonbori kaito had already been under its jurisdiction.[17] This not only indicates that the local authorities wanted to keep the lowly out of the city but also that the four kaito had control over some people who lived outside.

The four kaito maintained village hinin guards in Settsu and Kawachi provinces, as well as in some areas of Harima province, making the organization quite extensive, although not as large as that of eastern Japan, where the Danzaemon (a hereditary name taken by the head of the hinin, eta, and other lower classes) was responsible for the hinin population in all eight Kantō provinces, among other areas.

Most hinin of the four kaito belonged to machimawarikata (the patrol office) and tōzoku ginmiyaku (burglar inspectors of particular districts within central Osaka). They worked as spies or assisted in investigations, arrests, and security work at execution sites. The task of executions was assigned to the leather-producing village of Watanabemura.[18] Chasen (tea seller) underlings were dispatched to various districts and rich urban households to serve as kaitoban (guards); their duties included preventing theft and disturbances. Some may have also worked as low-level policemen. These guards were considered machigakae (district employees) and received monthly payments from the jurisdictions they served. Apparently, there were no fixed payments from the city to the four kaito for their public functions until 1788. Instead, kaito were exempt from taxes and given licenses to publicly beg, especially on special seasonal occasions, through such street performances as sekizoro (yearend well-wishing) and Daikoku-mai (the Daikoku dance in the first month of the year. Daikoku is one of the seven gods of fortune). Performers went from door to door in groups of two to four, collecting contributions. In addition, the four kaito received contributions from their districts on other occasions, like weddings and funerals. Contributions, which were either collected by hinin leaders and redistributed at kaito or were given directly to individuals, provided their main source of income, along with payments from local magistrates for services rendered. For example, at the Dōtonbori kaito, they collected and recycled used rice paper and cloth remnants, as well as ran teahouses near the cemetary.[19]

The History of Osaka City distinguishes these resident hinin from ordinary homeless and especially migrant beggars.[20] Resident hinin belonged to the nakama (fellows) organization of the four places, and they were registered in a special hinin ninbetsuchō (hinin census) or in ordinary household registers. Housed in shelters adjacent to Osaka's three districts (south, north, and Ten'man), there were restrictions on their residences, so that many had no fixed abodes, however humble or temporary.

The four hinin areas in the En'pō and Ten'na eras were most likely organized similarly to these earlier kaito. It is easy to imagine that the influx of rural refugees to the city could antagonize the resident hinin and touch off territorial wars. This idea inspired the Hinin Taiheiki, or The Paupers' Chronicle of Peace, written anonymously in 1688.

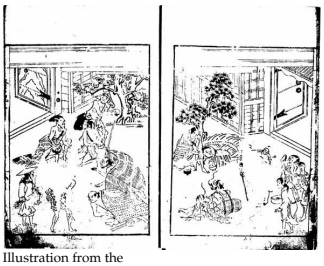

Illustration from the (http://kateibunko.dl.itc.u-tokyo.ac.jp/katei/cgi-bin/gazo.cgi?no=174&top=17)Hinin Taiheiki (http://kateibunko.dl.itc.u-tokyo.ac.jp/katei/cgi-bin/gazo.cgi?no=174&top=17), **1688 edition.** Scanned online at University of Tokyo Digital Library (http://kateibunko.dl.itc.u-tokyo.ac.jp/katei/cgi-bin/bib.cgi?no=174).

The Hinin Taiheiki is a mock-heroic tale based on Osaka scenes from 1681 that draws from the battles and other passages from the warrior tale the Taiheiki (The Chronicle of Great Peace) from which it takes its title. This is not the first Taiheiki parody; it was preceded by other anonymous tales about plants or animals, including Tale of Vegetables and Fish (Shōjin gyorui monogatari, c. 1425), Tale of the Battle of Heron and Crow (Aro kassen monogatari, perhaps before 1556), Cherry in Nun's Robe (Sumizome no sakura; also called Plant Chronicle of Peace, Sōmoku-Taiheiki, 1653), The Chronicles of Peace of fish, insects, and beasts (Uo-Taiheiki, Mushi-Taiheiki, and Kedamono-Taiheiki. Uo-Taiheiki (Fish Chronicles of Peace) may have been written by Komiyama Jikyū, c. 1673). Hinin Taiheiki is contemporary with Zen-Taiheiki (Earlier Chronicle of Peace, c. 1681), a historical novel depicting battles of the Heian period (794-1185). Hinin Taiheiki is unique, however, in its inclusion of famine and city paupers at a time of actual famine (1681-82). A tale that appeared some dozen years later, Nōmin Taiheiki (Peasants' Chronicle of Peace, c.1712-13) portrays a peasant uprising. However, Inu-Hōjōki (Dog Hōjōki), a parody on the Hōjōki (Kamo no Chomei's 1212 Account of My Hermitage that describes famine, fires, earthquakes, and other disasters befalling Kyoto) using mongrels as characters chronicles the same famine.

In the Hinin Taiheiki, the city beggars, disturbed by the arrival of famine refugees from the countryside, attempt to drive them out of the Osaka areas they deem to be their own territories. The kanji characters for "poor people" (貧人, hinin) are used for the rural refugees, although the kanji for "nonhuman" is also used twice. The resident hinin, an organized group controlled by four chōri, are referred to as kotsujiki (乞食, beggars; modern pronuciation kojiki). The translation here uses "paupers" for famine refugees and "beggars" for the hired Osaka pariahs. Although the author burlesques both rural paupers and urban beggars, his sympathy is clearly with the former.

A fight breaks out between the two sides. The paupers from outside rise up against the beggars and win a few battles. When the beggars augment their strength by incorporating the poor from neighboring districts and villages, the battle is stalemated. Two events then occur: first, a monk in a vigil overhears three figures discussing the new Ten'na era as a happier time; second, another monk dies but returns from the underworld with the message that people should give charity food if they do not wish to die in the next famine. This prompts everyone to cook porridge for the poor.

The Hinin Taiheiki ends with the celebration of the change of era to Ten'na (literally, peace under heaven) and the official distribution of rice gruel in 1681. According to the Tokugawa jikki: "Starting in the beginning of winter this year, the price of grain rose sharply and many people starved. Thus 30,000 bags of rice was given to the people of the domain."[21]

Like the Taiheiki, the Hinin Taiheiki uses double phrases in the chapter titles. It gives detailed

descriptions of the outfits warriors wore in combat scenes and records their self-introductions. It renders the number of warriors, both friends and foes, with typical exaggeration. It frequently refers to Chinese precedents. It interweaves love stories. The most pronounced echoes from the Taiheiki are found in the scenes of (1) the Battle of Kōzu, which draws on the Battle of Chihaya; (2) the vigil of the Dragonhead drummer, the Daikoku-mai dancer, and the Noh performer; and (3) the monk Gufutoku's visit to the underworld. Thus the Hinin Taiheiki suggests that distributing rice gruel only provides temporary relief and that more fundamental preparations for famine are necessary. The story can be interpreted as a satire on government failure. Disasters continued: for example, cold weather in 1695 brought about famines that caused widespread starvation in northeast Japan; in the fall of 1699, northern Japan was struck by wind and water damage.

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SPECIAL FEATURE

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In Honor of Kyoko Selden

Edited by Alisa Freedman

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Notes

[1] Kikuchi Isao, Kinsei no kikin (Tokyo: Yoshikawakō Bunkan, 1997), 74-75.
[2] Ibid., 79.
[3] Kuroita Katsumi, ed. Tokugawa jikki, vol. 5 (Tokyo: Yoshikawakō Bunkan, 1981), 384.
[4] Ibid., 398.
[5] This section of the Tokugawa jikki pertains to the fifth shogun Tokugawa Tsunayoshi (1646-1709) and covers the years of his reign, 1680-1709.
[6] Ibid., 425.
[7] Ibid., 384.
[8] Ibid., 427.
[9] Kikuchi, 44.
[10] Ōsakashi-shi Hensanjo, Shinshū Ōsakashi-shi shi, vol. 3 (Osaka: Osaka-shi, 2009), 851. Kikuchi, 45.
[11] Ibid., 851.
[12] Ibid., 852.
[13] Kuroita, 368, 374.
[14] Kikuchi, 43.
[15] Ōsakashi-shi Hensanjo, 845-66.
[16] Ibid., 865.
[17] Ibid., 852.
[18] Ibid., 860.
[19] Ibid., 864.
[20] Ibid., 846.
[21] Kuroita, 434.

Hinin Taiheiki: The Paupers' Chronicle of Peace

Translated by Kyoko Selden with Joshua Young

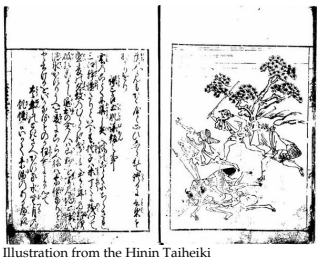

Illustration from the Hinin Taiheiki (http://kateibunko.dl.itc.u-tokyo.ac.jp/katei/cgi-bin/gazo.cgi?no=174&top=17), 1688 edition. Scanned online at University of Tokyo Digital Library (http://kateibunko.dl.itc.u-tokyo.ac.jp/katei/cgi-bin/bib.cgi?no=174).

Indeed, a single laugh can expel a hundred depressions. In this world, however, there is nothing novel in recounting the same ordinary facts. Tosa Shōgen[1] provoked laughter by painting a farting battle. Inspired by his example, I now record the battles of the beggars and the paupers, titling my account Hinin Taiheiki. Naturally, the characters are but warriors astride their own two legs—bare as a bare dapple-grey horse, yet worth one hundred kan.[2] They carry iron hooks, though rusted, and wear armor of straw mats, though torn. May they be a source of laughter for all those who observe them.

The ninth month, the fifth year of Jōkyō [1688]

Table of Contents

Chapter I

The First Laugh of the Year: Droves of Paupers

The Debauchery of Kawashima Dwellunder, the Governor of Ima Bridge

Third-Born Son Bareman Saburō Dirtskin Rises in Rebellion

Kōzu Castle: Nakamura Kyūan Writes a Supplication[3]

Paupers From Various Places Rise Up

Chapter II

The Chiefs Gather Forces: They Attack the Paupers[4]

One-On-One Combat at Gokuraku Bridge: The All-Out Battle

Tokinosuke's Death in Battle: Lady Begging Bowl's Grief

Chapter III

Seedless Exits the Castle and Attacks Kōzu: Lady Wheel

Startled by a Stick, Dōgan Composes a Great Poem: He Is Scared Out of His Wits by a Dragon Head

A Deaf Monk Dies and Revives: Paupers and Beggars Enjoy Prosperity

Chapter I

The First Laugh of the Year: Droves of Paupers

Po I and Shu Ch'i who disdained worldly pleasures, even as they were dying of hunger, and, exhibiting great mental resolve, left for posterity names of great renown. The poor of this realm once fought over victuals and started a war.

Well now, let me tell you how, in the summer of the ninth year of Enpō [1681], the war between the paupers and the beggars began. In the famine of the third year of Enpō [1675], the paupers had escaped almost certain death. Just a few years later [in 1681], a great wind arose across the land, and the rain bore down like spokes of a wheel, gouging holes in the fields. Floods long hid the mountains. The people lamented: "The Three Great Calamities have finally brought destruction and nothingness, and the Twenty Cycles of increase and decrease have reached their final phase."[5] Sure enough, the great famine reached its peak the following spring. There was no food at all. However, the bay of Osaka in Settsu province, Japan's largest port, was full of rice. A mountain of 100,000 bags of rice and grains filled the ten directions and reached to the Big Dipper; white clouds hung around its slopes, and migrating wild geese bumped into it in confusion.[6]

Thus paupers from all the provinces, seeking relief from hunger and thirst, arrived in Osaka. In district upon district, streets and alleys teemed with paupers; there was not even space for the usual traffic. Paupers surrounded houses on the left and right, raising a clamor, like a confusion of rice seedlings, flax, bamboo, and reeds,[7] and begged until the heavens echoed and the earth shook. Such misery! People, who until yesterday would never have been seen standing before the doors of others, now urged on their weakening bodies and wandered away from their homes, leaving their parents and abandoning their children. Those unable to abandon their families walked with them, hand in hand, letting their pitiful babies cry, or used their aging mothers as a means to beg for scraps. Or they parted from loved ones so that each could wander from place to place, near and far, begging, all the while becoming weaker. Like the Amida Buddha during his five kalpa meditations, pale bumps changed their countenances so much that they did not recognize one another when they met on the road.[8] Familial and kinship ties were broken. And there were many who thought putting out their hand to seek help to be too mortifying, preferring instead to drown themselves and vanish. Of course, "even the prosperous are bound to decline."[9] People nevertheless wondered at the fresh sorrows this year had brought.

Moreover, starving paupers who could not finish the long journey lay on the mountain roads and on the paths through fields. Gasping, dying on the dew-laden grass—who knows how many thousands and tens of thousands crowded the eastern and western provinces.

The Debauchery of Kawashima Dwellunder, the Governor of Ima Bridge[10]

On high are government officials; below among the lowly are the headmen. These are the generals of the beggars: Homeless of Tobita, Bamboo Fence of Dōtonbori, Single Chopstick of Tennōji, and Seedless of Yoshiwara in Tenma.[11] Since the founding of Osaka, for generations on end, the men who inherited these names and positions have been looked up to as Shoguns of the Begging Bowl.[12] And not only in Osaka—in provinces far and near, organized beggars respected them as bosses. Becoming proud, these chiefs forgot their lowly status, sated themselves with abundant food, and indulged in great extravagance. Both day and night, they had their subordinates, on or off duty, report to them and attend their office. Here and there, the chiefs established outposts and assigned on-duty beggars to districts as they thought appropriate.[13] Furthermore—whether at charity food stalls, regular morning meals, or afternoon snacks—these chiefs robbed lesser beggars of their food as they pleased.

The paupers, who had traveled from various provinces, felt that even "under the trusted tree they found no protection from the rain."[14] Having exhausted their daily sustenance, they miserably gathered common greens.

Even worse, the chiefs met in assembly and said, "This place is packed with paupers. We must drive them out of our domains." All agreed, and Kawashima Dwellunder, Governor of Ima Bridge, taking three hundred select young men, voracious and fierce, drove out the mass of paupers as if they weren't human beings at all. The paupers stumbled about in great confusion, their begging bowls struck down, and fled in all directions. Those with weak legs and hips fell on top of one another, and, although some tried to stand together, with their stomachs empty, their legs would not respond. All they could put to use were their eyes. Hardly able to breathe, they shrieked and howled. One would think that sinners in Hell, whipped by jailer demons and cast down into molten iron, would be just like these paupers. Truly, there are no words to describe this scene.[15]

Third-Born Son Bareman Saburō Dirtskin Rises in Rebellion

Paupers who had gathered like clouds were scattered like the wind; although Osaka's three rivers were calm, its various streets teemed with abandoned children,[16] their whining, like mosquitoes swarming on a mid-summer evening, threatening to burst people's eardrums. Paupers driven out of Osaka now filled the mountains and fields, and even as they fought for a little space, they couldn't possibly slake their hunger by sipping muddy water. They begged—if only for plain boiled water. Someone composed a satirical poem:

Even in a bumper year, there's little water to sip in the sixth month[17]

In time of famine how can there be hot water?

The number of those who, even without wounds and illnesses, still fell dead mornings and evenings increased by the day until they were impossible to count. Corpses lay everywhere, leaving no space to set foot. Even so, paupers gathered from throughout Japan and a great many survived.

Now, there was a man called Bareman Saburō Dirtskin. Born in Kantō, he lived on the scraps of the lowest samurai servants. But poverty hounded him, and, to avoid the famine, he had come to Osaka around mid-spring and become a pauper.[18] His hometown revealed itself in his appearance: he was tall and dark-skinned, his hair never bound and his beard overgrown to the left and right.[19] His eyes were sunk deep, and his backbone touched his belly; yet he was stout of mind and of outstanding strength. Bareman Saburō Dirtskin looked as Shōki would when confronted by famine.[20] He was a valiant man with an iron gaff who looked no whit inferior to Fan K'uai in rage and would pick up Chang Liang's book of military strategy only to trash it.[21] But even a man like that had to bend to the ways of the world—like a tiger subordinated to a mouse—and thus he dwelled humbly on the outskirts of the city.

Now Bareman Saburō Dirtskin secretly gathered together the paupers and said: "Even the supply of burnt rice gruel is already gone,[22] and our lives, transient like the dew, are about to end. Frustration and resentment from one life are hard to overcome in the next. We are going to die anyway. So friends, if we make Kōzu our fortress and rise in mutiny,[23] many will join us as allies. What say you, gentlemen?"

At this point, two men, Yazō the Rice Chewer and Worn Heels,[24] came forward and said, "It is as you say, sir. Paupers would climb up to heaven or enter the spring of the underworld to show our grievances; not one of us will disobey you. Do not tarry a moment, but make up your mind." And so, all present united, over eight hundred in total. The weak-legged taking up walking sticks and the lame carried on the backs of the strong, they moved to Kōzu and barricaded themselves on the evening of the twentieth day of the sixth month.

Kōzu Castle: Nakamura Kyūan Writes a Supplication

The paupers, who until yesterday had felt hesitant and fearful when gathered, gained the force of a dragon and fortified the castle of Kōzu, as if thunder raged overhead while they trod on blades below. The place itself was a strong mountain citadel with a profusion of huge trees. The paupers sought out places of shelter from the rain; they then constructed an underground water pipe at the bottom of the valley and brought from Kōnoike warriors drinking water that was used for rinsing sake bags.[25] In the surrounding fields they cut assorted plants, field horsetails, and summer grasses down to the roots so that not even a single leaf remained. Skilled swimmers went to the offing at Kotsuma and Nagai, and in no time at all, brought back several thousand loads of seaweed.[26] There were great heaps of bran and mountains of tea dregs. Although they had none of the five standard grains, there would be no worries at least until the time when they again scooped steamed wine rice.[27] They thought of all the details as they planned far into the future. So clever was Bareman Saburō Dirtskin.

Cliffs rose high to the east and west, and the paupers' straw mats stood like many screens.[28] To the north was the sacred hall, protected by the precipitous slope behind it and the eye-stinging smoke from baking roof slates.[29] There was no hope for anyone wanting to climb up that way. They decided to make the south the main front. At night they stole stupa grave markers to use as blockades and thorny barriers.[30] They let flags of torn straw mats stream in the gale that blew through the pines and further hoisted more mats in the clearings in the woods so that it appeared as if there were several tens of thousands of soldiers.

Bareman Saburō Dirtskin summoned Nakamura Kyūan and said to him: "It is sacrilegious that we paupers defile the shrine with our presence. For this reason and for the sake of praying for our military fortune, write a supplication and offer it to the shrine."[31]

Kyūan obeyed immediately and taking up his worn brush, wrote:

> Enshrined in this hall is Emperor Nintoku, who, in his reign, soothed the grief of all, demonstrating the depth of his mercy, which surpassed even that of Emperors Jinmu, Daigo, and Murakami.[32] For this reason, the land was fertile, and there was not one pauper. But in later days, many of the lowly have been distressed by frequent famines. We paupers were eking out a living when the four beggar bosses obstructed our efforts to get food, and so we have even less to eat. The blame lies solely with the barbarians on the four sides.[33] Half-dead, starved people fall everywhere, and there is no place to step. Wishing to avenge ourselves, we have raised these soldiers in the cause of justice. Yet for us small eaters to fight those big eaters is like breaking an iron wall with chopsticks or draining water from the great ocean with a begging bowl. It is not that just because I have descended to paupery, this Heaven-endowed self is beyond humanity. Prostrate, I beg that your divine power extend mercy, secure our immediate victory, and bring about an era of rich harvests. Thus we present our supplication.

Kyūan placed the writing in the sacred hall along with the first-crop offering that he held in his hand.[34] Because the gods illuminate the truth of those who are honest, they must have seen

Bareman Saburō Dirtskin's heart. Mysteriously, from a pine branch in front of the sacred hall, a poetry card rode a gust of wind and fell before him.[35] He picked it up and found a satirical poem on it:

> Climbing the Palace of Kōzu,[36] I see flags hoisted:
>
> Pauper forces are thriving.
>
> "Behold what the Deity has given us!"

This poem alludes to the felicitous poem Emperor Nintoku in his wisdom composed during his peaceful reign:

> Climbing a tall turret, I see wisps of smoke rise:
>
> People's cooking stoves are thriving.[37]

"The emperor deity turned this into a satirical poem to encourage us." So saying, those present took off their cheek covers, bowed nine times, and performed a vigil that night.[38]

Paupers From Various Places Rise Up

In the early morning of the twenty-second, the next day, from the blackness of Ikutama Forest came shivering a force five-hundred combatants strong.[39] Thinking that the enemy was approaching, the men were alarmed; but then from amidst that force, one warrior, who had scratched himself until his skin was white, with a begging-bowl helmet and armor woven of scabies with long hems,[40] stood tall before the front gate, and in a hoarse voice announced: "These are the inhabitants of the Lower Temple District, an area of Buddhist temples. Our faces are oft exposed at each equinoctial service at the temples, and thus we are known even to the masters who travel down from the capital to pay their respects. With us are the paupers of Kizu, Imamiya, and Abeno.[41] They have all come together as allies!"

Bareman Saburō Dirtskin ordered the wooden door opened to let them in.

That was not all. The paupers of Enami, Hakke, Hirano, Kyōbashi, and Amijima all gathered in force in front of Daichōji Temple and joined as allies.[42] Then the pauper troops filled the castle completely, until there was not even room for them to put down their begging bowls.

Again, in the vicinity of Tenma, the paupers of Kitano, Dōjima, Noda, and Fukushima came together and,[43] with Kyūzō the Companion Robber as general, before sunrise they pressed forward to the water's edge at Chōja,[44] smashing their earthen ovens and earthen pots, their momentum tremendous. They then continued on to Yoshiwara in an immense show of strength.[45] Hearing rumors of their advance, Osaka's beggar chiefs and their subordinates met in conference to decide what to do. Homeless of Tobita came late and said: "We might not know what to do, sir, if they were a force attacking from China or India. But these are the same men we cleared out of here the other day. And they have been wandering the mountains and are probably exhausted from scrounging for food. How much can they do? When torches sputter out, they flare up. The paupers can't be far from self-destruction. Even so, if we leave them alone, they will disturb our food supply—especially since today is the Ikasuri Shrine Festival, and the twenty-fifth is the Tenman Festival.[46] How can we ignore these dates when we do such good business at the gates of those festivals? How can we let these paupers hold us back? The day after the Tenman Festival, let's drive them a thousand ri away and make this a world where the crane lives a thousand years and the tortoise ten thousand.[47] What complications could there be?"

Since he spoke as if the matter was of little concern, everyone agreed, and they dispersed, only to find that the postponement to a later day had proven fatal. Day by day, the paupers grew in strength and in the end equaled their enemy. This situation exemplified the saying "A cornered mouse bites the cat."[48]

Illustration from the Hinin Taiheiki**, 1688 edition**.
(http://kateibunko.dl.itc.u-tokyo.ac.jp/katei/cgi-bin/gazo.cgi?no=174&top=17)

Chapter II

The Chiefs Gather Forces: They Attack the Paupers

On the twenty-sixth day of the sixth month, the chiefs collected their forces in front of the Chikurinji Temple and inspected the ranks.[49] Their beggar troops had gathered from Ferry, Long Moat, Inner District, and Long District[50]—sixty-eight thousand in all. Standing tall with their legs spread and holding iron hooks horizontally, they resembled people in a ten-thousand-sutra incantation at an alms-giving ceremony. The three bosses were attired identically: each fully turned out in a five-tiered helmet of scoops stacked together, loosely wearing great armor sewn together from tattered cloths and with hems torn,[51] a coarse braided rope to tie it all firmly, a sardine-drying mat as a belly band, and squash rinds for hand and shin protection. For arrows they carried unlacquered chopsticks used for dyeing teeth, long enough that the arrowheads showed from their quivers.[52] Each under his left arm held, as an iron hook, an eight-inch nail forged by the impoverished blacksmith Sanzō attached to a five-foot-three-inch awl they called Iwakuni, sharp enough to penetrate cardboard.[53] Thus arrayed they divided their forces.

The Single Chopstick vanguard took the Tennōji force of seventeen thousand men to the Upper Temple District; Bamboo Fence took twenty-five thousand men down the slope of Ikutama and pressed to the main front.[54] The homeless fortified the rear, pressing on toward the Nun Slope of Takahara.[55] As the forces raised their beggars' cry,[56] heaven and earth shook from all three sides until the lice almost fell to the ground dead.

The paupers in the castle, however, did not shoot even a single chopstick; nor was there any sign of confusion. By nature, Bareman Saburō Dirtskin was never alarmed in a crisis. Thoughtful and cunning, and having learned Sun Ch'en's secret art of wearing straw mats,[57] he made fending off the cold his first strategy. Thus keeping the castle hushed, he made it look as if nobody was inside.[58]

"Judging from the appearance of this castle," the beggar general Bamboo Fence said to his allies, "It doesn't seem that the enemy force barricaded within is very large at all. Hearing that we were approaching, those ragtag paupers must have fled. Even if some remained to defend the place, they haven't eaten and are not likely to be firm of leg and hip. Tear away the castle gate and those abatises. Break in! Break in!"[59]

At this command, the main and rear forces united, lined up the tips of their metal hooks, and tried to bring down the barricades. Just then, from within the castle, fish bones poured down like rain.[60] As the great attacking army stepped on them and hesitated, the paupers within the castle dashed out, brandishing their blades and fighting as if this were their last battle.[61] Beggars in the front tripped; unable to fight, try as they might, many were killed. Men in the rear dropped their begging bowls and metal hooks and retreated as quickly as possible. Since the paupers were empty-stomached, they did not press their advantage and chase their enemy. Having won the first battle, they returned to the

castle.

The chiefs gathered the stragglers and said, "So many of our troops were killed by the enemy's unexpected strategy because we attacked barefoot. For tomorrow's battle we'll prepare footwear and crush the castle in one attack!" They fumed.

At dawn the next day, beggars attacked the castle like locusts. Having been surprised by the fish bones the day before, the chiefs had everyone wear sandals with leather soles. They gave orders in concert: "Break fish bones under your feet, be they the sharpest bones of bream! Attack! Attack!" Eager to avenge yesterday's defeat, many raced forward.[62]

When the castle appeared to be in danger from the advance, the paupers tore open several hundred bags full of squash pulp from inside the castle walls where they had stored them.[63] The forces that had climbed all the way up slipped on their leather-soled sandals. They had nothing to hold onto. All at once they fell, and, with no place to secure their footing, they slid down. Beggars waiting in the rear for clean-up duty cried, "Leave it to us!" They took up their bamboo brooms and, changing places with the advance troops, swept away the pulp. Now, with their forces combined, victory seemed theirs at last. But then the paupers opened the gate and showered them with stone lanterns in front of the shrine hall. So many dropped fast, to the right and to the left. Sparks flew, reverberating like hundreds and thousands of thunderbolts. Several tens of thousands of beggars were pushed and dropped to the bottom of the valley. Crushed under the weight of stones, they were, it seemed, pressed sushi of beggars.[64] You might say Yashima, but, no, truly, it must have been just like the Battle of Tonami during the Minamoto-Taira War, in which the Taira warriors were thrown into the valley of Kurikara.[65] At that battle, Heisenji's chief was killed,[66] but in this battle, the chiefs survived and retreated to Tairenji Temple.[67]

One-On-One Combat at Gokuraku Bridge: The All-Out Battle

When the news got around that the chiefs had lost, the troops waiting at Shoman, Kōshindō, and Komachi-zuka, three thousand five hundred men at Oriono, and two thousand at Sumiyoshi Shinke, rushed to Tairenji without delay and lined up along the Genshōji Slope.[68] However, since the chiefs, having lost a great many men in the two battles, seemed reluctant to make another advance, the morale of the reinforcements dropped, and they, too, dawdled. The pauper troops, on the other hand, spurred by victory, dashed out to Shinyashiki on the other side of Paradise Bridge.[69] The rear guard made a ruckus at the Motomachi Bridge crossing.

As both camps stared across at each other, from the beggars' side came a warrior who looked like a mounted knight equal to a thousand men. In a five-tiered helmet of brightly shining watermelon rinds and body armor of a thousand rags sewn together, he advanced to Bareman Saburō Dirtskin. "Do you know this warrior who has now come before you?" he asked. "Following the steps of Liu Pai-lin,[70] I enjoy sake dregs, make all eight corners of the world my lodging, follow no rut where I wend, and, having no abode for a dwelling, I stay when and where I like. Thus people recognize me as Rokuzō-before-Kontaiji Temple.[71] If there's a man who dares to match me, let him come forth and witness my prowess." And he waited calmly.

Then from the paupers' side came forth a warrior, also appearing to be of great strength, with dust for an ornament on his helmet of white hair, itchy scabs for hand guards, tumors for shin protection, and thigh guards that were sandalwood in color. He proclaimed before all: "Although it may bring shame to my clan for me to reveal my ancestors, what should I be ashamed of here? I am a one-life-in-ten-deaths

descendant of Courtier Waterbelly of the water that Hsü Yu scooped in his hands to drink.[72] Discarded by the five grains for so long, we have stooped low. I am the second generation of famine. Advance, I'll grapple with any of you!" The two warriors tottered together until both fell to the dirt and alas breathed their last.

Friend and foe alike were touched to witness this sight, but, in no time, there came from the beggars' side a warrior with a helmet of ferns that hung long over his shoulders, a helmet decoration of yuzuriha twigs, and cheek covers made from a red washcloth.[73] Although it was not yet the end of the year, he advanced dancing and said: "I am the next warrior, and I do not fear death. I am a warrior, and you should know me even if I do not introduce myself. I am Sekizoronosuke, famous throughout the world starting around the twentieth day of the spring-waiting sky.[74] Blessings, blessings, come forward and fight!"[75] He beckoned his enemy and waited.

Then, from the paupers' side came a warrior with disheveled red hair and mud-covered feet on which no one knows how long he had traveled;[76] he walked out leaning on a bamboo staff: "Since I am not numbered among the great, you would not know me even if I introduced myself. Never in my life have I had a place to settle. I may be here or wander elsewhere. Sometimes I grab sweet dumplings or toasted rice cakes and run, so I am called Kiteman.[77] Other times I eat the intestines of poisonous fish without suffering the poison, and I have the glory of remaining alive. Today, however, is the last day of my life." So saying, he died on the spot.

"What an unworthy death," said a pauper waiting in the rear. Advancing through the pauper ranks, he bellowed: "Those who are far should listen with their ears, and those who are near should see with their eyes.[78] Make your model the work of this man of great strength whose ribs remember the feel of the cane from repeated thieving."[79] With this he leaped at Sekizoronosuke.

Sekizoronosuke, ready for combat, shouted, "Advance!" He swung his rice bag and fought, now charging and now dodging. "Don't let this one get beaten" and "Don't let that one get beaten," the men shouted, as enemies and friends pressed together on top of one another in a melee.

Bareman Saburō Dirtskin ran in all four directions giving orders: "Watch out! Don't kill your friends! Men with wooden tablets on their waist are your enemies.[80] Kill them." Since paupers by nature place great weight on food and give little weight to their lives, not even considering surviving another winter, they did not retreat a step. But stepping and leaping over the dead, they fought fiercely, tore begging bowls asunder, fiery sparks flying from their metal hooks, and pursued the enemy as if this were their final battle. Then the beggar troops, reduced to a meager size, straggled southward. The paupers let out victory cries and returned to their castle.

Accumulated vice always brings decline. Almost all who had wickedly and licentiously stolen food were killed, and the paupers were elated. They had repelled great forces in repeated battles, all due to Bareman Saburō Dirtskin's excellent planning. Long ago a great king of China loved his multitudinous subjects and ruled his great country. However, people from all four foreign and eight barbarian tribes arose, and the king's forces were destroyed. "I alone should not escape," the king said. He was about to commit suicide when a wise man called Chang-tze, who had remained behind, remonstrated with him. He took the king to a neighboring state and waited for an auspicious time. Among the paupers of that state was a valiant warrior by the name of En Mao who built a castle for the king. The king raised a large force, enjoyed his second bout of luck, and returned to his home state. People were moved by Bareman Saburō

Dirtskin's work at these battles as they recalled this story.

Tokinosuke's Death in Battle: Lady Begging Bowl's Grief

Among the heads taken in battle, inspected by Bareman Saburō Dirtskin and posted on the gate, was that of Tokinosuke,[81] a fine young man who stood out even among the ranks of the beggar chiefs. Excelling in literary pursuits as well as martial arts, he had traveled far along the path of fine sentiments. Nevertheless, he had been killed in no time, his head, too, displayed.

Here, now, is a sad story.

Out of nowhere a woman approached. Taking one look at Tokinosuke's head, she collapsed on the spot. "Is our karmic link so weak," she wailed, weeping so hard that it was unbearable to look upon her. After a while, suppressing her tears with a well-worn sleeve, she stole the head, put it in a cloth bag, and went where her feet led her:[82]

> The first winds of autumn pierce body and soul
>
> The bell tolls the impermanence of all
>
> This expresses none other than my condition as I walk through the Upper Temple District.[83]
>
> In this transient world where I live in a hut held up by bamboo poles
>
> I am never far from rush matting[84]
>
> The smoke of the burning house scorches the roof tiles.
>
> Longing for the final prayer at the Pine House District
>
> When will the boat of salvation arrive at the Ferry Crossing?
>
> And what of the three evils of this short-lived world[85]
>
> that create a sad obstruction at the Tenth Ward.
>
> Though the compassionate light shines[86]
>
> from on high before the shrine
>
> Not knowing whether it is light or dark
>
> A blind man wanders near the gate.
>
> Must be one of us, he grieves, saying:
>
> "From whence comes this karmic retribution?"
>
> Let me compare my thoughts to his.
>
> My grief is over the disappearance of my husband
>
> Our pledge of love unto the next life meant nothing
>
> Won't you have compassion
>
> For my future of sorrow that begins today?
>
> Please help me, merciful people.
>
> She passes by Daikyūji Temple as she prays.
>
> On to the district of the He-and-She Ponds,
>
> Hearing the name of whom her thoughts proliferate.

With tears, she came at last to the vicinity of the Tenman Shrine. There she visited a priest known as the Abbot of the Empty Stomach Temple of Mount No Food—a rare blessing to the world, a reincarnation of a pale shadow of Shakyamuni out from Vulture Peak—and asked him to officiate at the memorial rites for Tokinosuke. Then she prepared rinds of pear and persimmon in great amounts as food for the spirit. The priest stepped forward and recited this eulogy:

> When you think of it, during his lifetime, a beggar lives beneath the starry frosty sky, his skin tortured by wind, rain, and snow. Although he does not suffer the trials of fire and theft at his house of the three worlds, absence of these is also painful. As hunger and thirst disturb his dreams, he rises without ado; running from east to west, hurrying north and south, he raises his voice in the morning, and when he gets no food begging, he gasps for breath in the evening, just like a fish in shallow water. What pleasure is there being in this world? Truly the beggar who passed beyond this defiled earth was just twenty-three, although years had piled up on him. Ah, what a blessing is a short life! He swiftly went to the office of Enma and was eaten by a demon's single gulp….[87]

And so spoke the priest. Then he joined his hands and chanted, "Namu Amida butsu, Namu Amida butsu," and the wife also prayed for the departed soul. Then, she gathered up the staves of her pail and, with a single puff of smoke, disappeared.

Now this woman was the daughter of Lord Bridge End and was called the Lady of the Begging Bowl. There was no limit to her father's affection for her, and upon becoming an adult, she would certainly have married into the highest rank. However, those who meet must always part, and when this princess was an infant, both her father and mother died of starvation. An orphan, she was just barely able to live thanks to the mercy of the honored cook,[88] and passed her days on leftover food. This year had seen her turn sixteen, and she was truly regal. Her red hair, longer than her height, played around the calluses on her heels as it swayed like a willow in the wind.[89] Clad in tatters, it was hard to imagine anyone like her. Last spring at the time of flowering and lice viewing,[90] Tokinosuke caught sight of her as she was out taking the sun. Love-sickness seared his heart and, unable to stop thinking of her, he secretly sent her a letter with this poem:

> My love is thwarted at the barrier of the Chinese Comb[91]
>
> Thoughts of you as numerous as hatching larvae.

As she was not a heartless rock or tree, they lay their pillows together on a bed of dirt and appeared to make pledges to grow old together and never part. But before long he left for the battlefield only to be killed. Everyone thought it was natural that she should grieve.

In the end, according to what people later said, she threw herself into the Nagara River. Even while we say that each life is forgotten in the next, still, one determined purpose lasts five hundred lives and a binding vow goes on indefinitely. So, she will probably continue to beg with the same thoughts, even to the lowest depths of hell. What a moving thought!

Illustration from the Hinin Taiheiki, 1688 edition (http://kateibunko.dl.itc.u-tokyo.ac.jp/katei/cgi-bin/gazo.cgi?no=174&top=17).

Chapter III

Seedless Exits the Castle and Attacks Kōzu; Lady Wheel

Well now, the paupers of Kitano, Dōjima, Noda, and Fukushima pressed toward Yoshiwara and attacked. However, the fortification was strong, and they could only stand and contemplate the castle. The citadel of Yoshiwara was bordered on the left and right by the He and She Ponds, and to the east and west ran canals and a stone embankment; the main road was little more than four yards wide. As the road was so narrow, it was extremely difficult to engage in a full-force fight. The water's edge was swampy, and the stubble of the reeds like planted sword blades. In the middle of the water the waves rose high, and an old blue catfish, the master of the river, gobbled up those who fell in. Because of these perils, crossing there, too, was not possible.

As paupers began to advance along the main road, ready for one-on-one combat, beggars emerged from the shade of the sandalwood trees. Surrounding the paupers to the north and south, the beggars drove them into the ponds to the right and left. Feeling as though they were on the white road between two rivers, the paupers withdrew to the far end of the canal.[92]

Seedless, the beggar-general of the castle, called to Gateway Rokurō:[93] "The enemies at the fortress of Kōzu are strong, and now that the Osaka beggar chiefs have been defeated, we are the only ones left for them to attack. Although this fortress is strong, it is hard to defend with such a small force. I hear that the bandits of Yamada, Saidera, Suita, Katayama, Harada, Tarumi, and Sanbōji have not joined the paupers at Kōzu and that they harbor no hatred toward the beggar chiefs.[94] Morning and evening, they just hang about and eat melons and eggplants without permission, plunder daikon radishes, and eat the unroasted peas that are unworthy of being shot from guns.[95] I wish to invite these men and give them license tablets, so they will become our allies. Put this plan into effect."

Receiving this command, Gateway spread the news everywhere. Just as Seedless had anticipated, the bandits gathered like clouds and mist, everyone trying to be the first to join him. Seedless's joy was boundless. "With a force like this there is no need for us to hide in the castle. Let's advance and attack Kōzu!"

And so he gathered more troops: Nagara, Kokubunji, Honjō, Sanban, Mitsuya, Jūsan, and Imazaike[96]—a staggering number in total. In addition, there were leper well-wishers and exorcists.[97] Fifty-eight thousand warriors in all. On the tenth day of the seventh month, they constructed a site for holding a memorial service for the unburied dead and, raising aloft the funerary banner, they followed the lead of a crazy hag and started to cross the Tenman Bridge.

Just then, clouds gathered over the foothills at Akishino and their tattered clothing absorbed the rains sent down by the Ikoma thunder god.[98] The conditions were so adverse that Seedless gathered his army to one side. As he approached to stand under the bridge, he saw a woman of about twenty years of age, her toes unabashed at treading on moss;[99] she was crying, despondent. Mystified, Seedless asked her what was the matter. She replied: "I am ashamed to say, but I am the one who is married to the crippled lord, having once pulled our midnight pillows together. I am called Lady Wheel of Kawashima.[100] But how sad to be a single wheel,[101] for Lord Cripple, pained by this bitter

floating world, has just thrown himself into the river. I am so sad that I can't stand a moment's separation.[102] To seek shelter from a passing shower or to cast oneself into the flow of a river, all is due to the karma of a previous life. Please pray for our departed souls. . . ."

Right after telling her story, she, too, plunged to her death. Seedless, taken aback, tried to pull her out, but she had drifted into the swirling rapids, and not even a trace of her mat remained to be seen. He realized that the couple had lived their last days beneath the bridge. Written on one of the pillars in clumsy strokes of a worn brush was a single poem. Seedless recited it to see how it sounded:

> A crawler I am because I am unable
> to use my shins and loins[103]
>
> Were I able, how would I live such a
> sad life afloat.

Overcome with emotion, Seedless could not hold back his tears. Just then, the sky completely cleared, and the sun shone brilliantly. "A trivial matter has distracted me on the way to battle," he thought. He emerged from under the bridge, and, leading his army, he ascended the path to Takahara.[104]

There, the three chiefs who had escaped death in previous battles had reassembled a great army. They decorated their sedge hats with hoe-shaped crests and, wearing tangerine baskets for back protection,[105] they ordered their men to stand their straw bag shields together in a group and set up camp. The chiefs met in conference with Seedless: "Our men have not won a single battle and have been routed by those paupers. Just as we beggars thought we had completely lost divine protection, we have raised a great army and are here to meet you again. Our alliance has not ended."[106] Seedless, too, told of the hardships of the Battle of Tenman.

"Well now, fellow soldiers, what should we do," they asked. But opinions were divided. Then, Matsuri Tarō the Heir came forward and spoke: "As often happens in war, losing is a matter of fate. However, I think our allies were routed in these three battles because we underestimated the paupers and were poorly equipped. Kōzu is the finest castle in Japan, and the paupers' general, Bareman Saburō Dirtskin, is incomparably strong. His strategy is equal to Huang Shih-kung's skill in tying up a tiger and Chang Tzu-fang's art in crushing a demon.[107] He is not afraid at seeing a large enemy force, and we don't know what scheme he has concocted. We are unlikely to take the castle with sheer brute force alone. I conclude that we must surround the castle on all four sides and starve them to death."

After he had spoken, the chiefs all exclaimed: "You are quite right, sir!" And so it came about that, for days and nights, they lay siege to the east, west, south, and north. However, because their provisions of bran, tea dregs, field horsetails, and nameless greens did not run out, the castle showed no signs of falling.

The attackers became bored of the extended siege. As time passed, they began to loosen their sashes and mats, some started napping with puppies in their arms. Some men preferred playing games with fish heads.[108] Others asked for tissue paper and braided thongs or trimmed the beards off their straw sandals.[109] And others pillaged sacred food, or, drunk on home brew, quarreled among themselves. Under the eaves, another group made a ruckus by raising their voices together and singing, "Da dum, this is the age of the wayfarer's road." In such diverse ways they passed days and months, until in the tenth month when the god of poverty, too, goes off to Izumo,[110] it became the first year of the era of Heavenly Harmony.[111]

Startled by a Stick, Dōgan Composes a Great Poem: He Is Scared Out of His Wits by a Dragon

Head[112]

Around that time, a priest by the name of Dōgan was undergoing ascetic training. Wearing a single tattered robe, his prayer gong around his neck, he lived simply with a peaceful heart. "The world passes while I beat my begging bowl," he said, contemplating the impermanence of it all and using people's eaves freely, as his hermitage. This indeed exemplified the saying that a great hermit hid in the midst of the city, a realization that was a blessing.[113]

Once, saddened by the emptiness of his being, especially the void in his stomach, Dōgan went on a pilgrimage to pay his respects to Atago in the Upper District.[114] On the seventeenth day, while he was on his way, the eastern and western skies suddenly darkened; black clouds gathered, and a shower overtook him. After waiting for the rain to clear, he continued his journey. With no moon to replace the evening sun, it grew gradually darker, and he lost sight of the path in front of him.

Dōgan thought to himself, "I go off a traveler and return a traveler, with no fixed plan for where to spend the night. I have, of course, no hut tied together with grasses. Tonight I will await the dawn here," and he stood under the eaves of a stranger's home. There, a dog barked fiercely, as if accusing him, and almost jumped at him. Nevertheless, Dōgan lay down to sleep and dream without a bedspread. However, the master of the house, awakened by his dog's incessant barking, came outside carrying a cane. He found Dōgan and drove him away. As Dōgan left, having no other choice, he composed this moving poem:

> The dog barking at me all night long
> was not so bad
>
> Frightened I was, though, by the
> master's cane.[115]

And so he had to walk on. Searching for lodging, he was driven out of one place after another. He wandered about looking for a place to sleep, until he saw a faint, distant light. It was a crudely stained hut with no decorative eave facing.[116] While it was not the ancient barrier house of Fuwa,[117] there were gaps between wooden shingles of the wind-waiting roof that liked the moon and hated the rain, and the rocks used as weights were about to fall off.[118] The overgrown ferns under the eaves, too, suggested that this house, a small rental hut, may have been for sale. So he stopped, thinking, "I will wait for dawn here."

But, wondering, "Am I going to be driven away?"—he peeked through a break in the thin wall to peer inside. At that moment, his mind and spirit disappeared, and he felt as if he were no longer living. After a while, when he calmed his heart and looked carefully, the thing that had so scared him was none other than a man wearing a dragon's head. To the man's left was a Daitoku dancer, and to his right was a man with a full head of hair, wearing a tattered and creased paper dress and holding a fan erect,[119] apparently ready to chant, about to start into a sashi.[120] In addition, he saw all kinds of people found at festivals, lined up. And at the very end of the line was a tea whisk stem with its whisk missing and a chipped Tenmoku tea bowl.[121]

Then the man with the dragon's head spoke, "Every day I disturb the ears of the sick and threaten napping children, and beating the taiko drum for several years now, I have thought little of this world; yet this famine is unbearable. With no energy left in my arm, I can't raise the drum sticks." As he thus lamented, the Daikoku dancer said, "Lord Dragon Head, you don't distinguish between spring, summer, autumn, and winter, so it cannot be that bad. For myself, among the Seven Gods of Fortune,[122] I have a rice bag under my foot,[123] and I am much loved by everyone. But because people do not need me after the New Year passes, I find it even more unbearable."

Then the man in paper dress spoke, "I am a scion of the Kanze troupe and travel the great roads making music resound.[124] But in recent years there have been so many of my kind that people are completely bored. However, now the era name has changed to Heavenly Harmony, which augurs peace and pleasure. The significance of this is that the characters for 'Heavenly Harmony' can be read as 'two people in harmony.'[125] When, in the heavens above, the virtues of the ruler and the ruled are lofty, and when the two—heaven and earth—are in harmony, the branches will not break in the wind that blows every five days and in the rain that falls every ten days.[126] Ten thousand things will ripen, and the five grains will never be exhausted. On earth below, the differences between paupers and beggars will end."

The moment he finished speaking, suddenly, although the wind did not blow, the wooden pestle rattled, the miso strainer moved, and the flames of the Three Heats under the pot flared.[127] Everyone vanished in a flicker, and the night turned to dawn's whiteness. Dōgan went out from under the eaves.

A Deaf Monk Dies and Revives:[128] Paupers and Beggars Enjoy Prosperity

Another miraculous event occurred around the same time. There lived a deaf monk called Gufutoku, who was less than honorable.[129] His body mixed in the dust of the Five Filths and his heart defiled by the mists of the Three Poisons,[130] he noisily invoked the Amida Buddha's name with determination not to retreat from what he had already achieved. Beating his gong, he shook the wide sky and put the thunder to shame. He was a bane to late morning risers.

This monk suddenly died and found himself at the palace of Enma, the King of Hell. The top official had a demon take him to see the realm of the hungry ghosts[131] where there was a plaque on which was inscribed "The Hall of Epidemics." When the deaf monk asked what this place was, the demon answered: "This is the place where paupers who drop dead on the streets are gathered. Although their spirits come to hell, their souls remain in the shabby world in order to cause an epidemic in the following year.[132] Large numbers of people who are not benevolent will die from these diseases. Hurry back to the shabby world and tell people they must perform good deeds."

The instant Gufutoku heard this, he revived and spread the word in the ten directions. As a result, in district after district, alley after alley, indeed everywhere, spectacularly, people cooked rice gruel. Flowing from ladles, the white rice gruel was like the waterfalls of Nachi and Mino'o.[133] The large roads overflowed with rice gruel and sparkled, like moonlight shining on waves. It was difficult to count those gathered who had been deprived of the three necessities of life.

Meanwhile, the Battle of Kōzu dispersed, and there was harmony between the paupers and the beggars. This was due exclusively to the virtue of the Era of Heavenly Harmony. The five grains grew abundantly, and rice with grains 1 sun and 8 bu long started to grow at this time.[134] Daikon radishes grew so large that people carried on their backs a fat daikon with a round white radish stuck in it,[135] and, in the midst of winter, a spring of young plants appeared. To their glory, the paupers had their ladles lacquered, and the beggars' iron-hooked poles were now made of gold with their names inscribed. They wore forbidden brocade, never picked up any paper other than the best tissue paper,[136] and, wherever they threw away leftovers, people were troubled. The on-duty beggars, curtains drawn round them, played go and shōgi, instead of working. Single Chopstick of Tennōji passed his days seeking fine food. Bamboo Fence of Dōtonbori, in a cool summer cottage, fanned himself with a lacquered fan, puffing on the smoke of impermanence that blew elsewhere. Homeless of Tobita sang manzairaku,[137] while the waves of the

He and She Ponds added to the sound of the hand drum. Thus the world became one of both paupers and beggars united.

(#_ednref1)Two texts are available: the version anthologized in Kokkei bungaku zenshū (Complete Collection of Early Modern Comic Literature), vol. 8, ed. Furuya Chishin (Tokyo: Bungei Shoin, 1918) and the Hinin Taiheiki: eiri (The Illustrated Paupers' Chronicle of Peace), Tokutomi Sohō, ed. (Tokyo: Minyūsha, 1931).

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Notes

[1] Tosa Shōgen might refer to the painter Tosa Motonobu (1424?-1525?), who was granted the court rank of shōgen (colonel of the Inner Palace Guards, Right) in 1495. However, other members of the Tosa painter family, including Yukihiro (ca. 1406-34), Mitsumoto (ca. 1530-68), Mitsuoki (1617-91), and Mitsuoki's son Mitsunari (1646-1710), were granted the same court rank. He-gassen scrolls depicting farting battles and contests were painted in the Edo period.

[2] Kan is a unit of money equaling 1,000 mon. Mon is a currency that began circulating in 1336 and was replaced by the yen in 1870.

[3] The phrase, "umaretsukige no maruhadaka hakkan," encompasses several terms: umaretsuki no maruhadaka (born stark naked), tsukige (dapple-grey horse, a fine mount for military leaders), hadauma (Bareman Saburō Dirtskin's horse), and hadaka hyakkan (a man penniless but worth one hundred kan).

[4] In the twelfth century B.C., the brothers Po I and Shu Ch'i (Japanese pronunciation Hakui and Shukusei) unsuccessfully tried to dissuade King Wu of Chou from killing King Chou of In. The brothers hid in the mountains and eventually starved to death.

[5] According to Buddhist beliefs, the Three Great Calamities (fire, water, and wind) occur after the first two of the four stages of the world (becoming, staying, destruction, and vacuity), ushering in the third stage. The interval between the three disasters and the stage of vacuity is said to have twenty cycles.

[6] An allusion to a line in the poem "Recommending Wine" by T'ang Dynasty poet Po Chü-i: "Even if wealth reaches the Big Dipper after life, it is inferior to one barrel of wine in this life." See, for example, Burton Watson, Po Chü-i: Selected Poems (New York: Columbia University Press, 2000), 127-31: "Before the big dipper traverse migrating wide geese under the moon over the south tower the sound of fulling cloth for the winter" comes from a poem by Liu Yüan-shu in

the Wakan rōeishū (Japanese and Chinese Poems to Sing, compiled around 1013). See, for example, Thomas Rimer and Jonathan Chaves, Japanese and Chinese Poems to Sing (New York: Columbia University Press, 1997), 346.

[7] An idiom from warrior tales that conveys the idea of countless warriors pressing forward.

[8] Amida Buddha is said to have meditated on his (her) pledge to save humans for the period of five kalpas. A kalpa is the time it takes for the highest mountain to be worn down by a feather being brushed over it once every hundred years.

[9] From the famous opening lines of the Tale of Heike: "The Gion bell tolls the impermanence of all things. / The color of the twin sala trees' blossoms / Attests to the fact that even the prosperous are bound to decline." Helen McCullough, Genji & Heike: Selections from The Tale of Genji and The Tale of the Heike (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1994), 265.

[10] A bridge over the Higashi Yokobori River; also the name of the area west of this river. Common places for begging were by the entrances of bridges, in front of temples, and on streets, especially in the pleasure quarters.

[11] All are Osaka districts. Tobita, in western Osaka, was known for its graveyard and execution site. Tobita, therefore, suggested one sentenced to death. Dōtonbori, the area south of the Dōtonbori River, was designated in 1626 as a theater district, and its entertainments drew crowds. Tennōji is the sites of the four Tennō temples. Tenma was known for the Tenmangū Shrine, which enshrines Heian poet and scholar Sugawara no Michizane (845-903). A tax-exempt kaito was found in each of these four places.

[12] Goki, originally a bowl with a lid, was a begging bowl used by monks and beggars.

[13] "On-duty beggars" (bankojiki) refers to beggar guards (kaitoban) who stayed in a shed just outside an urban residence to protect against theft and other disturbances.

[14] Common expression for being forlorn. The expression is used in Book 9 of the Taiheiki when the Hōjō warriors in Kyoto find that Shogun Ashikaga Takauji has betrayed them.

[15] Common depiction of Buddhist hell.

[16] Sangō, literally "three rivers." Phrase that originally referred to the three longest rivers in China here applied to Osaka.

[17] Minazuki is one of the names for the sixth month in the lunar calendar.

[18] "Becoming a pauper" refers to famine refugee beggars, differentiating them from permanent city beggars.

[19] The standard hairstyle for men was a topknot and a shaven front. The poor and discriminated are said to have worn a bun without shaving the front (like women) or to have kept their hair cut and unbound (like children).

[20] The Japanese version of Chung K'uei, a Chinese god said to expel demons and diseases, is usually represented as big-eyed, angry, bearded, booted, and dressed in black, holding a drawn sword. The image is derived from a legend about T'ang Emperor Hsüan-tsang's dream in which Chung K'uei, a local official, appeared and conquered evil spirits to cure the emperor's illness.

[21] An iron gaff is either a long-handled weapon used to pull an enemy boat or a short-handled tool for catching fish. Fan K'uai and Chang Liang (Hankai and Chōryō in Japanese) are heroic retainers of the Han dynasty founder Liu Pang. The lengthy account in the Taiheiki, Book 28 of the battles of Han and Ch'u emphasizes Fan K'uai's righteous rage in the well-known Hungmen banquet scene (206 B.C.) and Chang Liang's military strategies at Hungmen and elsewhere.

Collecting waste paper and waste cloth to recycle was one of the ways that hinin earned a living. See Ōsakashi-shi hensanjo, Shinshū Ōsakashi-shi shi, vol. 3 (Ōsaka: Ōsakashi, 2009), 865.
[22] Yunoko is rice gruel made from the burnt rice that sticks to the pot. Bareman Saburō Dirtskin's speech humorously echoes the tone of military leaders.
[23] Kōzu is an area south of the Dōtonbori River.
[24] "Rice chewer" (komekami, short for komekami bikuni) means a young disciple nun.
[25] Kōnoike, literally "storks' pond," is a place in Settsu province, now around Kōike, Hyōgo Prefecture, known as a producer of sake. A sake bag is used to squeeze out unrefined sake.
[26] Kotsuma (now in Nishinari) and Nagai are names of places in Osaka.
[27] Rice, barley, two kinds of millet, and beans were the five standard grains. "Scooping steamed wine rice" (sakameshi suku'u, also called sakakowai) is a reference to activities of the winter brewing season. It also suggests that there will be enough rice to brew in the next big harvest. Processing grains was usually banned during famine.
[28] Banners of straw mats evoke a peasant uprising.
[29] Roof-tile making was a major construction industry in Osaka. A record remains of a master tile producer who shipped 2,861,000 roof tiles to Edo in the fourth month of 1704. See Ōsakashi-shi hensanjo, 818.
[30] Thorny barriers (sakamogi), uprooted trees placed upside down as blockades, are frequently mentioned in the Taiheiki.
[31] This passage echoes a famous scene in Book 9 of the Taiheiki. On turning openly against the Hōjō, Ashikaga Takauji asks Hikida no Myōgen to write a supplication at a Hachiman Shrine in Shinomura.
[32] Jinmu (reign ca 660 BC-585 BC) is the legendary first emperor of Japan. Nintoku, exact reign dates unknown but believed to be 313-399, was the sixteenth Japanese emperor. Go-Daigo (885-930), reigning during the Engi era in the Heian period, has been regarded as an ideal emperor because of his successful imperial rule without regency. The first imperial poetic anthology Kokin wakashū (Collection of Poems from Ancient and Modern Times, commonly abbreviated as Kokinshū) was compiled in 905 during his reign. Murakami (926-967) of the Tenryaku era (947-957) also ruled directly. "Return to the old days of Tengi and Tenryaku" was the slogan of Go-Daigo, the central imperial figure in the Taiheiki.
[33] The barbarians to the east, west, north, and south of China. Here, the beggars in the four regions of Osaka.
[34] In the Taiheiki, Ashikaga Takauji offers supplication in the sacred hall along with a whistling arrow. His immediate subordinates follow his example and offer one whistling arrow each.
[35] In the Taiheiki, the sign that the supplication Ashikaga Takauji asked Myōgen to write to show success is a pair of turtledoves that flutter over the white banner. They then perch on the bead tree before the Department of Shintō in the old palace.
[36] Nintoku ruled at the Kōzu Palace in Naniwa (old name for the Osaka area). The characters for Kōzu can be read "Takatsu" here to better match the first phrase (takaki ya ni) of the original poem quoted in the following passage.
[37] This poem ascribed to Nintoku is found in the Shin kokin wakashū (New Collection of Poems from Ancient and Modern Times, commonly abbreviated as Shin kokinshū) the anthology, commissioned to continue the Kokinshū and presented to the emperor in 1205 at the three-

hundredth anniversary of the Kokinshū. However, the style of the poem suggests a much later date than Nintoku's reign. Seeing his subjects suffering from poverty, Nintoku is said to have suspended taxes for three years. The poem was thought to express his happiness when his subjects' began to recover from poverty. The use of honorifics in the passage preceding the poem (eiryo ni kaketatematsuru, or "presented to the Emperor for his imperial consideration"), suggests that the author of the Hinin Taiheiki considers the poem to have been written by a vassal.

[38] Cloth cheek covers were worn by peasants, street entertainers, and thieves; they replace warrior helmets here. Bowing nine times was a ritual gesture of the highest respect used for the emperor or a high-ranking priest.

[39] Ikutama (also Ikudama) is the name of a shrine in Ikutama in the Tennōji area of Osaka. Valiant warriors of the past trembled with excitement; paupers shook their bodies from nervous habit.

[40] A parody of a typical description of brilliantly attired warriors in warrior tales. The armor is dōmaru, designed for foot soldiers and characterized by a continuous sheath-like cuirass that is wrapped around the body of the wearer and fastened at the right side. It was particularly popular in the Muromachi period. "With long hems" (kusazurinaga ni) means wearing armor with longer kusazui (corded hip and thigh guard hung from the torso) of seven or six, instead of five, tiers. The expression is especially associated with ōyoroi, loosely-fitting armor for mounted archers of earlier times.

[41] Kizu in the Kyoto area is a port town on the Kizu River. Imamiya is named after the Imamiya Shrine originally established in the Heian period as a place to pray for safety from an epidemic that spread through the Kyoto area in 993. Abeno, an area in southern Osaka, is said to be the site of the death of court noble Kitabatake Akiie (1318-1338), a hero in the Taiheiki.

[42] Enami is an old name for an area in Osaka. Kyōbashi is a bridge across the Neya River in Osaka; it is also a bridge in Fushimi in Kyoto over a tributary of the Uji River. Amijima (literally, "fish net island," because fishermen used to dry their nets there) is a town where the Yodo and Neya Rivers join. Later it became famous for dramatist Chikamatsu Monzaemon's Bunraku puppet play Love Suicides at Amijima (Shinjūten no Amijima, first performed in 1721).

[43] Kitano Tenmangū Shrine is in the Kitano area of Kyoto. Dōshima in Osaka was an entertainment district in the Edo period. Fukushima, also in Osaka, is on the lower reaches of the Yodo River.

[44] Chōja (an elder) here means the female owner of a pleasure house, as an extension of its more conventional meaning of the mistress of an inn along an official travel route.

[45] Yoshiwara is the name of two places in Osaka: one a cemetery in the northern part of the city near Tenman, and the other a neighborhood in southeastern Osaka. However, the name is certainly used here to recall the most famous Yoshiwara, the pleasure quarter of the city of Edo, which was established in 1615 (Moto Yoshiwara) and moved to Asakusa in 1656 (Shin Yoshiwara) after a fire.

[46] Ikasuri (also pronounced Zama) is a shrine in Higashi-ku, Osaka. The Tenmangū Shrine Festival, traditionally held on the twenty-fifth day of the sixth month, now on July 25, is one of the biggest festivals in Japan.

[47] One ri is a distance of nearly four kilometers. The phrase that references the long lifespans of the crane and tortoise signifies a felicitous world.

[48] A familiar Chinese saying quoted in the Taiheiki in the lengthy note on the war between Wu and Yüeh (Book 4) and in Ashikaga Takauji's letter to Go-Daigo accusing Nitta Yoshisada (Book 14).
[49] Chikurinji, once in Nanba, is now in Katsuyama.
[50] In Japanese: Senba, Nagabori, Uchimachi, and Nagamachi.
[51] Five begging bowls is a play on the helmet with a five-tiered neck protector (gomai kabuto or gomai shikoro) that extended from the head protector (hachi). Great armor (ōyoroi) is medieval armor worn in mounted battles with its skirt divided into four flaps; around the Muromachi period, simpler forms of armor, dōmaru or haramaki, better suited for fighting on foot, grew more popular. Detailed descriptions of helmets and armor such as this are important ingredients in tales of battle scenes.
[52] "Unlacquered chopsticks used for dyed teeth" (hazome no zōbashi) puns on battle arrows with dyed arrow-feather" (hazome no soya).
[53] Iwakuni, on the eastern end of today's Yamaguchi Prefecture, was a famous producer of paper made of kōzo (a kind of mulberry). Thick paper made by gluing several layers of Iwakuni paper was used for book covers.
[54] Taiheiki-like exaggeration of numbers.
[55] Takahara had a fifth kaito, although without a chief.
[56] They raise the beggars' cry instead of the warriors' war cry. (A pun on "war cry" and "cry for a meal.")
[57] Sun Ch'en (Japanese Son Shin), an ancient Chinese sage, wove mats for a living but excelled at poetry and calligraphy. All he had for bedding, even in winter, was a pile of straw, which he spread in the evening and put away in the morning.
[58] Bareman Saburō Dirtskin's strategies echo those that Kusunoki Masashige employed in battles at Akasaka and Chihaya described in the Taiheiki, Books 3 and 7.
[59] Thorny barricades (sakamogi), made of uprooted trees and bushes, is a standard barricade mentioned in the Taiheiki and other tales of war.
[60] In the Taiheiki, the Kusunoki troops threw boiling water (the Battle of Akasaka), torches (the Battle of Chihaya), and big rocks and lumber (both battles). The torches were thrown at ladders that the Bakufu's eastern troops used to climb the walls of the Chihaya castle after drenching them with oil.
[61] A warrior tales cliché.
[62] The leather-soled sandals recall leather-reinforced shields in the Taiheiki, Book 3. At the Battle of Akasaka, Kusunoki Masashige prepared a hanging wall outside the regular wall of the castle. When Eastern warriors began climbing the outside wall, Kusunoki warriors let it fall and then threw big rocks and lumber. The enemy warriors tumbled down the slope; hundreds died. Their leaders concluded that this was because the warriors, eager to attack, were not prepared properly with shields and weapons. So each warrior carried a sheaf reinforced with hard leather.
[63] The paupers prepared slippery squash pulp just as the Kusunoki troops in the Taiheiki prepared long-handled ladles full of boiling water to shock the Eastern warriors.
[64] Sushi originally meant pickled fish. Pressed sushi, an Osaka specialty prepared by closing a lid tightly on salted fish placed over vinegared rice and packed in a box, became popular in the Edo period.

[65] The Heike were routed by Yoshitsune's 1185 surprise attack at Yashima in a northern area of Takamatsu in Kagawa. The Battle of Kurikara Valley in Tonami, Toyama was led by Yoshinaka in 1183.
[66] Saimei. Here chōri refers to the liaison between temple and government. After the battle, Saimei was arrested and beheaded.
[67] Temple in the Tennōji District of Osaka.
[68] Shōman, or Shōman'in, is a separate monastery of Tennōji Temple, where many actors and women working in the pleasure quarters worshipped. Kōshindō is a hall that enshrines the god of Kōshin; here probably the one in Tennōji district of Osaka.
[69] Shinyashiki a pleasure quarter that included Sonezaki and Dōjima.
[70] Ryū Hakurin in Japanese. Yüan dynasty warrior who brought down the previous ruler and became commander-in-chief of the military.
[71] Kontaiji, or Jubusen Kontaiji in full, is a Shingon Buddhist sect temple in Kyoto.
[72] Yao, a legendary Chinese emperor, invited Hsü Yu, a pure-hearted man, to be his successor. Saying that he had heard an unclean thing, Hsü Yu washed his ears in a river and hid in the mountains.
[73] This description of the beggar warrior Sekizoronosuke contains references to sekizoro, Edo-period street performers who, in twos and threes, went around in the twelfth month begging for rice and money. They wore hats decorated with ferns and red or white clothes around their faces, with only their eyes showing. They chanted, "Sekizoro gozareya, hah! sekizoro medetai" (This is the season, come forward and give, this is the season, blessings). "A helmet of ferns hanging long over the shoulders" parodies the ample neck plates of a helmet. sekizoro performers wore urajiro or yamagusa ferns commonly used for New Year decorations on their heads. Yuzuriha, "give-away leaves," is the name of a tree so called because old leaves give way to new leaves in a conspicuous manner. While sekizoro performers wore white cheek covers, others wore red. See Kyōto Burakushi Kenkyūjo, ed., Chusei no minshū to geinō (People and Entertainment in the Medieval Period) (Kyoto: Aunsha, 1989), 116-17.
[74] The twelfth month.
[75] "Fukufuku taitai (or, in another reading, daidai), sah sah gozareya gozare," a variant of the sekizoro chant.
[76] "Red hair" here is shaguma, which is yak or white bear tail dyed red for ornamental or other purposes, or hair that resembles it.
[77] The name Tobisonuke carries the image of a kite, the bird that snatches things and flies away, as in the saying, "to have fried tofu snatched by a kite." Another association is tobi no mono (fireman). Edo firemen worked with tobiguchi, a hook with a long handle that resembled a kite's beak.
[78] Standard phrase in tales of war.
[79] Policemen used hard wooden sticks about six-feet long.
[80] The licensed beggars wore tablets to identify themselves to the authorities. Here a play on kasajirushi, or cloth badges in the shape of miniature flags, worn by warriors over their helmets to identify their side in battle. These badges often appear as crucial plot mechanisms in such classic warrior tales as the Taiheiki.
[81] The name Toki suggests the charity food served at temples rather than the regular morning

meal for priests.
[82] The following is a traditional michiyuki (travel) scene in which puns are made using the names of various places.
[83] Pun on mi no ue (condition) and Uederamachi (Upper Temple District).
[84] A beggar either lives in a small hut or carries rush matting for shelter. These four lines make use of the vocabulary of pining (longing), houses, roof-tile making, and the Buddhist parable of the burning house in order to lead up to the place name "Pine House District."
[85] The three evils are of the body, mouth, and mind.
[86] Buddhas and bodhisattvas compassionately soften their light (i.e. to conceal their glory) and mingle among living things on Earth in order to bring spiritual salvation.
[87] Like Hades in Greek mythology, Enma is both the judge of the dead and the guardian king of the netherworld.
[88] Of a warrior family.
[89] Red hair (akagashira) is dry, brownish hair, from exposure to the sun, unkempt and not treated with hair oil. Akagashira (red hair) and akagari (calluses) resonate.
[90] Pun on hanami (flower viewing) and shirami (lice).
[91] Karakushi (Chinese or Korean comb) is an imported ornamental ivory comb or an imitation thereof. Play on the phrases for "being barred at a barrier house" and "lice being combed out of the hair."
[92] The white road between two rivers (niga byakudō) means the narrow path to enlightenment between the rivers of water and fire, or between greed and anger.
[93] The surname Gateway is a reference to begging at the entrance of houses.
[94] These bandits are nobushi, literally "field-lying warriors." Yamada, Saidera, Suita, Katayama, Harada, Tarumi, and Sanbōji are neighborhoods in the area of Suita to the north of Osaka, north of the Kanzaki River and south of the great western road. At that time, this area was rural and distant from the city.
[95] Late sixteenth-century water forces used hōroku, round bullets made of sulfur, coal, rosin, and other materials. Pun on hōraku, a flat earthen pan used for roasting peas, rice, and salt.
[96] These areas also are to the north of the city within the large bend of the Yodo River and north of Tenman.
[97] Yakuharai, an exorcist for outcastes, who, on New Year's Eve and other occasions, went through the streets offering prayers of good fortune and charms against calamities.
[98] Echoes a poem by Saigyō: "Akishino ya toyama no sato ya shigururan Idoma no take ni kumo no kakareru" (A late autumn shower must be falling over the mountain villages in Akishino, for clouds hang over the peak of Mount Ikoma). Shin kokin wakashū, poem 585. Akishino is a place in Nara. See Tanaka Yutaka and Akase Shingo, eds., Shin kokin wakashū (Tokyo: Iwanami, 1992).
[99] Unlike genteel women who hesitated to walk on mossy and grassy paths.
[100] Pun on makura o kawasu (to exchange or share pillows) and Kawashima (river islet).
[101] Pun on kata-waguruma (single wheel), Kuruma Gozen (Lady Wheel), and katawa (single wheel, meaning physically disabled).
[102] Implying that she will soon be with her husband in the other world.
[103] Izari (sidling, or a "cripple") is an expression that is also used when a boat advances slowly in the shallows, its bottom grazing the riverbed. Thus it ironically echoes the word uki (floating) in

uki sumai (bitter abode).
[104] Ōe no saka, or correctly Oinosaka ("the slope of old age"), is a pass to the north of Ōeyama mountain in Kyoto.
[105] The beggars' versions of warriors' helmets with hoe-shaped crests (kuwagata).
[106] Chōri nakama, translated here as "chiefs and fellows." The organized hinin inōsaka were called nakama, or, in full, shikasho nakama, or kaito nakama. Shikasho denotes the people of the four kaito, i.e. the beggars.
[107] Kōsekikō and Chō Shibō in Japanese. Huang Shih-kung was a recluse during the Ch'in Dynasty. Chang Tzu Fang, better known as Chang Liang (in Japanese: Chō Ryō), was one of the three heroes who helped found the Han dynasty.
[108] In a well-known passage in Book 7 of the Taiheiki, the Hōjō troops, tired of the long siege of the Chihaya Castle, whiled away their time by engaging in such refined activities as writing linked verses, playing games of go, tea tasting, and poetry competitions.
[109] Collecting waste rice paper and scrap cloth was one way for Osaka hinin to make a living. They dried and recycled what they picked up.
[110] There was a belief that all the native gods assembled at Izumo in western Japan in the tenth month of the year. The literary name for this month is Kannazuki, or, "the godless month."
[111] The Tenwa Era (1681-84).
[112] The episode of Dōgan ("Buddhist Vow") is reminiscent of an episode in Taiheiki, Chapter 35, titled "The Tale of the Kitano Vigil." In this episode, the priest Raii spends a night at Kitano Shrine and overhears the conversation among three men: a recluse around age sixty, who had been a former warrior, speaking with a Kantō accent; a pale, retired court scholar; and a lean and learned monk. The recluse laments the corruption in the warrior world. The courtier points out that the aristocracy is also corrupt because there are no sincere vassals who reprimand the emperor. The monk comments that neither warriors nor courtiers are to blame for the disorder under heaven but that it is instead a matter of cause and effect. The three laugh aloud and leave since it is already dawn. Raii, too, leaves.
[113] "A small hermit hides in mountain groves; a great hermit in the imperial court and market places" (attributed to fourth-century poet Wang K'ang-chü. See Watson, The Columbia Book of Chinese Poetry (New York: Columbia University Press, 1984), 175.
[114] Atago Gongen Shrine atop Mount Atago of Kyoto. Visiting the shrine on the twenty-fourth day of the sixth month was believed to be as effective as one thousand visits on ordinary days.
[115] Cf. Poem 415, "Yomosugara tataku kuina wa ama no to wo akete nochi koso oto sezarikere" (Water rail that called all night long makes no sound now that heaven's door is open), attributed to Minamoto no Yoriie in the sixth imperial poetic anthology, The Collection of Verbal Flowers (Shika wakashū, ca. 1050).
[116] Odare are horizontal boards to hide edges of roof boards or eaves.
[117] Fuwa barrier house is remembered especially in Fujiwara no Yoshitsune's poem: "Hito sumanu Fuwa no sekiya no itabisashi arenishi nochi wa tada aki no kaze" (Wooden eaves of an uninhabited barrier guard's house, after it has gone to decay, the only thing here is the autumn wind), Shin kokin wakashū, poem 1599 (Quoted in, for example, Theodore de Bary, Eastern Canons (New York: Columbia University Press, 1995), 333.
[118] The roof is makeshift, made of boards about one foot by eight inches wide held in place with

rocks and other weights.
[119] Three types of entertainers: a dragon mask drummer (who visited houses in Osaka, Edo, and other places from the second day of the first month till the beginning of the second month), a Daitoku (god of wealth and happiness) dancer, and a Noh performer. The Noh performer's full hair, as opposed to a topknot and a shaven forehead, is a reference to the hairstyle of the discriminated class. Sashi is a chanted passage in a Noh play. A lead or a support character's sashi often occurs at the beginning of the play.
[120] A chanted passage in Noh plays.
[121] A bamboo whisk is used to stir powdered tea. Tenmoku refers to porcelain tea bowls made in the T'ien-mu mountain area of China; tea bowls in general.
[122] The Seven Gods of Fortune are Daikoku, Ebisu, Bishamonten, Benzaiten, Fukurokuju, Jurōjin, and Hotei.
[123] Daikoku wears a hunting robe and a cloth hat, carries a big bag and a wooden treasure hammer, and stands or sits on bags of rice.
[124] Kanze is one of the main schools of the Noh theater, derived from the Yūzaki Troupe founded by Kan'ami (1333-84).
[125] The Chinese character for heaven can be broken down into radicals meaning "two" and "person," evoking the phrase "two people in harmony."
[126] An idiom, from a Chinese saying, for peace throughout the land: "In peaceful times, the wind blows once every five days causing a branch to break, and the rain falls every ten days without causing a lump of earth to slide."
[127] Buddhism stipulates three kinds of torment (or the Three Heats) for snakes and dragons: to be burned with hot winds and hot sands, to be deprived of dwellings in evil winds, and to be devoured by a monstrous bird.
[128] This echoes an episode in the recluse's story in "The Vigil at Kitano" in the Taiheiki. A holy priest, following his sudden death, visits hell for thirteen days and sees Go-Daigo suffering torture because of five sins he committed when alive. Chapter 20 of the Taiheiki introduces a traveling monk who visits hell. At dusk he does not know where to stay. A mountain ascetic appears and offers to take him to a lodging. There, the priest witnesses the hellish torture of Yūki Munehiro Dōchū. The mountain monk tells the priest that Yūki's wife and children should copy sutras to rescue Yūki. The gong of a village temple is borne on the wind through the pines, and everything disappears. Only the priest remains sitting, lost, on the dewy grass in a field.
[129] Gufutoku-ku, the torture of seeking without attaining, is one of the eight tortures in Buddhism.
[130] According to Buddhism, phenomena at the end of the world. The Five Filths are (1) natural disasters and pestilences; (2) human beings having evil thoughts; (3) human beings living short lives; (4) raging frustrations; and (5) lowering of standards that drive human beings to evil deeds. The Three Poisons are the three basic evils that human beings must conquer: greed, anger, and ignorance.
[131] The demon official is Kushōjin, twin gods based on Indian myths. Starting from the day a person is born, they are perched on his shoulders; one records his good deeds and the other his bad deeds. After the person dies, these records are used in inspection at the office of Enma. In other accounts, Kushōjin is simply an inquisitor and recorder seated by Enma. In the cosmology of medieval Japanese Buddhism, hungry ghosts (gaki) are beings condemned to an existence of

insatiable hunger. With distended bellies and needle-thin throats, they wander the earth unseen by most people.

[132] Shabby world (shaba in Japanese, sahā in Sanskrit): this Buddhist term in common parlance has come to mean "the human world where sufferings abound."

[133] Nachi Waterfalls are in Nachi Katsuura, Wakayama; Mino'o Waterfalls are in Mino'o City, Osaka.

[134] 1 sun 8 bu is about 5.5 centimeters. The appearance of rice with such grains is reported in the Procedures of the Engi Era (Engishiki)—a compilation of rules and regulations completed in 927—where it is said that, as a result of the spiritual (auspicious) dreams of Emperor Sujin, the deity of seeds, rice with grains 1 sun 8 bu long was harvested.

[135] The word kabura (round radish) also means whistling arrows. Traditionally, a warrior carried regular arrows on his back in a quiver with two extra arrows on top. These were whistling arrows for signaling the beginning of a battle or scaring off evil spirits.

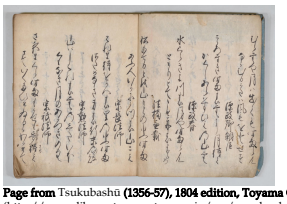
[136] Embroidered brocade (tsuzure, short for tsuzurenishiki), which commoners were forbidden to wear, was a sarcastic name for beggars' tattered clothing; tsuzure also means a patch-cloth garment or tattered cloth. The high-quality tissue is Nobe (short for Nobegami), tissue paper slightly smaller than 11 by 8.5 inches produced in Yoshino in Yamato, used especially in the pleasure quarters.

[137] Manzai, or senzumanzi, is a New Year's song and dance act that celebrates longevity.

Renga by Sasaki Dōyo: Selected from the Tsukubashū (Tsukuba Anthology)

Translated and annotated by Kyoko Selden

Edited by Lili Selden



Page from Tsukubashū **(1356-57), 1804 edition, Toyama City Public Library.**
(http://www.library.toyama.toyama.jp/wo/rare_book/index?rare_book_list_flg=1&value_id=5519&lines=10&page=5)

The Tsukubashū (1356-57), or Tsukuba Anthology, was the first of two official collections of medieval linked verse (renga) modeled on the structural and thematic format of the seventeen imperial waka anthologies compiled between 905 and 1349.[1] The Tsukubashū was initially compiled by the court poet Nijō Yoshimoto (1320-88) in 1356 without an imperial mandate. In the following year, however, it was recognized as a quasi-imperial anthology through the mediation of warrior and lay monk Sasaki Dōyo (1295?-1373).

The 2,149 pairings of renga verses in the Tsukubashū are arranged in twenty maki, or scrolls, grouped topically in sections dedicated to the four seasons, religion, love, travel, miscellaneous, and so forth, roughly following the manner of the imperial waka anthologies. Most of the anthology's verses are presented as single pairs in two lines, many of them excerpted from longer sequences of, for example, hyakuin (hundred-verse sequences composed collaboratively by two or more poets), senku renga (thousand-verse sequences, also collaboratively composed), or kusari renga (literally, "chain-linked poetry").[2] Only the poet of the second line (the tsukeku) in these pairs is identified. In so doing, the anthology places greater importance on the deliberate act of linking, that is to say, in finding the "life" of renga in the linkage and celebrating the distinct manner in which a poet responds to the imagery, sound, rhythm, mood, and literary allusions of the preceding verse.

Portrait of Sasaki Dōyo, Artist Unknown, 1366, Colors on Silk, Kyoto National Museum.
(https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Sasaki_Dōyo.jpg)

Sasaki Dōyo is represented in the Tsukubashū by 81 links. This makes him the fourth best represented renga poet after Kyūsei (also pronounced Gusai; 1283-1376?, with 127 links), Prince Son'in (Kajii no Miya; 1306-59, with 90 links), and Nijō Yoshimoto (1320-88, with 87 links). Thus he was the most important among the warrior-poets.

Sasaki's prominence as a poet in the Tsukubashū undeniably reflected his political influence. As a top military leader and trusted advisor in the Ashikaga Shogunate, he also had connections at Emperor Go-Daigo's (1288-1339) court and at powerful temples. And he was a cultural leader whose influence extended beyond the world of poetry to the spheres of tea, incense blending, and flower arrangement. Sasaki attended renga parties given by Son'in and Nijō Yoshimoto, among others; and he studied renga with Kyūsei, who was also Nijō Yoshimoto's teacher. In the late 1340s and early 1350s, he hosted a monthly renga party at his home. In other words, while his role in securing imperial recognition for the Tsukubashū may have played a part in the inclusion of so many of his links in the anthology, the selections appear to be justified by their conceptual briskness, aesthetic refinement, and emotive depth.

The following are Dōyo's renga from the first six volumes of the Tsukubashū, progressing through the seasons from early spring to late winter. The first line of each linked pair represents the maeku of an unidentified poet, and the second line represents Dōyo's tsukeku.[3] It should be noted that renga links are normally written and printed in single lines in Japanese. In order to indicate the alternating long and short groupings of 5/7/5 and 7/7 syllables, the 5/7/5 groupings are translated here in three lines of English, and the 7/7 syllabic groupings in two lines.

ura no haru to ya nami ni hana saku
6 tōyama wa kasumi nimo nari yuki ni mie
spring on the shore as they say
on waves flowers bloom
distant mountains
turn into haze too
though looking like snow—[4]

kareki to mishi ni hana no saku haru
36 ume-ga-e no sakari no hodo wa ha mo nakute
a withered tree, I thought
but flowers bloom in spring
a plum branch
while at peak
has no leaves—[5]

sato made kane o okuru yamakaze
98 tou hito no nagori mo hana no yūbe nite
to the village a mountain wind
sends the bell's sound
visitors are
missed now in
flowers' evening[6]

yoso yori mo maki no shitamichi saki kurete
122 hana ni arasou yama no ha no tsuki
sooner than elsewhere
the path beneath the cypresses
darkens first
on flowers rivaling
the moon over the mountain ridge[7]

ha o kauru made naku wa uguisu
205 ki to ki to no narabite shigeru natsuyama ni
wing to wing
sing warblers
in a summer mountain
where tree by tree foliage grows densely[8]

Nojima ni kakaru nami no shitakusa
240 himeyuri no mietsu kakuretsu saku hana ni
grass under waves
lapping at Field Island
at princess-lily
flowers that bloom
now seen, now hidden[9]

naniyue no waga omoi zo to toishi toki
291 aki wa yūgure kaze wa ogi no ha
when someone asked
why
I brood
autumn: at evening dusk
wind through the blades of reeds[10]

tsuki ni koso sonata no yama mo shirarekere
327 Fuji narikeri na aki no shirayuki
by this moonlight alone
the mountain beyond
can be recognized
it's Mount Fuji indeed
—white snow in autumn[11]

Yūbe kasanete aki ya yukuran
339 tsuki izuru yama wa yama yori nao tōshi
evening—and once again
is autumn departing?
the moon rises
from a mountain yet farther than
this mountain[12]

karigane samushi kumo no yosooi
370 yama no ha wa tsuki no konata ni mazu miete
wild geese sound cold
the clouds' appearance
mountain ridge:
on this side the moon
first comes in sight—[13]

sumika hitotsu ni kokoro sadamezu
383 shiba no to no tsuki wa ko no ma ni kage wakete
I do not set my mind
on a single abode
moon over brushwood door
between tree and tree
divides its light—[14]

furiwaketaru wa yama no murasame
395 ukigumo no ikutabi tsuki ni chigauran
showering here but not there
autumn rain in the mountains
floating clouds
how many times do they
cross the moon?[15]

ukigumo ni koso kaze wa miekere
405 sora wa tsuki yamamoto wa nao yūbe nite
by floating clouds
alone the wind is seen
in the sky, the moon
at the base of the mountains it still
remains evening[16]

koromo ni otsuru namida ikutsura
432 yuku kari no koe yori kazu wa sukunakute
tears falling onto my robe
how many drops I know not
journeying wild geese,
their number smaller
than their voices—[17]

yuki o nokosu wa nao ura no nami
498 shiohi yori nagaruru kawa no usugōri
still snow
waves of ebbtide
lap the shore to greet
ice-coated rivulets[18]

kariba no tori no otsuru fuyukusa
519 shimo kakaru matsu no shitashiba ha o tarete
birds in the hunting grounds
fall to winter grass
brushwood
under a frost-covered pine
leaves drooping—[19]

kariba no kiji no ono ga naku koe
562 katayama no yuki no shirataka te ni suete
pheasants in the hunting grounds
each of their calls distinctive
snow-capped mountain beyond the field,
a white falcon
set on my hand—[20]

The source text is the Tsukubashū (Tsukuba Anthology), 1356-57 in Nihon koten zensho (Complete Collection of Japanese Classical Literature), vols. 119 and 120, ed. Fukui Kyūzō and published by Asahi Shinbunsha, 1948 and 1951.

SPECIAL FEATURE

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Edited by Alisa Freedman

Alisa Freedman, Introduction to the Special Issue in Honor of Kyoko Selden: Japan in Translation (/2016/14/Freedman.html)

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Notes

[1] Waka literally means "Japanese poetry," but in the premodern era the term generally referenced thirty-one syllable poems (typically subdivided into a rhythmic pattern of 5/7/5/7/7) in native Japanese (as opposed to Chinese or Sino-Japanese). After the Tsukubashū, an additional four imperial, and one quasi-imperial, anthologies of waka were compiled to bring the total of official waka anthologies to twenty-two. The second (and last) official collection of renga modeled on the imperial waka anthologies, Shinsen Tsukubashū (Newly Compiled Tsukuba Anthology) was compiled in 1495. Renga, like waka, was composed in Japanese and based on the thirty-one syllable form, except that one person composed the first three rhythmic groupings of 5/7/5 syllables (called maeku, or "preceding verse"), and someone else composed the next two groupings of 7/7 syllables (the tsukeku, or "following verse"). The two poets (or any additional poets) would alternate throughout the sequence, which could run anywhere from 36 to 1000 links. Renga sequences were sometimes composed at, and dedicated to, shrines, while at other times they were composed as simultaneously collaborative and competitive entertainment at parties. It is not only the collaborative nature of renga that differentiates it from waka, however. As an extension of the communal process of composition, the act of linking to someone else's aesthetic expression meant the second poet had the option either of attempting to harmonize with the maeku, or of highlighting some kind of contrast, whether through wordplay, a reference to a canonical poetic expression, a chronological shift, or other device.

[2] Notably, Scrolls 19 and 20 contain some variations. For instance, there are two examples of ten verses, all responding to the identical starting verse; Japanese-Chinese renga in which a Japanese line follows a Chinese line; single links and single starting verses (hokku, which, as the opening lines of a sequence, were required to celebrate the occasion by a reference to the season) independent of what may have preceded or followed.

[3] The numbers attached to Dōyo's links represent the numbering in the Asahi Shinbunsha edition of the Tsukubashū.

[4] The preceding link recalls wave blossoms. The conceit comes from a Kokinshū wakashū (Collection of Japanese Poems of Ancient and Modern Times, the very first imperial waka anthology, compiled in 905) poem celebrating waves breaking out between cracks of ice on a lake as the first flowers of spring bloom. To waves in the lake, Dōyo attaches snow on distant mountains. Haze is associated with spring.

[5] When spring comes, a bare tree that seemed dead blooms. Plum flowers bloom before their leaves emerge.

[6] An evening bell tolls at a distant mountain temple. Carried by the wind blowing from the mountain, the sound reaches a village that the poet imagines, or perhaps that he recalls once visiting when the temple bell rang. Dōyo switches the viewpoint to the mountain temple where people visit its cherry blossoms. At dusk they leave, and at flower's dusk (when the blossoms fall) no more visitors appear. The mountain temple is lonely at dusk, particularly after the cherry

blossom season.

[7] The path under maki (literally, "genuine tree," such as cedar or cypress) darkens first while the evening sun still lingers elsewhere. Dōyo evokes a spring evening scene in a cypress grove. Cherry blossoms that mingle with cypresses here and there are light, catching the moon. It is as if the moon is trying to fight the dusk by lighting up the cherry blossoms.

[8] So many voices of mountain warblers are heard, now here and now there, that the poet imagines how they may be flying with wings touching. Mountain warblers are spring birds, but Dōyo switches to a summer scene. As wings overlay wings, trees stand side by side, their foliage thick.

[9] Nojima (Field Island) is a scenic headland on northwestern Awaji. As waves wash over the shore, the grass hides underwater and then reappears. "Princess-lilies," or mountain lilies, are yellow or orange in color and grow in mountainous areas in southern Japan. As in poem 1500 of the poetic anthology Man'yōshū a massive, non-imperial anthology of over 4500 waka compiled in 759), the mountain lily is associated with a young woman's hidden longing. It blooms in the mountains amidst tall summer grass, occasionally revealing itself when the wind blows.

[10] One of Dōyo's best. His answer to the maeku, clear and rhythmic, is that he is saddened by the autumn evening and is attending to the sound of the wind blowing through the blades of reeds. It is also a general statement that echoes the style of the opening passage of Sei Shōnagon's Makura no sōshi (Pillow Book, late tenth century): the most moving hour in autumn is dusk, and the most moving of all winds is the melancholy one blowing through reed blades.

[11] Dōyo takes the moon of the maeku to be a fall moon, the mountain to be the snow-capped Fuji. He also echoes the sound patterns of the previous verse: shirarekere in shirayuki and narikeri. Finally, his verse resonates with the dramatic gesture of the prior one in the dynamic expression, Fuji narikeri na, which conveys affirmation, realization, and self-persuasion.

[12] The previous verse laments that autumn is once again departing. Evening is a melancholy time, but a late fall evening is even more melancholy. To the word kasanete in the original (folding over, doubled, yet again) Dōyo responds with the repetition of the word yama, mountain. He imagines a lonely autumnal mountain where the poet is. The moon rises over a yet farther mountain. The poem suggests loneliness beyond loneliness, and mountains beyond mountains.

[13] The cry of wild geese migrating from the north heightens the poet's sense of the chill in the air. He looks up to see the geese and finds the late autumn clouds that signal the coming of winter. Picking up the sound of the wild geese, Dōyo responds with its visual counterpart: the moonlit peak of a mountain. Dōyo's link generates a mood of relatively lighthearted intimacy, as he switches from a distant scene in the sky to here, where we sit with him enjoying renga. Wild geese (kari, karigane, gan) are associated with the autumn moon.

[14] The previous verse imagines an itinerant monk who refrains from, or tries to avoid, becoming attached to worldly phenomena, including settling in one place. Dōyo responds with the brushwood door of a mountain hut, which is the monk's temporary abode, and the moon that does not favor any single tree.

[15] From a thousand-verse sequence hosted by Prince Kajii at Kitano Shrine. The previous verse is about a whimsical mountain shower in autumn that rains down only in certain places. Dōyo interprets it to be due to rain clouds that float one after another across the moon.

[16] Clouds float on wind. Looking at clouds, one knows which way the wind blows. Dōyo takes this to describe an evening sky. The moon is already up in the sky, but at the foot of the mountain

twilight still lingers.

[17] The previous link is about the endless sorrow of autumn. An indeterminate number of tears have fallen on the sleeve of the poet's robe. Ikutsura can mean "how many drops I don't know" or "a number of drops." Dōyo responds to this with the number of geese. He hears the loud cries of geese and imagines a large host of them. On looking up, he sees fewer geese than their voices suggest. Ingeniously, this makes us think that, in the previous link, the sorrow was also deeper than the number of teardrops.

[18] The white caps of the waves recall the snow. The snow still remains in late winter, although elsewhere there are hints of spring's arrival. Dōyo conjures up ice-crusted streams forming as the tide ebbs and the river flowing into the sea follows the ebbing tide onto the sand. Low tide is particularly associated in waka convention with early spring.

[19] Hunters armed with bows and arrows used falcons to frighten other birds into revealing themselves in the hunting grounds. Because the tsukeku introduces a winter scene, Dōyo brings in frost. As a bird falls from the sky, brushwood hangs its frost-covered leaves under a likewise frosty pine. Since leaves (ha) and wings (ha, hane) are homonyms in Japanese, ha o tarete in Dōyo's line, meaning "hanging leaves," suggests "hanging or drooping wings."

[20] From a thousand-verse sequence composed at Dōyo's house in the third lunar month of the fifth year of Bunna (1356). The plurality in the maeku is contrasted by Dōyo's lone mountain in the distance and a single falcon resting on the poetic persona's wrist. "Snow-capped mountain" is introductory to "white falcon," and "snow" works both to characterize the mountain peaks as covered in snow (katayama no yuki) and as a descriptor of the falcon's white-as-snow feathers (yuki no shirataka). Katayama is a scene in which there is a mountain adjacent to a field. Pheasants were often the objects of falconry.

The Takarazuka Concise Madame Butterfly

Translated by Kyoko Selden **and** Lili Selden

Introduced by Arthur Groos

Original Puccini, Madama Butterfly **Poster, Adolfo Hohenstein, 1904.** Wiki Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Hohenstein_Madama_Butterfly.jpg)

Introduction

For more than two decades I had the pleasure and the privilege of working with Kyoko Selden on Japanese texts relating to the history of Italian opera in Japan. We started with translations involving the reception of Puccini's Madama Butterfly and then began working on Takarazuka musical adaptations of the opera.[1] Although administrative duties made it difficult to realize a book project, Kyoko's translation of the 1953 Takarazuka Chōchō-san sandaiki (Three-Generation Chōchō-san) furnished me with the basis for a conference presentation,[2] and we eventually collaborated on an English edition of its libretto.[3] That edition was the result of an extensive and—for me—instructive series of revisions and discussions with Kyoko about the intricate relationships between source and target languages. We spent stimulating afternoons over coffee interrogating texts in Italian, Japanese, and English, ultimately working through several complete revisions. Lamentably, that kind of collaboration was less fully realized in the following translation, which we discussed only once. I have edited it here with the generous help of Lili Selden, and revised or added footnotes, in one case deliberately juxtaposing two viewpoints. I believe I also speak for Kyoko in hoping that readers will find it an invitation to continue and refine our dialogue on the transpositions of Italian and Japanese music-dramas into widely different cultural contexts.

Photographs from the Takarazuka revue August 1931 performance of Concise Madame Butterfly**. Pamphlet produced by Takarazuka revue. No photographer credits listed.**

In his preface to the Takarazuka Kageki Revue's

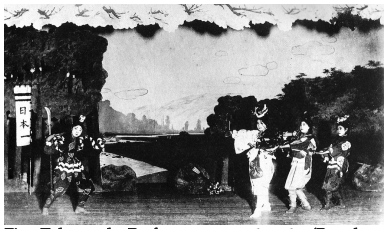
production booklet of Concise Madame Butterfly (Shukusatsu Chōchō-san),[4] first performed by the Snow Troupe at the Takarazuka Grand Theater in August 1931, Tsubouchi Shikō (1887-1986) states that he wrote the play like "a concise dictionary" so that it could be performed in less than an hour.[5] Tsubouchi, a playwright, critic, and professor at Waseda University, excuses the brevity by suggesting that he had only a vague memory of the opera from a performance seen abroad twenty years before, and—with no copy of the score available—was forced to fill in the plot outline using his own imagination and Nagasaki dialect.[6] It therefore comes as something of a surprise to find that several numbers of Puccini's opera are also rendered with unusual fidelity, in particular "Un bel dì" (One Fine Day), Pinkerton's "Addio, fiorito asil" (Farewell to the House), and the conclusion of Butterfly's final aria "O a me, sceso dal trono" (Parting with This Life). Given the increasing Japanese access to performances of the opera by foreign opera companies, concerts, and adaptations in the 1920s and early 1930s, not to mention a full production by the Japan Opera Association at the Tokyo Theater from May 26-29, 1931,[7] which used a translation by Horiuchi Keizō, the asserted lack of sources suggests that the humility formula is disingenuous at the very least.

Indeed, it seems probable that in imagining a version to "fit the character of the Takarazuka troupe," Tsubouchi invites readers to consider his libretto not only as an accommodation to genre conventions of the musical but also to the tastes of the company's largely female audience, changing the boy Trouble (Dolore) to an unnamed and sickly little girl (undoing the bias of the original story by deleting the child's blonde hair and blue eyes), and having Kate apologize for Pinkerton's sin: "As a member of the same gender, I sympathize with you deeply." More interestingly, though, as Kate's apology suggests, Tsubouchi also repatriates the opera's East-West conflict by emphasizing the impact of domestic politics in the 1930s on Japanese women, caught between the extremes of ideological reaction, represented by Bōjō and his retinue's xenophobic rejection of marriage to a Christian, and a corrosive free-reign capitalism, represented by Gorō's reduction of all human values to money ("Money, it's money, all money / be it social obligation, fidelity, or compassion").

Moreover, Tsubouchi's reconceptualization of the opera's heroine may have been both reassuring and shocking to its 1931 audience. Kate's instinctive assessment of Chōchō as a "pure, loyal heart" has both Japanese and universal resonances. Her entrance is calculated to appeal to traditional and even conservative cultural values, not only through her appearance in a white dress, "symbolizing a woman's honor" and the fact that "once wedded, a woman will never return to her native home alive," but also through her acknowledgement (in "elevated language") that she carries the burden of honor from her samurai father's suicide into her marriage, wearing his dagger on her body. Nonetheless, these traditional Japanese values co-exist with a—for the time—surprisingly idealistic belief in the universality of loving commitment:

> Still, Uncle, as I have said many times, I believe that, regardless of the country in which one is born, one's thought, one's affection is all the same. Pinkerton is American. But he is a fine naval officer of his country, a military man who serves his country. And he loves me deeply. Likewise, I intend to lead my life with integrity as his wife.

One can only wonder what echoes this imagined voice, adhering to traditional values and yet yearning for the lasting integrity of transcultural relationships, might have found amidst the growing cacophony of nationalist discourse in August of 1931.



First Takarazuka Performance, Donburako **(Based on the folktale of Momotaro, a baby who was found inside a peach who grew up to be a hero), 1914.** Wiki Commons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Donburako-Takarazuka1914.jpg)

Concise Chōchō-san **(Shukusatsu Chōchō-san, August 1931)**

Tsubouchi Shikō, libretto
Takeuchi Heikichi, music
Tsubouchi Shikō, choreography

Scene 1

Chōchō's residence in Nagasaki. A modest house toward stage right. A garden at center. An entrance, stage left. A distant view of Nagasaki Harbor. Many children playing with kites.[8]

Chorus:	na-a-nka Nagasaki, mishikaka Misaki	**Long Nagasaki, a short peninsula**[9]
	na-a-nka Nagasaki, mishikaka Misaki	**long Nagasaki, a short peninsula**
	tokopintoko, Oda-no-hara	tokopintoko **a field of small rice paddies**
	koyashitango no okidokoro	**a place to set down manure buckets**
	aji ya yokaro, saba kusare	**bluefish will be good, mackerel should rot**
	nakibesu ya kobesu	**cry baby tears, little one's tears**
	nō no mae no karekusa	**withered grass before a prison**
	tengu yama e nobotta[10]	**the** tengu **has gone up the mountain!**
Child 1:	C'mon, let's fly our kites, let's fly our kites.	
Child 2:	Okay, I'm ready.	
Child 3:	Whose is the biggest?	
Child 4:	My big brother's is number one!	
Child 5:	You numbskull, what are you talking about? How can such a small kite be any good? My hemp kite's the best.	
Child 6:	Stop fighting like that. Let's just hurry up and fly them, all right?	
Child 7:	C'mon, hurry up and take them over there. We'll take them over there.	
	(Music begins. Several children take their kites to stage left and gesture as if flying them. Gorō enters at stage left, looking up at the sky.)	
Gorō:	Hey look. They're up, they're up. Just splendid. Well flown, indeed! They're as brave as Dharma kites.[11] Well now, let me fly one, just for a second. Step aside, there. Good, good. If any of these kite strings is glass-coated, I'll show you how I can disable the others.[12]	
Gorō, solo:	tonba utaso ka	**Shall I strike at those dim-witted kites?**
	tsurubakashi[13]	**Just give them a tug**
	chō-bata, ago-bata	**butterfly kite, flying fish kite**
	mukade-bata	**centipede kite.**
Chorus:	Atago no yama kara kaze morarō	**Let's get some wind from Mt. Atago**
	i-i-nma kaze modosō	**now let's send it back.**
	Inari no yama kara kaze morarō	**Let's get some wind from Mt. Inari**
	i-i-nma modosō	**now let's send it back.**
	(All dance.)	
Child 1:	Oh, take a look at this. A foreigner's coming our way.[14]	
Child 2:	Yes, yes, it's a foreigner. He'll give us some coins!	
Gorō:	Why, you're right. That's Mr. Pinkerton. Now, now, boys, he's come here to be Chōchō's bridegroom. Don't make so much noise. Move along now. Move along.	
Child 3:	Chōchō's a geiko.[15] How can she become a wife?	
Gorō:	A geiko can have a bridegroom, too.	
Child 4:	I see. You're thinking of making money by acting as a go-between.	
Gorō:	Don't talk nonsense, rascal.	
Child 5:	Oh, he's here. He's here. Let's go meet him.	
	(Introduced by music, Pinkerton and Sharpless appear on the hanamichi.[16] The children go over to the hanamichi and call out, "Strange sirs, please give us money.")	
Gorō:	Come, boys. That's enough.	
Pinkerton:	It's all right, Gorō. Today is my happy, happy wedding day. I'll celebrate the occasion with them. Come. Let me give this to you. Share it like good children and have fun.	
	(He hands out money. The children cheer excitedly.)	
Pinkerton:	Come, come. Share it like good children and have fun. Like good children, now.	
	(The children exit carrying their kites, each cheering individually.)	
Pinkerton:	Japanese children. Lovely children. Merry and light as swallows, they fly away under the May sky. Ah, Gorō, where is my Chōchō?	
Gorō:	Yes, sir, Chōchō is inside, preparing for the wedding.	
Pinkerton:	I see. I wish very much to see her. I can imagine how beautiful she looks. Please go quickly and call her over.	
Gorō:	Yes, sir. At your command.	
Pinkerton:	Gorō, this is some pocket money, though it's not much.	
Gorō:	Oh no, sir, you've been so generous every time, so…	
Pinkerton:	But I will thank you more fully later. This is just a little pocket money.	
Gorō	Is that so? Well, thank you as always. I'll go get her right away, then. Oh what a happy event. A very happy event!	
Gorō, solo:	**chon kina, chon kina**[17]	Come on, come on
	chonchon kina kina	come on over this way
	ochon ga nanoha de	butterfly at the nanoha field
	ochon ga chol	butterfly, here! (Gorō leaves.)
Sharpless:	Pinkerton, Pinkerton!	
Pinkerton:	What is it, Sharpless?	
Sharpless:	Do you really intend to marry Chōchō?	
Pinkerton:	Naturally. It's precisely why I've asked to use your place for a wedding ceremony.	
Sharpless:	Of course it's a simple matter to let you use my house, but somehow I feel anxious about this marriage.	
Pinkerton:	Why?	
Sharpless:	She's a geisha now, but you know her father was a fine samurai.	
Pinkerton:	I am aware of that.	
Sharpless:	What's more, he even performed harakiri for the sake of his honor. I wonder if you aren't taking her too lightly.	
Pinkerton:	Samurai, samurai. (laughs) Harakiri and samurai are things of the past. Times change. (Picking up one of the kites left on stage.) Look at this kite. If the string breaks, it will float off and find a nice pine branch around which it can entwine itself. Likewise, Chōchō is still young and beautiful. If, against all odds, she is parted from me, she'll try to find a better man and live happily in mirth. She's a lovely, innocent girl. No woman today will fixate on such things as harakiri and samurai (laughs). Don't worry so needlessly about another person. You know how the Japanese song goes:	
Pinkerton,	**Butterfly, Butterfly**[18]	
solo:	**alight on the** nanoha	
	if you tire of the nanoha	
	alight on the chanrin.	
Sharpless, solo:	**Tying this uneasy knot of marriage—**	
Pinkerton, solo:	**Tying this delightful knot of marriage**—	
Sharpless, solo:	**May no future disaster come.**	
Pinkerton, solo:	**Always light-hearted, a Japanese girl.**	
Sharpless, solo:	**Uncertain, uncertain, how this will end.**	
Pinkerton, solo:	**Delightful, delightful, how this is now.**	
	(A commotion inside. Enter Bōjō,[19] followed by Yamano and Osaki, and then by Gorō and Chōchō's wet nurse Osuzu,[20] and finally by Chō. Pinkerton and Sharpless conceal themselves, away from the others.)	
Gorō:	Master Bōjō, please, and Mr. Yamano and Ōsaki, too, I beg you not to be so angry…	
Bōjō, solo:	**Unpleasant even to mention you, unpardonable one**	
	this shall be the last day of our ties as uncle and niece	
	In place of my deceased older brother	
	I disinherit you forever unto the next world.	
Suzu:	Master Bōjō, please don't say that.	
Bōjō:	Osuzu, you're the one most at fault. It may be that Gorō was blinded by money, and thus he acted as a go-between. But even so, how dare you think yourself blameless when you—no matter how low your fortunes have sunk—marry off the daughter of your present master to a foreigner. You, who are reputed for your loyalty as a wet nurse who has served since my older brother's time. So unprincipled!	
Chō:	Uncle, please don't scold my sweet nurse. My mindset alone is to blame. Still, Uncle, as I have said many times, I believe that, regardless of the country where one is born, one's thoughts, one's affection is all the same. Pinkerton is American. But he is a fine naval officer of his country, a military man who serves his country. And he loves me deeply. Likewise, I intend to lead my life with integrity as his wife.	
Yamano:	Wait a minute, Ochō. American means Christian. Christianity is a dreadful faith, banned until recently. I wouldn't even consider becoming a relative of such a person. Wouldn't you agree, Ōsaki?	
Ōsaki:	Indeed, indeed. It's just as Yamano says. I tremble at the mere mention of it. Away, thunder, away!	
Bōjō:	Now, Ochō. You are dressed in ceremonial white. Do you know what it means?	
Chō:	Yes, I do. I understand it to be a shroud of death symbolizing a woman's honor.[21] Once wedded, a woman will never return to her native home alive.	
Gorō:	Of course, yes.	
Chō:	As you can see, I wear on me the dagger I inherited from my dearest mother.	
Suzu:	My dear child!	
Bōjō, (laughs):	Even if your language is elevated, it's of no use if your soul is rotten. One of these days when you give birth to a blue-eyed child—that will surely please our forefathers.[22] Everyone, let's take our leave.	
Chō:	Uncle!	
Bōjō:	Now that I have severed our ties, we are complete strangers. I would not like you to call me uncle.	
Suzu:	Master, please don't say that…	
Gorō:	Please do calm yourself.	
Bōjō:	What nonsense! Yamano, Ōsaki, let's make off.	
	(A march. The three men exit by the hanamichi, passing a crowd of sailors who happen to appear from the rear. On stage, Chō, Osuzu, Gorō, and Pinkerton and Sharpless who reappear, see them off, each with his or her own thoughts. The sailors arrive onstage, salute Pinkerton, then stand at ease.)	
Pinkerton:	Gorō, who were those people just now?	
Gorō:	Well, no one really.	
Sharpless:	Chōchō's relatives. They're opposed to her marriage to you, and they've left in a rage.	
Pinkerton:	My poor, poor Chōchō, you needn't cry. Be at ease. Be at ease.	
Suzu:	Master, please never abandon my mistress but care for her forever. This is my greatest desire in life.	
Pinkerton:	Of course. Of course. My friend Sharpless and all my sailors will serve as witnesses. I will never, ever forget Chōchō. I will never abandon her. My sweet, sweet Chōchō. Here now, dance for us, please, in your lovely dress. I request a joyous, joyous dance.	
Chō:	But…	
Pinkerton:	No need to be shy. Wipe away your tears and dance merrily.	
Sharpless:	Favor us with a dance, please—I'd love to see you dance.	
Chō:	Let me accept your invitation, then.	
All:	Brava, brava.	
Solo:	**Ripples rising,**[23]	
	the wind blowing at every port,	
	the stormy wind from the Hiei mountaintops	
	begins to seep into my heart.	
Chorus:	**An arrow, I thought with a start—**[24]	
	the bird perches on a tree by the pond	
	the fish lies in the waves under the moon	
	this autumn night is already passing;	
	the temple bell is heard at dawn	
	about to descend the moon lingers loath to part	
	with the moon the bell tolls.	
Pinkerton, Sharpless:	Brava, brava. Excellent, excellent.	
Sailor:	Should I open the champagne?	
Pinkerton:	Go right ahead! Everyone, please drink to me and to my bride. Come here, Chōchō. We will be a couple for eternity. I drink to your maiden heart, as unstained as your pure white robe, as white as Mount Fuji.	
All:	Prosit! (All dance to festive music. The children also return. A church bell tolls.)	
Pinkerton:	Now let's have a party at Sharpless's place.	
Sailor 1:	Formation—attention!	
Pinkerton:	Is Chōchō's carriage ready?	
Gorō:	Carriage! (A rickshaw man appears.)	
Rickshaw man:	Here, sir!	
Pinkerton:	Oh, a rickshaw, a rickshaw. Let's get you settled into it, Chōchō. But what's that you're wearing?	
Suzu:	It's a floss silk hat.	
Pinkerton:	A hat? A deep hat like that simply won't do. It hides your beautiful face. In my country, everything's open and cheerful. Please take it off.	
Chō:	All right.	
Pinkerton:	Oh, you're so obliging. Wonderful, wonderful. My bride, my sweetheart. Children, let's have you all sing and form a line. Here's your reward (hands out coins). Come on. Sing now. Sing!	
Chorus:	Atsukato bai, kanakin bai	**It's thick and it's muslin**
	Otanda-san kara	**a gift**
	morotato bai	**from a Dutchman.**
	ano beni na, taga beni yo	**Tell me, whose is that lipstick?**
	Okassan no shūgi no beni	**It's the lipstick for madam's celebration.**
	tsube tsuketara, attakaro	**Worn on her lips, it'll keep her warm.**
	With Chō on the rickshaw, all exit through the hanamichi. Osuzu sees them off. Black curtain.	
	The following sentences appear on the curtain: "Pinkerton was called back to the States. Chōchō, who now has a beloved child, is longing for her husband's return. Three years have already gone by."[25]	
	A solo between the scenes to the accompaniment of shamisen: "Kuru ka kuru ka to hama e dete mireba no" (Eagerly expecting my love, I go out to the seashore…)	

Scene 2

Ochō's living room. Sliding paper doors, tokonoma,[26] and a screen in front. Stage left, a family Buddhist altar, a Bon shelf,[27] and the next room. This next room supposedly leads to the second floor. Stage right, a garden. Flowers everywhere. Osuzu is praying before the altar. Gorō enters from stage right.

Gorō:	Osuzu, are you alone? Where's madam?
Suzu:	Oh, it's you, Gorō. Madam has gone to get some medicine.
Gorō:	That suits me well. I want you to put in a word for me about that matter.
Suzu:	What do you mean by "that matter"?
Gorō:	Don't pretend you don't know. We are talking about arranging a new patron for Chōchō. She hasn't heard from Pinkerton, and the money he left for her is disappearing. It's no use for her to be loyal all by herself. This time, there's Yamashiro, a shipping purveyor who's come from Ōsaka and is much taken with Chōchō. He's extremely eager to care for her. This is a case of gains with no pains. In this world, what counts is
Gorō, solo:	**Money, it's money, all money.**
	Be it social obligation, fidelity, or compassion
	before glittering gold
	Itsup, Itsup, Itsup
	it goes.
Suzu:	Well, it's not that I don't worry about it, but the thing is she simply won't hear of it.
Gorō:	There's never going to be another opportunity like this, so…
	(Singing is heard. Ochō returns from stage right with many little girls.)
Chorus:	Chōchin ya, baibaibai	**Lanterns, oh baibaibai**
	ishi nageta mon na	**if you throw stones**
	te no kusaruru, baibaibai	**your hands will rot, baibaibai.**
Suzu, Gorō:	Oh, you're back.	
Chō:	Yes, I am. Hello, Gorō. Nurse, the girls have come to wish my little one well. Where is she?	
Suzu:	She's resting upstairs.	
Chō:	Let her take this medicine, and give some sweets to the girls.	
Suzu:	Yes, ma'am. Girls, come this way.	
	(Osuzu exits with the children. Chōchō hangs a lantern under the eaves.)	
Chō:	Gorō, Osuzu told me something a few days ago. Was that a fact?	
Gorō:	Well, Miss Chōchō. I'm glad you bring up the topic. The fact is that…	
Chō:	I decline the offer unequivocally.	
	Hold on, hold on—you shouldn't jump to conclusions. If Pinkerton had kept his promise and regularly tended to his duty, I agree you would have to remain loyal. And his being a foreigner doesn't make any difference to preserving your virtue. But since he was called home three years ago, there has been no way of writing him because no one knows where he is. Sharpless, the person we need, hasn't returned since being transferred to Kōbe. In the first place, how are you going to raise your child? I have good advice for you. I think you had better say yes to Yamashiro's offer.	
Gorō:	No, really. No matter what anyone says, I have every faith he will come back. He promised firmly that, though he had to leave temporarily, he would surely come back by the time swallows nested near the eaves.[28]	
Chō:	How can you trust your swallows? The real swallows have returned to your eaves, once, twice, thrice—already three years. By now he may have married a pale-skinned bride, having forgotten all about Japan.	
Gorō, (laughter):	Say no more. He will come back. I am sure he will.	
Chō:	But…	
Gorō:	Nurse, bring my child and everyone else.	
Chō:	(Osuzu answers "Yes, ma'am," and appears with the children.)	
	Now, girls, I want all of you to dance gaily for me once more before you go off to the lantern floating.	
All:	Let's dance, let's dance.	
Chorus:	**Until the master's a hundred years old**	
	until the master's a hundred years old	
	yoiyasa yoiyasa	
	eeiyō, **until I'm ninety-nine years old**	
	yoiyasa yoiyasa	
	until white hair, until white hair	
	yoiyasa yoiyasa	
	eeiyō, **covers both our heads**	
	yoiyasa yoiyasa. (Sharpless enters during the dance.)	
Suzu:	Oh, Ma'am, Mr. Sharpless is here.	
Chō:	What, Mr. Sharpless? My goodness, you're here.	
	(Cries, holding on to him. Osuzu gives sweets to the children and has them leave.)	
Sharpless:	It's been a long while, Chōchō. I was in Kōbe all this time and have just arrived here today. Have you been well?	
Chō:	Thank you, I've been fine. Come, Nurse, offer him some tea…	
Sharpless:	No need to go to any trouble for me.	
Gorō:	Hello, Mr. Sharpless. It's Gorō at your service.	
Sharpless:	Why, Gorō, how are you doing?	
Chō:	As I expected, Gorō, I was right. There's no better proof than Mr. Sharpless coming here.	
Sharpless:	What can you be referring to?	
Chō:	Well, Gorō thinks Pinkerton won't return, so he was just now trying to persuade me to marry someone else.	
Sharpless (laughs):	That's just like Gorō.	
Chō:	Mr. Sharpless, if I may ask—you've heard from America, yes?	
Sharpless:	I have. And I am to let you know that Pinkerton is coming to Nagasaki.	

CHŌ: To Nagasaki, to this harbor? When, when?
SHARPLESS: He's expected to arrive today or so. I've come to meet him.
CHŌ: Pinkerton will be in Nagasaki today!
SHARPLESS: But, Chōchō…
CHŌ: Yes?
SHARPLESS: It's been three years since he left, Chōchō. I'm sure he has changed considerably.
CHŌ: Yes, of course he must have changed. He must have put on weight and become healthier.
SHARPLESS: Well, physically, too, but also his circumstances.
CHŌ: Yes, he must have risen in rank and become a fine officer. For these three years, I have stayed away from the world, ties with my relatives severed. His return has been the only light in my life. At last, at last, the day has come! I am happy. I am so happy! Nurse, bring me my sweet girl.
SHARPLESS: Your sweet girl? (Osuzu reappears holding the child in her arms.)
CHŌ: Look at this lovely child, Mr. Sharpless. How very pleased Pinkerton will be to see her.
SHARPLESS: Oh!
CHŌ: Pinkerton doesn't know about her, does he?
SHARPLESS: Of course, he doesn't. There's such a lovely child, and yet that man…
CHŌ: See? Your father is coming home knowing nothing. He'll be surprised. And he'll kiss you again and again. How good that'll be!
SHARPLESS: Chōchō, Pinkerton's ship will be in soon, so I'm taking leave of you for now.
CHŌ: Thank you, thank you.Please do bring him over right away.
SHARPLESS: Yes, as soon as possible.
CHŌ: Thank you, thank you.
GORŌ: I'm off, too.
CHŌ: Good-bye, good-bye. (Sharpless and Gorō leave.)
CHŌCHŌ, solo: **One fine day**
Beyond the distant sea
Smoke will rise and soon a ship will come in sight.
The pure-white ship will enter the harbor
And fire its cannons.
Look, it's he,
But I'll not go to welcome him.
I'll go to a nearby cape,
and that's where I'll wait for him.
Forever, a way from the harbor town.
Someone comes climbing up the hill.
Who might that be?
What will he say when he climbs to the peak?
From a distance, he'll call out, "Butterfly!"
I'll hide instead of answering.
Either that
or I may die of joy.
Then he will call me,
"My darling bride, Orange Blossom,"
just as he used to call me long ago.
That's how it will one day be,
so don't say that.
He will come back to me.
Truly he will.

(The sound of cannons from the harbor.)

CHŌ: Oh, a ship has come in! (She opens the sliding doors to reveal a panoramic view of the harbor.) Nurse, bring me the telescope quickly now! (Osuzu brings it. Chōchō grabs it from her to take a look.) Oh, I can see it. That ship, that same ship. Even I can recognize the lettering: Abraham Lincoln. It's the ship Pinkerton was on. Just as I expected, he has come back. Nurse, change my sweet girl's clothes—no, I'll do it myself. Hurry, tidy up the room! Hurry and decorate it with flowers! Hurry, hurry! Oh, dear God.[6]
CHŌ: Now, come here, Nurse, and my sweet girl. Let's wait for your dear father's return. Look, the Bon lantern floating has started. How beautiful the flow of those lights is!

Calm music. It has already become dark, and lights from the hills overlooking the harbor stream toward the sea. A dreamlike mist descends.

Scene 3

Music continues. The same scene as before, now light. Chōchō is standing, leaning against a pillar. Osuzu has sunk into disheveled slumber, still holding the child.

SUZU (waking): Oh my, the day has dawned completely. I fell so comfortably asleep. Ma'am! Goodness, have you stayed there like that all night?
CHŌ (exhausted, sadly): Nurse.
SUZU: Oh my, how pale you look! Please rest, ma'am. If the master appears with you looking like that, he'll be shocked, thinking you're ill.
CHŌ: Am I that pale?
SUZU: Yes, you look as frightening as a corpse. Come now, hurry and get some rest. Then freshen up with some makeup and wait for him.
CHŌ: Maybe I'll do that.
SUZU: Yes, take a good rest now. Oh dear, you poor thing, you stood there all night, didn't you…

Desolate music. Ochō leaves. Osuzu tidies the parlor and puts the child to sleep.

Sharpless and Pinkerton appear. Kate follows.

SHARPLESS: Osuzu, Osuzu.
SUZU: Oh, Mr. Sharpless. And Master, you're finally here too!
SHARPLESS: Sshh! No loud voices, please. Where's Chōchō?
SUZU: She's resting upstairs.
PINKERTON: I'm the luckier for that. Osuzu, I heard the story from Sharpless and realize I have behaved very, very badly. I have no excuse before Chōchō.
SUZU: Then after all—I feared that by some chance…
SHARPLESS: You're right. While he was in America, Pinkerton married a woman named Kate.
PINKERTON: Osuzu, I am so remorseful and ashamed I don't know how to apologize, learning that a Japanese girl—and an ex-geisha at that—is so loyal to her husband. It was extremely painful for me to come to this house.
KATE: One can't do anything about what has been done, no matter how many times one talks about it. More importantly, Nurse, I heard that Chōchō has a child. May I see it?
SUZU: Yes, this is the child.
KATE: My, what a lovely, beautiful girl!
PINKERTON: A daughter! Sharpless, I feel so choked up I don't know what to say. I truly did wrong. In compensation, I will provide for Chōchō so she will never face hardship for the rest of her life. Please convey my heartfelt apologies to that fine, loyal woman. I must make confessions before God and ask for His forgiveness. I request your good offices.
PINKERTON, solo: **Farewell**
To the house where we wove our dreams,
I will agonize to eternity,
cherishing your memory.
SHARPLESS, solo: **But**
she must have already
realized the fact.
PINKERTON, solo: **Sweet abode**
I will part
with ceaseless pain in my heart.
Farewell, I will be gone
forever, forever.
CHŌ (unseen): Nurse, Nurse!

Hearing her call out, Pinkerton quickly leaves. Kate and Sharpless stand in the garden.

CHŌ (appearing): Nurse, I thought Pinkerton had just come back—was I wrong?

(Comes to the center of the living room, sees the two figures in the garden, and stops. A fairly long silence.)

CHŌ: Mr. Sharpless, who is with you? (Sharpless is unable to answer.)
KATE: Are you Chōchō?
CHŌ: I am.
KATE: Lovely, lovely Chōchō. Please forgive Pinkerton for the sin he has committed. He apologizes from the heart. He is ashamed of himself before your absolutely pure, loyal heart. As a member of the same gender, I sympathize with you deeply.
CHŌ: And who might you be?
SHARPLESS: Chōchō, this is Pinkerton's wife, Kate.
CHŌ: Kate, Pinkerton's wife!
SUZU: Ma'am!
CHŌ: I see. How very kind of you to stop by. Please have a seat.
KATE: Chōchō, I am filled with pity for you. You must hate me.
CHŌ: Not at all. I sincerely pray for your happiness.
KATE: You do!?!
CHŌ: I pray that you will live long and happily with Pinkerton.
KATE: Oh, Chōchō, thank you. I am truly grateful to you for being so obliging. And if I may, I would like to raise your child with Pinkerton as lovingly as if she were my own. Would you grant me that wish?
SHARPLESS: That's an excellent idea. Without the little one, Chōchō will be freer to plan her future.
KATE: What do you say, Chōchō?
CHŌ: Yes, I'd like to accept your offer.
KATE: Oh, this makes me so happy!
SUZU: Ma'am! This child?
CHŌ: It's all right, Nurse. (To Kate:) However, this is Pinkerton's child, so please ask him, if you would, to come and get her himself. I will be pleased to hand her to him.
SHARPLESS: That's reasonable. Let's go fetch Pinkerton then, shall we, Kate?
KATE: Yes, let's do that. We'll see you in a while, Chōchō.
CHŌ: I'll be waiting for you.

(Music. Sharpless and Kate leave.)

SUZU: Ma'am, do you really intend to hand over this child?
CHŌ: It's all right. It's going to be all right.
SUZU: Poor thing!
CHŌ: When Pinkerton comes, I wish to offer him some of that wine he likes. Would you go out and pick up a few things to go with the wine?
SUZU: Yes, Ma'am.
CHŌ: You remember his favorite things, don't you?
SUZU (laughs): Of course, I do, though not as well as you do (laughs). All right, then, I'll be back soon (leaves).

Photograph of a July 31, 1920 Takarazuka performance of Parisetto**,** Wiki Commons (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Takarazuka_Revue#/media/File:Paris_Sette-Takarazuka1930.jpg)**.**

CHŌCHŌ, solo: **Parting with this life**
it's the final moment.
So you will not forget,
have a good look at your mother's face.
Good-bye
my lovely girl,
now, go play.

(The music continues. Ochō puts the child down to sleep, puts up a photograph of Pinkerton, arranges the flowers, and pays her respects to the family altar.)

CHŌ: Father, I will join you in death to keep my name pure rather than live while disgracing it.

(Pulls out a dagger and draws the screen around her. After a while, Pinkerton enters alone.)

PINKERTON: Chōchō, Chōchō.

(Hearing no response, he moves closer, peers in, and is shocked.)

PINKERTON: Chōchō, forgive me! Chōchō! (Rises to his feet and shouts:) Kate, Sharpless, come here; it's a disaster!

(Kate and Sharpless rush in. Soon Osuzu, too, enters.)

PINKERTON, solo: **Chōchō-san**
KATE, SHARPLESS, OSUZU, trio: **Chōchō-san**
ALL, CHORUS: **Chōchō-san**

Curtain, slowly.

Takarazuka, 2013 Performance of Rose of Versailles: Oscar and Andre **(based on the manga** Berusaiyu no bara**).** Japan Times **(http://www.japantimes.co.jp/culture/2014/09/06/arts/a-revue-of-japans-femininity/).**

This translation is based on Tsubouchi Shikō, Shukusatsu Chōchō-san (Concise Madame Butterfly), Takarazuka Production Booklet (August 1931).

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Hinin Taiheiki: The Paupers' Chronicle of Peace, translated by Kyoko Selden with Joshua Young (/2016/14/Selden-2.html)

Renga by Sasaki Dōyo: Selected from the Tsukubashū (Tsukuba Anthology), translated and annotated by Kyoko Selden, edited by Lili Selden (/2016/14/Selden-3.html)

Kyoko Selden (1936-2013) taught Japanese language and literature as a senior lecturer at Cornell University until her retirement in 2008. Author, translator, artist and calligrapher, she was the translation coordinator of the Asia-Pacific Journal. Her major works as translator centered on Japanese women writers, the atomic bomb, the Ainu and the Okinawans. Her major translations included Japanese Women Writers: Twentieth Century Short Fiction (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00U90M16M/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), More Stories By Japanese Women Writers, An Anthology (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0765627345/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Kayano Shigeru's Our Land Was a Forest (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0813318807/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Honda Katsuichi's Harukor: Ainu Woman's Tale (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0520210204/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), The Atomic Bomb: Voices From Hiroshima and Nagasaki (https://www.amazon.com/dp/087332773X/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Shin'ichi Suzuki's Nurtured by Love (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0739090445/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), and Cho Kyo's The Search for the Beautiful Woman, A Cultural History of Japanese and Chinese Beauty (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00AWJOQ7W/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20).

Lili Selden is a freelance translator and editor.

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SPECIAL FEATURE

Japan in Translation I

In Honor of Kyoko Selden

Edited by Alisa Freedman

Alisa Freedman, Introduction to the Special Issue in Honor of Kyoko Selden: Japan in Translation (/2016/14/Freedman.html) (/2016/14/Freedman.html)

Joan Piggott, Introduction to the Taiheiki: The Chronicle of Great Peace (/2016/14/Piggott-1.html) (/2016/14/Piggott-1.html)

Selections from the Taiheiki: The Chronicle of Great Peace, translated by Kyoko Selden and Joan Piggott (/2016/14/Piggott-2.html) (/2016/14/Piggott-2.html)

Kyoko Selden, Introduction to the Hinin Taiheiki: The Paupers' Chronicle of Peace (/2016/14/Selden-1.html) (/2016/14/Selden-1.html)

Hinin Taiheiki: The Paupers' Chronicle of Peace, translated by Kyoko Selden with Joshua Young (/2016/14/Selden-2.html) (/2016/14/Selden-2.html)

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Notes

[1] Arthur Groos, "Return of the Native: Japan in Madama Butterfly / Madama Butterfly in Japan," Cambridge Opera Journal 1 (1989): 167-94.
[2] "Madama Butterfly and the Atom Bomb: The Takarazuka Three Generation Chōchō-san," unpublished conference paper, University of California, Santa Cruz, 2001.
[3] The "Three-Generation Chōchō-san" was published in Studi pucciniani 4, ed. Arthur Groos and Virgilio Bernardoni (Florence: Olschki, 2010), 143-78.
[4] For more information on the Takarazuka Revue, see Jennifer Robertson, Takarazuka: Sexual Politics and Popular Culture in Modern Japan (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1998); Maria Grăjdian-Mengel, "Die Takarazuka Revue oder die Überwindung der Tradition," Studien zur traditionellen Musik Japans 11 (Wilhelmshaven: Noetzel, 2005); Leonie R. Stickland, Gender Gymnastics: Performing and Consuming Japan's Takarazuka Revue (Melbourne: Trans Pacific, 2008).
[5] It was followed by a performance-filling second part, "From Meiji to Shōwa," consisting of eleven choreographed songs from that period: "Miyasan, Miyasan" (early Meiji), "Suteteko" (1880), "Oppekepe" (1890), "En kai na" (1881), "Michi wa 680 ri"(1894), "Sanosa-bushi" (1899)," Strike-bushi" (1900), "Rappa-bushi" (1904), "Koko wa okuni o nanbyakuri" (1905), "Kachūsa no uta" (1914), "Doko made mo" (1916).
[6] Romanized Japanese text has been provided in the translation for songs in the Nagasaki dialect. In addition, the children speak Nagasaki dialect and Gorō sometimes switches to Nagasaki dialect when addressing them.
[7] Groos, "Return of the Native," 180-82. On the opera production, see the advertisement in the Asahi Shinbun, 25 May 1931, and the review by Mitsuru Ushiyama on May 28 that year.
[8] The kite flying competition that takes place in Nagasaki every April is said to be one of the three most famous events in the port city. The other two are the Bon lantern floating held on July 15 in the old lunar calendar (now August) and the Okunchi festival of Suwa Shrine on September 9, 10, and 11 (now October 9, 10, and 11).
[9] Nagasaki means "Long Peninsula."
[10] Tengu are goblins with long noses that usually live in mountains. Americans and Europeans were demonized in Japanese cartoons and art as tengu.
[11] A Dharma kite is decorated with a picture of the Indian priest Bodhidharma, and, in Nagasaki, it is a humming kite.

[12] In kite battles, strings coated with powdered glass and glue were used to slice through the strings of opponents' kites.
[13] Kite-flying term in Nagasaki dialect.
[14] The Meiji expression used for "foreigner" here is "ijin-san" (literally, Mr. Stranger).
[15] Synonymous with geisha here.
[16] Hanamichi is an elevated passageway that leads from the rear of the theater through the audience to the stage.
[17] An adaptation from rhythmic phrases used for a game similar to "rock, paper, scissors." Some nineteenth-century illustrations and musical examples are collected online at Kotechai, Dodoitsu, December 3, 2012, available at http://kotechai.blog69.fc2.com/blog-category-15.html (accessed February 5, 2014). Here "chon" puns on Chō and "ochon" on Ochō with the female prefix. "Nanoha" (leaves of rape or similar greens) stands for "nanohana" (small, yellow flowers of rape or similar greens), which is traditionally associated with white cabbage butterflies. Chonkina was also the name of a striptease dance associated with prostitutes in treaty-port pleasure quarters, widely known in the West. For a description, see the chapter "Chonkina" in the John Paris novel, Kimono (London: W. Collins, 1921), 57-65. Westerners in the know may have winked at the allusions in the Harry Greenbank / Sidney Jones operetta, The Geisha: A Story of a Tea House (London: Hopwood, 1896), where in "Chon kina" (Nr. 13, 77-84), Molly sings how for "extra-special prices" she can "dance for you in quite another way." Some version of Chonkina was apparently performed at the end of the first Japanese performance of Madama Butterfly at the Imperial Theater in Tokyo in January 1914, scandalizing members of the audience who knew of its treaty-port associations. See "Return of the Native," 179-80. This first Takarazuka adaptation may be attempting to repatriate the song's more ingenuous origins on the wedding-day of a "lovely, innocent girl" (Pinkerton), although the fact that Gorō sings it could have less elevated resonances.
[18] A Japanese version of "Lightly Row" / "Alles Mai, macht der Mai."
[19] The operatic Bonzo (Italian for bonze, Buddhist monk) has been replaced by Bōjō, a more convincingly Japanese name without religious connotations. In fact, all the opera's garbled references to Japanese religious practice have been eliminated.
[20] The family name Suzuki, one element of the opera that bothered Japanese audiences because of the awkward and distancing usage of a last name, has been replaced by the more personal Osuzu (Suzu from Suzuki, plus the preface O used at the time in familiar versions of names for people who are inferior or younger). Relatedly, Chōchō is called Ochō by the people who are close to her. She is alternatively called Chōchō and the abbreviated Chō.
[21] White is a color associated with death and mourning in Japan and China and used in funeral rituals.
[22] What has been rendered as "our forefathers" more literally means "our ancestral tablets," as in tablets with postmortem Buddhist names, in a miniature family shrine.
[23] An autumn song in literary Japanese in two lines comprised of 5/7/5/7/5 syllables.
[24] Chōchō's dance continues in 7/5 syllables in literary Japanese.
[25] In a Japanese-style room, the tokonoma is a built-in recessed space where a scroll is hung and a flower arrangement is placed.
[26] Shelf with a small altar for offering prayers and oranges, sake, and other foods to the memory

of deceased family members.

[27] The robins nesting in spring in the opera have been replaced by swallows—the latter would be more familiar to a Japanese audience and can also be a harbinger of summer as well as spring (as in Scene 1), coinciding with the production of the musical in August and its references to the Bon festival.

[28] The source text's "Ō, kamisama" is a reference to the Judeo-Christian God, suggesting that Chōchō has converted to Christianity. This is contrasted to Ōsaki's incantatory exclamation "Away, thunder, away!" (kuwabara kuwabara) in Scene 1.

A Childhood Memoir of Wartime Japan

Kyoko Selden **with an afterword by** Akira Iriye

Part One: Growing Up in Wartime Tokyo

I was born in October 1936, and my first clear recollections are those of the Nishi-Ōkubo neighborhood of Tokyo around 1939. Akira and I lived with our grandparents in their big house set in by a granite gate.[1] I knew that my parents were in Paris but never missed them. Diagonally across from our house to the left were the homes of Yoshinobu-chan, Chika-chan, and Mitchan. A street stretched perpendicular to our house. On the right was the Kibōsha (a nice-looking building used by Korean rights activists) and then the home of Yatchan. Yatchan's older brother Sato-chan went to middle school. Yatchan's younger brother Yotchan was not yet school age. On the left, across the street from Yatchan's house, was the home of Sakudō Naoko-chan. She had a little brother nicknamed Kō-bō. Later, the Maebashis moved into the large house next to ours. They had three children: a fourth grader who might have been named Hidehiko, a girl my age called Reiko-chan, and a younger brother who was probably named Kunihiko. One day, my brother and I were in a second-floor room with a large desk. Hidehiko gave us a dictation test. Among other things, we had to write the characters for "bu-un chōkyū o inoru" (I pray for your good martial luck).

Kyoko and her grandmother Tsukamoto Man, 1940s. Photograph from the family's personal collection.

One day, our grandparents took us, I think, to Tokyo Station, to meet our parents. It was July 1941. A few nights before, Grandmother had said to me, "You'll sleep in the same room [with me] when your mother is home. Is that okay?" I didn't think much about it. When my parents appeared, I took an instant liking to them. I intuitively knew my father was a good person. He just smiled without saying a word. He looked wonderfully warm and genuine. My mother

smiled gently. Grandmother prodded, “Why don't you say okaerinasai (welcome home)?” I hid behind her kimono sleeve. My mother said, “It's okay, isn't it? (iiwayo, nee)?” It was a sweet thing for her to say.

The next thing I remember is my mother standing in a room with a wooden floor next to the parlor, letting Akira and me take turns jumping at her from a low window sill. Years later when I mentioned this to her, she said, “Of course, I was trying my best to win your hearts.” Her efforts were unnecessary because we quickly discovered where we belonged. When my brother ran into the house crying, having been barked at by a dog, Grandmother rushed to meet him. Heedless, he ran straight to his mother.

Grandmother had been rather strict, so it is no wonder we found comfort in Mother. But Mother proved to be stricter once she knew she had won her children’s hearts. She liked good manners, decent language, and honesty. Once after breakfast I found a little bowl of kinako (roasted soy flour) left on the small table (chabudai). Nobody was there. Mother was upstairs, probably airing out the futon. I looked around, made sure it was safe, and took a spoonful of kinako. It tasted so good that it was difficult to stop. I measured the time it would take to enjoy another spoonful. Nobody appeared. So I assumed it would be fine to spend that same amount of time eating another spoonful. I repeated this a few times until Mother came down from upstairs. She looked at me and asked, "Are you eating kinako?" Because she looked at me kindly, I made the big mistake of answering “No.”

Mother then reprimanded, "If you were enjoying kinako, fine, just say so. Why must you lie?" She caught hold of me and carried me to the veranda, saying she would not have a liar in the house. She was throwing me out to the yard, when Grandmother appeared.

“Naoko-san, you don't really have to do that,” Grandmother admonished and tried to release me from Mother's grip. This seemed to enrage Mother further, “I don’t want such a child; I must throw her out.” This was one of the very few times I cried. It was also the only time that I helped myself to food left on the table.

Mother did look seriously angry then, but later as I looked back on that day, I realized that she might merely have been carried away. Probably, she was fighting to establish rules for her children, who appeared to her to have been somewhat spoiled by their grandmother.

Apparently, I had not learned from that lesson. The summer I was five, I ran into our young milkman on the street, and he gave me a little ball of candy called kawaridama. As you tossed the kawaridama on your tongue, it melted and gradually revealed different colors. I was not sure if I should accept the candy, but he was such a familiar face and we affectionately called him “gyūnyūya no oniichan” (milk delivery big brother), so I trusted that it would be okay to do so. My mistake was that I didn’t bring the candy home to show Mother first. As I was coming home with the candy in my mouth, Mother happened to be walking toward me. I quickly wiped my mouth with the skirt of my dress. She stopped me and asked, “Are you eating candy?”

“No,” I replied, I think for no other reason than that her question seemed to warrant that answer. What would have happened if I had said “Yes”? But she didn't like my answer.

“Then your teeth are bleeding,” Mother said, grabbing my arm. “Let’s go to the dentist.”

Not that Mother was always strict. When I was ill in my sixth calendar year (maybe almost five by the Western count), she gave me her blood. I was running a high fever, and I remember going to the hospital with her. I was dressed in kimono, as I always was when I was unwell. Kimono was believed to be warmer than Western clothing.

After the blood transfusion at the doctor's office, I felt stiff and heavy. I had, of course, intended to walk home, but Mother carried me on her back. I felt shy, overprotected, and uncomfortable by this sudden baby-like treatment. When we arrived home, she told Grandmother that she was surprised I didn't cry when I got the big needle in my thigh. In those days children were rather stoic, so the needle didn't surprise me, but I was truly surprised by the special, sweet treatment afterwards. This was perhaps the only time I was ever carried on Mother's back. She even put me to bed that day. Apparently, I was still running a high fever.

It was a bad idea for Mother to carry me home on her back just after having given blood. She had had a heart condition following my birth and was also ailing from beriberi and the heart weakness that resulted from this disease. The doctor had warned that she might not survive, but she had chosen to give birth to me. Her heroic walk with me on her back that day probably contributed to her poor health, which plagued her for the rest of her life. Due to rheumatism, she was partially paralyzed for long periods, mostly in winter, and notably between 1944 and 1946. She was never free of heart problems thereafter.

I saw Mother's sweet face on a few other occasions. Once when I was a first grader at Nishi-Ōkubo Elementary School, my nose bled, and I lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes in the infirmary, I saw Mother smiling at me. My teacher Kanazawa-sensei had phoned home, but without my knowing, and I was really surprised to see Mother. It was nothing serious, and I was allowed to return to class and dance with the rest of the students. We were performing for the neighborhood that afternoon.

The school was just a short block away. I used to see its flag from the second story of our house. It was my duty to fold the bedding in the sunny second-story room in the morning, and, since the windows were wide open, I could always see the flag in the schoolyard. I think my brother folded his own futon, so what was left for me to fold was my father's bedding and my own. I used to enjoy doing this in the broad morning sun.

My brother's first homeroom teacher was Maeda-sensei, a sober-looking, slightly older man. Then in the third grade, Akira had Nagashima-sensei, a young, navy-type man who turned his class into a harmonica ensemble. Once, when Nagashima-sensei saw me with my brother and his playmates on the schoolyard after school hours, he lifted me up in his arms. I turned crimson. A first grader, I thought, was too big to be treated like a little child.

In my preschool days, I often played with Akira and his friends: Mitchan, who was one year ahead of me in school, Chika-chan, and Yoshinobu. Mitchan would come running along the long corridor in our house; I was impressed by how his hair would fluff and then settle down neatly like before. Chika-chan's older brother, Yoshinobu, came home after the war having lost one arm. He was not very healthy and wore a scarf around his neck, and Grandmother used to say that was why he never grew strong.

Just once, we went to a festival together; perhaps it was along the Ōme Kaidō road. Chika-chan and Yoshinobu bought me a braided string ornament, perhaps for 10 sen (about the same amount as the cheapest streetcar fare). I was afraid of accepting it because my brother and I had not yet been allowed to buy things on the street. I looked at Akira. He seemed to think it was all right. His friends said, "Don't worry. It's okay" (iiyo, daijōbu dayo).

Chika-chan and Yoshinobu's house was to the left of ours. Sato-chan, Yatchan, and Yotchan lived directly to the right of us. Sato-chan was a middle-school student, who carried his school bag across his shoulder. Yatchan was a rascal, perhaps in fifth grade. Yotchan was a crybaby.

Once when I was four, Yatchan talked Chika-san and Yoshinobu into hiding my crayons. Yatchan told me that they would scatter my crayons from the rooftops unless I agreed to take off my bloomers. I refused. They repeated that they would throw them off the roof. Since I cared for my crayons more than anything else, I agreed to lower my bloomers. Awed, they demanded nothing more and revealed that my crayons had been stored in the oshiire (closet) all along. I reported the incident to Mother, who told Maeda-sensei. He called me into the parlor after he finished tutoring Akira and asked what had happened. A few days later, as I was walking on the street, Yatchan walked by with his bike. With a strange smile, he asked me if I had told Maeda-sensei. I ran away. As Maeda-sensei had promised, nobody ever bothered me again.

I had thought that Mother wished to provide special learning opportunities for me by inviting Maeda-sensei over for weekly tutoring, but I later learned from her that he had insisted on coming. Being an elementary school teacher, it was never easy to make ends meet if one had a family, and he did. Just before I started elementary school, I was called into the parlor after Akira's lesson. Maeda-sensei was going to prepare me for a school interview. I always respected him as much as I was scared of him. One of his mock-interview questions was, "What countries is Japan fighting against?" I had no idea. I said, "France, America, China." I was going to add "Italy, Germany," but I wasn't sure, so I didn't (!)

After this rehearsal, which was also apparently initiated by Maeda-sensei rather than by Mother, I did very well at the examination. For the test, I needed to perform several tasks. Behind one desk a few teachers sat smiling at me. I was told to draw a picture of the Japanese flag. Provided with a few crayons, I began with great pleasure. I felt dismayed when told to stop after just drawing the bamboo flagpole and an outline of the flag. I was going to make a nice red sun against the white background of the flag fluttering in the wind!

Father was home sometimes. I remember a night when he ate dinner late, upstairs next to my bed. He sat in a relaxed manner. Mother served him. There was a small, low table between them. They both smiled. He said, "Have a sip," offering his soup to me. Although I wasn't certain if it would be okay, I went to sit near them and had a sip of the clear soup. It tasted good.

Some time later, we had a rare family supper with Father. He was returning to China—either Shanghai or Nanjing. We sat around the dinner table downstairs. He smiled a lot, eating with enjoyment, and then said to me, "Promise me one thing. Learn to eat without chewing with your front teeth." Mother must have asked him to say this, wishing to correct my habit of pouting as I chewed.

On April 1, 1944, we moved to Narimune in Suginami ward.[2] Mother took us to Suginami Daini Elementary School that afternoon. A teacher appeared and said, "Let me put your daughter in class two of the second grade" (Nikumi ni oire itashimashō). This was Hara-sensei. After the school assembly, she took me to her class and wrote my name in hiragana on the blackboard as "Irihe-san." Of course the hiragana written irihe would most often be pronounced irie and it was of small consequence, though the "e" in iriye was "e," not "he," even in the old spelling system. I told her, "It's Irie, not Irihe." I shouldn't have. But Hara-sensei took it with good humor and changed the spelling on the blackboard.

Mother had accompanied me to school the first day, but the second day I was on my own. Coming out of the school, I made a wrong left turn into a narrow dirt path, bumpy with tree roots. I started to look for clues as to my whereabouts. A few children from my class asked me where I was trying to go. One of them, Wada Kazuomi, said, "You just turn left at

Nikonikoya-san." I didn't know Nikonikoya and was genuinely puzzled, but he kindly accompanied me part of the way. Nikonikoya was the name of a tiny vegetable shop at the corner of Itsukaichi Kaidō road and the street that crossed it. All I needed to do was to turn left at Nikonikoya, walk a short block until it merged with the narrow path that I should have taken, and continue to the right for another few minutes.

Nikonikoya was owned by a slow-moving grandfather. Several years later, when I attended the winter session of Jōsai "preparatory" school, I stopped there a few mornings on my way to get a jam sandwich. I enjoyed watching him slowly slice bread and spread jam.

Wada-kun, the boy who had shown me the way home, wrote with his left hand because his right arm was paralyzed. He did not take part in the student group relocation (gakudō sokai) when our class was later evacuated to the mountains because, as Mother explained to me, his mother thought he would have a hard time. I had hoped he would be going along with the rest of us. Instead, I felt the presence of some adult reason that I could not challenge. His mother was a really nice person. She was round-faced, soft spoken, and always in kimono.

I became friends with Kō-chan, Toyo, Ikuyo, and many others at my new school. After school, Kō-chan and two other friends often invited me to play with them on the harappa (field). We divided into two teams and played what one might call kunitori (dominion) with the princess playing a big role. I simply followed their instructions because I didn't know what I was supposed to do, but it was interesting running across the field and hiding behind tall grass until the enemy had passed. I was surprised when a boy named Yoshi broke into tears because he lost in "janken" (rock-paper-scissors, a game used to make decisions) and didn't get to play the princess. Kō-chan sympathized and gave him the right to begin as the princess.

Kō-chan was small and lean but he was a real tyrant. In the fall of 1944, school children were sent out to jinja (shrines) and the woods to collect acorns. Food was growing scarce, and acorns would help. Kō-chan, Toyo, and I were going to a shrine to collect big and small acorns. After crossing Ōkawa, then Ogawa (old name for the Sumida River), when we were very close to home, Kō-chan eyed Toyo and said, "Oi, yaru ka" (Hey, let's do it). They each gave me a slap on my cheek. I had absolutely no idea what this meant. Kō-chan's slap was pungent. Toyo's was hesitant.

That night I had a bad dream. I dreamt that because of the air raid alarms Mother and I were spending the night in the very small shelter dug in the east corner of our yard. My father was in China. Akira was in Shinshū. My grandparents were still in Nishi-Ōkubo. So Mother and I were by ourselves in Narimune. When I awoke in the middle of the night, I saw Mother looking over at me with a smile. She asked what was the matter, so I reluctantly explained what had happened on the way home from acorn gathering. It seems she reported the case to the teacher, Hara-sensei, who comforted me, saying, "Don't worry. It will never happen again." It never did.

I went to visit Yoshi a number of times. There was a slope to the west of our Narimune lot that led down to his house. When Mother had to be away, she would leave me lunch on the engawa (veranda). After enjoying it, I would wash and hang my blouse, then practice calligraphy. But on one or two occasions she left a note saying that I was to go to Yoshi's. I went down the little slope and joined Yoshi and his younger sister for lunch. They had a baby sister, too. By mid-1944, there were only three, or at most four, morning classes at school each week because of the frequent air raids. So I often had lunch at home.

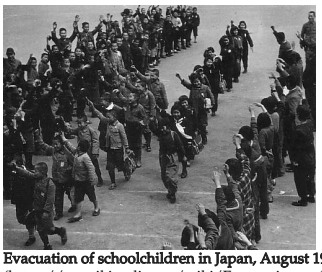
In August 1944, air raids began to strike big

cities. By February 1945 we had only two or three morning classes at school and we were sent home whenever the air-raid alarm went off. On February 17, Mother and I hid in the small dugout in the yard as American airplanes approached. When those planes were in the sky—Japan's air defenses by this time were silenced—we had to stay in the shelter all day and into the night. Mother and our neighbors went in and out of shelters with their young children and cooked between air-raid warnings.

Our shelter was a simply dug hole where there used to be a little strawberry patch. It was just big enough to seat three people. I was not scared by the place but never liked being there because it was damp and slugs crawled about. On December 3, for example, we heard bombing noises that shook the ground. I felt uneasy when Mother handed me a toy whistle and told me to blow it if the shelter collapsed and I was being buried alive. I was also agitated when she said, "If incendiary bombs come through the roof at night, don't rush to the shelter but cover the fires with quilts and step on them; you are old enough to do this."

Mother was often out, visiting my grandparents or working for the neighborhood association in a neighborhood without men. I was home alone on these occasions and tried imagining putting fires out by myself. I was trained to sleep with a winter jacket and a backpack near my pillow so I could get ready in the dark immediately when a plane was heard. In those days, we lived in a pitch-dark city; we were not allowed to put on lights at night for fear that enemy airplanes would spot us. If we needed to see, we covered the lamp with a thick, dark cloth so no light would leak outside.

Adults may know how to respond to an abnormal situation, but a child can only accept it as perfectly normal and lasting. I recall the faces of my younger friends at home, faces of acceptance and abandonment. As I later recalled with shock, neither the two-year-old across the street nor the four-year-old next door ever smiled in those days. Their mothers rushed them to shelters without explanation each time the air-raid alarm went off. Young children at this time typically had no expression. I never thought of this as abnormal.



Evacuation of schoolchildren in Japan, August 1944. Wikicommons (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Evacuations_of_civilians_in_Japan_during_World_War_II)

Part Two: Evacuation to the Countryside

In August 1944, Akira, then a fourth grader, left for Osamura Sanada, Chiisagata-gun, Nagano Prefecture. That was when systematic gakudō sokai (school children's evacuation) began. We had gakudō sokai moved from Nishi-Ōkubo to Narimune when evacuation from the heart of the city was encouraged. Now children in the third grade and higher were sent away, even from Narimune, an area of many rice paddies and bamboo groves. The Second Suginami Elementary School sent children to three different areas.

On February 19, 1945, Mother sent me for a haircut, had me rest on the couch for the rest of the afternoon, and gave me a special supper of rice with a slice of fish, a feast the likes of which I had not seen in months. At dusk, I joined the other children in the schoolyard. Each of us carried a backpack filled with textbooks and clothes. Schoolmaster Yoshizumi-sensei led a file of fifty children on a fifteen-minute walk to the railroad station. From there, we rode the train to a big terminal, where we caught a night train to a station named Ueda in Nagano Prefecture. At dawn, we switched to a local train for a one-hour ride.

Schoolmaster Yoshizumi-sensei then walked us through the mulberry bushes. We arrived at Sanada village in the Kōrigata area of Nagano Prefecture on February 19, 1945. When we got off the local train, we did not see any green. It was not yet spring in Tokyo, and, of course, Nagano was even more wintry. I remember crossing a small bridge over a running stream and walking through dry mulberry bushes. In Sanada village, mulberries were cropped short and kept like bushes for the silkworm industry

The dormitory, a converted inn, was very close to the railroad station. In the dorm, over two hundred children lived with four teachers from the Tokyo school and ten locally hired room mothers, ages sixteen to twenty-two. Each room mother cared for a dozen boys and a dozen girls.

As we arrived at the dorm, we could see older children looking out of the windows, waving to us and making us feel welcome. We were temporarily divided into rooms, and I was sent to an upstairs room where Akira lived with eleven other boys. At night there was a roll call. We sat on the tatami in two lines, and the head boy said, "Bangō!" (Count off). We replied "One," "Two," "Three," etc., like soldiers do in the army. I wanted to say "Thirteen!" but I was skipped. The boys wore yukata and obi (cotton kimono with sashes) at night as in peaceful times. I remember seeing Maruyama-kun still in his yukata in the morning as we were putting the futon away in the closet. He soon left to go elsewhere with his family. That sort of thing was called enko sokai (evacuating to join country relatives). As the train that carried him left the station, we waved goodbye from the dorm windows.

Two sisters, Kawashima Toshiko-chan and Reiko-chan, were among the children in Room 13 downstairs. They had lived across the street from us in Narimune. Toshiko-chan insisted that I join them in their room, so the following day I moved there, although I wanted to stay with Akira a little longer. Toshiko-chan was a fifth grader, and Reiko-chan a third grader. It was a small, sunny room, and I felt very comfortable.

Later, there was a shuffling of rooms, and the Kawashima sisters and I were assigned to Room 17, a bigger room with more children. Another second grader was there—the child I had sat with on the train ride to the village. At night, when everyone was asleep, she sat up straight and wept. Twice, I awoke to see her being comforted by the room mother. This continued three days, and then she left. Apparently, her mother was contacted and came to pick her up. We learned that they were moving somewhere, enko sokai style. She was the only child I saw cry.

After we awoke in the morning, we folded and put away our bedding. We went to the small river, which I think was named Kannagawa (the river of the godless month, or October), right near the dorm, to wash our faces and brush our teeth. Then there was a morning assembly in the yard, during which we performed tentsuki taisō (reach-the-heaven calisthenics). The dorm song we sang in the early days of our stay had a line that went: "By the time tentsuki taisō is over, a heap of warm rice will be waiting." I remember hearing, back in Tokyo, about village women who brought food to evacuated school children on special occasions like the harvest and the New Year. This caused adults to say, "So after all, the country is better for children, food-wise." By the time my friends and I arrived, however, food was scarce even in the countryside.

Children sheltered at Kouseiji Temple, Nagano Prefecture, during the war. Kouseiji Temple Official Website (http://kouseiji.sakura.ne.jp/profile/history.html).

When the gong rang, we went to the dining room

with our chopsticks and cups. The cup was for drinking tea, rinsing and gargling in the morning, and carrying one rice ball (without nori seaweed wrapped around it) for lunch when going out for the day's labor service. Once, when Shinozaki Tsutomu (Akira's friend and our neighbor) and others ran along the corridor, they were scolded: "Running doesn't mean you get food faster. Walk properly."

In the dining hall, children sat in fixed places around rows of simply-built bench-like tables. We joined hands and recited a poem to thank the gods of heaven and earth for the good food. The poem was in tanka form of 5/7/5/7/7 syllables: "When you pick up chopsticks, taste the grace of heavenly and earthly gods, as well as the favors of parents, teachers, and older students" (Hashi toraba ame-tsuchi kami no on-megumi, fubo ya shikei no on o ajiwae). This was followed by a sokai song written by the empress. First, we chanted the poem in a traditional way, somewhat like reading the cards of Hyakunin isshu (a matching game with cards bearing a total of 100 waka poems), then older students sang it to a melody: "You are the ones to shoulder the next era; grow up strongly and correctly by moving to the countryside" (Sugi no yo o seou beki mi zo takumashiku tadashiku nobiyo sato ni utsurite).

Then we all said, "Itadakimasu" (let's eat), and picked up our chopsticks. Somewhere along the way, I developed the habit of watching people eat, while eating very slowly from my own bowl. It was satisfying to do so. For example, the puffy cheeks of the second son of the Okuda family (who in Tokyo lived close to Ōme Kaidō road) became puffier when he ate. When I saw people had finished half their bowls, then I began eating as fast as I liked. This gave me the joy of eating quickly without having to see others still enjoying their meals after I finished. After an older student criticized me, I had to stop doing this. Sometimes there was a small side dish, for example of one fuki no tō (rhubarb shoot) or three pieces of fuki (rhubarb stalk boiled with soy sauce). We had rice mixed with barley or soybeans at first. This was quite healthy by today's standard, but many children including myself had become too weak to digest soybeans.

Once, Tokyo mothers got together to send us some butter. Butter was extremely precious in those days, and I had not seen any for a long time. A small square of butter was served on rice on a few occasions. One day, a sixth grader warned children who had diarrhea not to eat butter, so I ate my rice plain. Back in the room she said, "Now I know you have diarrhea." It was true. She also said other things that were not true. Once the owner of the inn, Mr. Takatō, treated each of us to three thin pieces of preserved squid. The head teacher gave a speech about how kind the owner was and told us to be grateful.

The young room mothers mended our socks and boiled our shirts when lice and gnats infested us. The teachers, three of them also young, treated us with pincers and mercurochrome when our skin diseases spread, and they organized fly-catching contests when the number of flies increased. Many children suffered from malnutrition and diarrhea. A fifth grader was scolded in front of everyone at a morning assembly for having soiled the bathroom. He died some time afterward. The teacher who scolded the boy was known to be patriotic and tough. The other young teachers were gentle. Once when we were helping a farm woman in the field, a third grader who was tired of fieldwork complained, "I hate war. I hope we lose quickly." A twenty-year-old teacher who was with us gently replied, "Perhaps you shouldn't say that aloud."

Mugi (barley) needs to be stepped on when it sprouts in early spring. Called mugifumi this was one of the first tasks for us younger children. We went to a farmer's mugi field, where green sprouts were just appearing. I was afraid of stepping on them but learned that it made them stronger. At the edge of a section of the large

mugi field, we stood in a line, hand in hand, standing on a row of young mugi shoots. We moved forward together, keeping our right feet in front and left feet in back, taking small, rhythmic steps. After we finished the first rows, we saw that the green shoots were standing erect again. Ōtsuka-sensei said we had walked too lightly; we needed to step more firmly to press the tips of the mugi shoots to the soil. With this in mind, we moved on to another section of the field. We never did much better, but, eventually, we at least learned to step down on the mugi tips, not the roots.

We also weeded and removed pebbles from the field, gathered fallen leaves in the forest (for making compost), carried firewood, and cleared rocks from an area of a mountain after dynamite was set. We did the last task by making a long line down the mountain and relaying rock by rock by hand. My friend Hiroko stood next to me, and, as I handed rocks to her hour after hour, I suddenly felt a human sensation: all I touched was the rock that I put in her hands, but I felt the warmth and resiliency of human flesh—with its tenderness, toughness, and thickness—under the rock's weight. This was so uncomfortable that I became sulky. When I saw her face and realized she was hurt by my bad mood, I forced a smile. That night, after lights out back at the dorm, I heard Hiroko say to an older student in their room across the hall how good it was that, while relaying rocks, I had been distant in the morning but smiled to her in the afternoon. I feared this might be a sort of political demonstration (everyone knew that we could hear each other, even across the hallway, because the rooms were only divided by paper screens); but I felt bad that I had not been nice to her.

It is difficult to explain even to myself why I suddenly felt uncomfortable while handing rocks to her. Certainly the distaste had nothing to do with Hiroko. When I moved from Nishi-Ōkubo Elementary School to Suginami Daini Elementary School in April the year before, I instantly admired her. She was graceful, quiet, and bright without showing off. "Sakura" (cherry) was the word that occurred to me when I first saw her with her very thin bangs. We soon became good friends and remained so, long after the war despite this incident.

Children went to the river and washed their faces and hands every morning and had a bath in the late afternoon before supper. It became less frequent, however. I think by April children were infested by two kinds of lice: one that nests in the folds of clothes and another that nests in human hair.

The first variety was taken care of early by boiling children's clothes in big pots. One day when our laundry returned to Room 17, where I was at that time, a fifth grader noticed that they were discolored. "Yours wasn't this color, either," she said to me pointing at my now grayish flannel shirt that I had inherited from my brother, who had inherited it from my mother. I had no particular feeling about it and was rather shocked by the accusing tone of the older student. Some time later, our room mother came in and formally apologized in an icy tone. Another room mother had told her what she had overheard, "I am sorry, but I did what I thought was good for you." The room was hushed. One or two older students, especially the one who had included my blouse in her list, offered one or two lame excuses, but the tension only mounted. We were all seated on the tatami floor, our knees formally folded under us, and our room mother seated before us in the same way.

All the dormitory room mothers dressed in kimono, except for the nurse, who was responsible for a very small room with five or so students, in addition to simple medical duties. She wore a white Western gown. Whenever we went out for a whole day of kinrō hōshi (work service), our room mothers sat together to make onigiri. The nurse made sankaku-onigiri (triangular onigiri), although the others made

round ones. We gave them the cups we used in the morning to rinse after brushing, and they put one onigiri in each. The onigiri was plain rice without nori but had one umeboshi (sour pickled plum) inside.

Later, I was shocked to recall that all these room mothers were very young. The oldest one, Naitō-san, was in her twenty-fourth year (which means she was twenty-two or twenty-three by the Western count). Utsumi-san, my room mother, was in her twenty-second year.

In the early days, sometimes we went to the village school in the afternoon after village children had gone home. Ishikawa Masumi-sensei, then about twenty-three, once got upset in math class because few of us remembered the times tables. He excused me from class because I could recite them. I didn't know what I was supposed to be doing while outside the classroom and had a terrible time loitering in the wooden corridor that opened to the sunny schoolyard. I instinctively knew I was not allowed to go into the yard, but then there was nothing inside except the getabako (built-in shoe shelves) near the exit. I felt I should look interested and engaged, as the time passed very slowly until the end of that class.

Later, we had classes at the dorm, but rather infrequently. In one class, Ishikawa-sensei taught us the song of fireflies: "The fireflies' lodging is the willow tree by the river" (Hotaru no yado wa kawabata yanagi). He also taught us a song that included the line, "Sing away. Singing is your work" (Chichi chichi chitchi chi, chichi chichi chitchi chi, naku no wa omae no shigoto ja naika). I remember these two songs because they struck me as somewhat unusual since they had nothing to do with war ethics.

Actually, we had many songs that had nothing to do with war. We often assembled to have a kodomokai (children's gathering), at which groups of children presented songs, dances, and skits, made up and rehearsed by children on their own or coached by room mothers. One dance I remember particularly well was performed by four older children from my room. They danced with janome (brown oiled paper umbrellas with a swirling black design with a large white circle (or "snake eye") toward the top), in the absence of real parasols, to a song that went: "A pictured parasol turning round and round. Please pass it" (Ehigasa kurukuru tōryan'se). It was so beautiful that I thought it unfair when the head teacher Takeichi-sensei commented that it was good but too lonely.

There was Kondō-kun—from the big house of Kondō Heihachirō near our house back home—who always had something fun to perform. The first time I heard him sing, I had a high fever, but the nurse kindly carried me to the hall. He was singing a song about the fairy-tale hero Issun-bōshi (One-Inch-Tall Samurai): "In the castle of Heidelberg, there lived a boy as tiny as a thumb named Perukyo" (Haideruberugu no oshiro no naka ni issunbōshi no Perukyo ga sunde ita, . . . issunbōshi no Perukyo wa kō itta: ah haideru haideru rō, ah haideru haideru rō, ah haideru haideru haideru rō, ah haideru haideru rō). Although the songs he sang were humorous, he always looked very serious, sitting small with his knees and hands together on the tatami floor. He also sang the Shinshū folk song "Kisobushi": "What's the thing about Mt. Nakanori in Kiso? It's cold there even in summer" (Kiso no Nakanori-san, Kiso no Nakanori-san wa nanjara hoi, natsu demo samui, yoi yoi yoi, yoi yoi yoi no yoi yoi yoi).

I learned many other songs. The following two were my favorites:

Land of Sleep	Nen'ne no osato
Clovers in the land of sleep	Nen'ne no osato no gengesō
Here and there calves are grazing	pochi pochi koushi mo asonderu
Clovers in the land of sleep, of sleep	nen'ne no nen'ne no gengesō
Someone is calling from afar	dareka ga tōku de yonde iru
Fall Festival	Akimatsuri
Drawn by pipes and drums	Fue ya taiko ni sasowarete
I've come to the village festival	mura no matsuri ni kite mireba
At dusk, more and more I miss town	higure wa iyaiya sato koishi

When winds blow, all I hear is the sound of leaves kaze fukya konoha no oto bakari

The second song was written by the poet Kitahara Hakushū. The melody was probably composed by Yamada Kōsaku.

There were others, including "Seagull Sailors" (Kamome no suihei-san), "The Seven Seas" (Nanatsu no kuni), and "Festival in the Woods" (Mori no matsuri). The latter two songs were colonialist, meant to excite children about Asia and the South Pacific. My friend Mori Masayo-chan and others danced the "Festival in the Woods," which went: "Tonight is festival night on Barao Island; together with the islanders, we dance with joy" (Kon'ya wa omatsuri Barao-tō, dojin-san ga sorotte omoshiroku, a hōi hōi no donjara hoi). "Omoshiroku" probably means both "amusingly to spectators" and "having fun themselves"; I'm afraid that either way it's insulting.

The songs that Ishikawa-sensei taught us, which I described earlier, were neither like the brave, pathetic war songs that we were taught in Tokyo nor like the folk songs and children's songs that were sung in the dorm in Nagano. The children's songs I learned there were nostalgic, evocative, and minor-keyed, whereas these in major keys were light, modern, and colloquial. I really didn't know what to think of them. Now that I think back, it occurs to me that Ishikawa-sensei might have deliberately introduced them because we looked so serious and devoid of humor. He, too, displayed no sense of humor. He was quiet, surrounded by a kind of pathos. He was Akira's homeroom teacher back in Tokyo. In Nagano, he occasionally taught us third graders.

Our main teacher was Murai-sensei whom everyone loved. She was quiet, modest, and gentle—maybe even shy. She was dark-complexioned and oval-faced, with kind-looking dark eyes. Then there was Ōtsuka-sensei, who was more outgoing. Teachers often used megaphones to summon students to the teachers' room. I remember Ōtsuka-sensei calling me from the corridor at a railing that opened into the yard. I saw her stand with a megaphone and felt exalted when she called me in her non-standard accent: "Iriye Kyōko-san, Iriye Kyōko-san, come to the teachers' room." She pronounced my name with a pitch accent on the first and last syllables: "**I**-riye Kyo-**oko**-san." When I went there, she told me to go on an errand to the cottage where the Maruno family was staying.

Mr. Maruno, a Japanese literature teacher at Meiji University (if not then, at least later), seems to have been one of my grandfather Tsukamoto Tetsuzō's protégés—colleagues at one point. We shared a home in Narimune before moving to the countryside. He was a Kyūshū danji (a stern male chauvinist from Kyūshū) whom everyone feared. He awoke at five or so in the morning and jogged to Hakusan jinja (the small, discarded nearby shrine). I joined Mr. Maruno and his boys just once. He was reticent but scary. One morning, while I was brushing my teeth, he came to the senmenjo sink that our two families shared. My mother was shocked and told me to use the sink only after he had used it, but Mr. Maruno was really nice and shared the water with me. My mother told me that in Kyūshū men were revered; the head of a household was so important no one could take a bath before him.

Just once I saw Mr. Maruno in action. At the end of the first semester of 1944 (I think), when I came home, I saw Yutaka, the younger of the two sons, then a sixth grader, seated straight in formal posture, head down, across the small table from his father in the six-mat room. My mother told me Yutaka got a ryō-ge (a B minus) in math and was being scolded. (Yutaka was a good student. He read out loud the passage about the famous archer Nasu no Yoichi in the original language from the Tale of the Heike so eloquently[3] that I heard him from our side of the house and instantly learned the story.) From that day on, Yutaka had to sit before his father every day to review math. This didn't last long because

the semester ended on July 25, and on August 4 or so, most students in the upper elementary school grades were sent to the countryside. Yutaka went to Osamura Sanada in Nagano to the same dorm as Akira.

The Maruno family lived in the Narimune house for a few years. There were two boys in the family, Hiroshi-chan and Yutaka-chan. By the time he graduated from primary school in March 1945, Yutaka-chan had become so fond of the relaxed rural life that he insisted that the family move there. So, leaving Mr. Maruno in Tokyo, Mrs. Maruno and Hiroshi, then a student of Toyotama Chūgakkō junior high school, joined Yutaka in our village. They lived in a cottage by the farmhouse of our room mother Utsumi-san's parents.

When there was something to be delivered to the Marunos while they were staying at the Utsumis, I was called to the teachers' room. This was a great privilege because I could drop whatever I was doing and go out into the wide countryside, although it probably happened just two or three times. Once Mrs. Maruno took me to the main house to introduce me to Utsumi-sensei's mother. Mrs. Utsumi, who wore a dark monpe suit and a white tenugui towel wrapped on her head, handed me a Shinshū style onigiri with a little miso on the outside. I took it from her with a thank you, and then with difficulty tried to split it. "Let's share it" (Hanbun zutsu shimashou), I said to Mrs. Maruno, who smiled and told me to enjoy it by myself. I felt bad, but I did as I was told. It was so good. I don't remember what I brought to Mrs. Maruno. Maybe a package of tea or nori from a Tokyo neighbor.

One day, Ōtsuka-sensei and Ishikawa-sensei took the third and fourth graders out for work. In the morning, we packed straw bags with fallen leaves in the woods, and then we walked some more and had lunch. After lunch, Ishikawa-sensei and Ōtsuka-sensei said that we would climb the mountain, but those who didn't wish to could return to the dorm. Half the children left. The rest of us walked in double file, as always, along a narrow mountain trail. I was thrilled to be climbing and didn't understand when children dropped out one by one, fourth graders first and then third graders. Pretty soon only five of us were walking with the two teachers. The group was Yano Hiroko-chan, Ogawa Toshiko-chan, another third grader, myself, and fourth grader Harada Ritchan. No longer in double file, we walked a long distance along a somewhat wider, mostly level, trail that cut through a shady forest. There was much snow off the trail and on the tall trees. We went off the trail to play tricks on each other, putting snow in each other's collars. The teachers warned that there might be bears around there. Perhaps they wished to entertain us or perhaps they didn't want us to wander into the dark woods. After some more climbing, the view suddenly opened up as the tall trees ended. We saw bright green grass and leaves in the sun and a panoramic view down on the left from where we stood. We walked more along the narrow trail on the side of the mountain and then came to a wide, snow-covered field.

Ishikawa-sensei said, "Wait here for a bit. We will see if we're on the right path" (Kimitachi wa kokode matte inasai, Michiga tadashiika dōka mite kurukara). So we sat on the snow and waited. I retraced the track about fifty meters and went off the trail by myself for oshikko (to pee), and when I started back again, I saw the teachers in the distance. Ōtsuka-sensei shouted, "Everyone, let's go" (Minna irrasshai), and, seeing me further back, added "Kyoko, too, hurry up" (Kyōko-chan mo hayaku irrasshai). When I joined the rest, Ishikawa-sensei said, "The path was all right. Just ahead is the summit. So let's go see the view." There was a two-arrowed wooden landmark on the wide summit, which read more or less "Nagano this way, Gunma that way." Ishikawa-sensei said, "Those of you here have come to the border of Nagano and Gunma prefectures" (Koko ni iru kimitachi wa Nagano to

Gunma no kunizakai made kitanoda yo). We gazed at the gentle slope down to the Gunma side. I was reluctant to leave this place.

It was dark by the time we approached the dorm. We heard voices calling us. At first I didn't know what this meant, but, when we were met by Kawashima Toshiko-chan and other older students, we learned that they had been looking for us.

I so fully enjoyed the excursion through the dark forest that led to a bright open view and snowy plain at the summit that I didn't understand why we had caused such worry or received such a warm welcome. But it was against the dorm practice for a group to split up or be late for meals. Apparently, the two teachers were held responsible for leaving the rest of the children unwilling to make the trip alone, and for disappearing briefly by themselves near the summit. I excitedly wrote home about the climb; others probably did the same. Letters home and letters from home were censored. Maybe the dorm master who read accounts of the trip liked the two teachers' behavior even less; or parents were upset. Nothing happened then, but after the war they were dismissed from school. Murai-sensei later returned and taught until she got married in 1946.

If anyone knew how wrong it was to return late to the dorm, it was Ishikawa-sensei. One evening after supper a certain Satoko-chan took two younger children out for a walk and did not return for the roll call and lights out. We had just gone to bed when we heard Ishikawa-sensei scolding Satoko-chan in the corridor near our room. He was saying things like "responsibility" and "taking little children." We were hushed, wide-eyed in the dark. Then we heard a slap, Satoko apologized, "Gomen nasai" repeatedly through her tears, but there were several more slaps.

Ishikawa-sensei looked reticent and distant with a gentle manner. This frightened us all the more. Satoko-chan, a Korean, was a kind girl whom smaller children liked a lot. She had short okappa (bobbed hair) and dark, shiny eyes under double eyelids. When I lived in Room 17, she lived next door in Room 16. Once she opened the center sliding door just slightly, and in a low, sing-song voice, whispered through the crack, "You say Satoko, Satoko making fun of me; how can we be different, we eat the same rice (Satoko Satoko to baka ni suru, onaji kome kutte doko chigau). This was a parody based on a couplet that condemned discrimination, and, although meant to be a joke, it was too sad to be funny. I wrote it here with some reluctance, fighting a suspicion that occurred to me for the first time that her being Korean might have made it easier for Ishikawa-sensei to slap her. This was the only time I saw a teacher slap a girl. Actually, slapping did not happen as often as might have been expected at a wartime dormitory.

It's interesting to recall that some older students were more militaristic than the teachers. In the dorm, most boys lived on the second floor and one small mezzanine, but one of the dark back rooms on the first floor was also occupied by boys. There were at least three back rooms. One was Room 9 where I stayed, another was for the room mothers, and Room 10, the darkest room where no light penetrated, was for boys. Apparently, the room representative, then an occupant of Room 6, volunteered to move during a room reshuffling in April at the beginning of the new school year. He said, "We've lived in the sunniest room until now, so we should move into the darkest room." He exercised his leadership with the same rigor and righteousness. I saw him scolding a few younger boys from the same room because someone had toppled over a flower vase and nobody had picked it up. One of the boys was Shinozaki Tsutomu-kun, a fifth grader and my brother's classmate. Standing straight with all seriousness and without blinking when slapped on the face, he said, "I sincerely apologize" (Mōshiwake arimasen!). I thought this reflected

the army manner. In the army, it was said to be wise to make no excuse but instead apologize quickly and properly. Saying "sumimasen" (sorry) was not good enough because the angry officer might say, "Do you think you can get away with sorry" (Sumimasen de sumu to omou no ka!).

Shinozaki-kun was from a house close to ours, and he and Akira often played together in Narimune. At the dorm, the three of us shared candy on the rare occasions when Akira received a package from home. We stood side by side facing the back of the dorm, just a little way up the hill in back, and enjoyed the secret taste of something like umeboshiame (pickled plum candy). Nobody looked as generous and dependable as Akira holding a small can on the mountain.

It's not that Akira and I couldn't see each other. I was free to go upstairs to see him anytime. But it didn't occur to me to go to him, especially after the first few weeks. One of the rare times I did was when I carved chopsticks out of a joint of bamboo with a kogatana knife. I went to show them to him. Screen doors between rooms were usually closed, but those facing the hallway were open. So when I went to Akira's room, I would lightly knock. I showed the chopsticks without entering the room. Akira looked at them, smiled faintly as if mildly embarrassed, and Shinozaki-kun or another of Akira's friends approached to see what I had made. Then he quickly fixed the clumsily carved chopsticks with a kogatana and sandpaper and gave them back to me. Some children were very good at making things. A pair of chopsticks that a sixth grader made for a room mother had beautifully carved decorations at the top. They also made takeuma (stilts) and walked on them in the front yard.

But I was talking about Akira. He never deigned to come to my room, but somehow he must have had a way of communicating with me when necessary. Once or twice it may have been Shinozaki-kun who told me I was to see my brother. Maybe he said, "Your brother wants to see you" (Iriye-kun ga yonde iru yo); or maybe Akira saw me on the way out after breakfast and said, "Let's meet at the back hill" (Urayama e ikō). Once or twice, Akira said, "Let's go to the Marunos'" (Maruno-sanchi ni ikō). When I was running to their house, I heard clapping of geta (wooden sandals) on my right, perhaps on the next street running parallel to the one I was on, and I knew it was Akira. I thought of taking a left to join him on a small side alley that cut across, connecting the two streets, but I kept going as before because I wasn't sure it was Akira. "I heard you, I knew it was you" (Kikoeta yo, sōdarō to omotta), he said when we found each other before the house.

My father returned from China in May 1945. As soon as rail service was partially restored, my parents came to see us.[4] It was late July. I had been sent on an errand from the dormitory to the Maruno family's cottage. No one was there, and, growing tired of waiting, I laid down on the floor. My parents stopped by there on their way to the dorm. When I saw the smiles on my parents' faces as they arrived at the entrance, I experienced a strange sensation. I sat up but did not walk over to greet them. As they later told me, my blank stare made them think that I was ill. I was ill, but that was not the reason why I did not smile back; I was then not used to smiles. When I returned to the door and began to tell friends that I was happy to see my parents, a sixth grader snapped at me: how could I be happy when everyone was mourning for the Okinawans. She had just learned about Okinawa's final suicide battle at the dorm assembly for older students.[5]

My parents wanted to take us back to Tokyo with them the following day. The head master of the dorm yelled at them that it would mean killing their children. "It's better for the family to die together in Tokyo," my father said. They prevailed. After a train trip to the nearest city to

get a doctor's diagnosis, my brother and I were released from the dorm.

The countryside had been peaceful and safe from air raids. We were reminded of the war only when we went to the station to see a soldier off. Soon after I became a third grader (April 1945), I had learned about Germany's surrender from a teacher, but thought of it as a remote event. I was not aware of the hardships my mother and her relatives in Tokyo were experiencing, partly because letters were censored by teachers who thought that pessimistic news would dampen our morale. To children my age, war was a fact that was taken for granted. I never expected the war to end or that I would rejoin my parents. I never thought I was living in an abnormal situation. Even if there were little study, little hygiene, little food, and much physical work, children took such things for granted.

Part Three: Return to Tokyo in the Aftermath of War

Getting off the train in Tokyo, I saw an empty field. During the ten-minute walk southward along what had been a shop-lined main street running parallel to the railway, the only thing I saw was a burnt bank safe. But after crossing the highway, I began to spot familiar sights. Our house was still there. When my brother and I reached the entrance, Grandmother looked at us, speechless and pale. She thought we were ghosts. She had seen many corpses and ghosts following the March and April air raids; besides, we were ghost-thin from undernourishment. In fact, she, too, was ghost-like, and she, my mother, and I took turns staying in bed during the next few years.

When we sat for supper together that day, I was shocked to see slices of beautiful tomato from the yard and cornmeal rolls, an unbelievable feast after the starvation diet in the countryside. Although every meal was cornmeal rolls or sweet potatoes for a while, they were so good compared with the dorm food that each time I overate and lay on the floor in pain until I got used to the idea that there was food at home.

It is difficult to talk about my childhood without referring to what other children and students were going through when I was in the peaceful countryside or at home comfortably for the last two weeks of the war. My cousin in the first grade, and her family lived in a small town near the city of Hiroshima. Right after the bombing, her father, an amateur photographer, went to the city with his camera. Because my cousin was missing, her mother walked all over town and toward the city. Both of her parents became quite ill later from exposure to radiation. With diarrhea, vomiting, and lost hair, they were each bed-ridden for an extended period of time. Following the explosion, all communications were cut off in Hiroshima, and we could send neither a telegram nor a postcard. When transportation was restored, my uncle visited us before he had any signs of radiation illness. He told us what he had seen. Among others, he saw a girl about thirteen or fourteen, heavily burned, her face swollen like a balloon; she took two or three slow steps toward him, her arms raised, and then collapsed.

I was a third grader when the war ended. At noon on August 15, 1945 my grandfather and father were at work. My grandmother, mother, brother, and I crossed the street to a neighbor's house to listen to what we were told would be an "important radio broadcast." It was the emperor's address to the nation regarding the surrender. When we returned home after the one-minute announcement, my mother sat us down and told us what it meant.

"Japan lost the war," she said. "The American Occupation will start soon, but you need not worry." She was, in fact, rather concerned about the Occupation because, when she was in Paris in June 1940, she had witnessed what happened when the Germans entered.

Before breakfast the following morning, she sent my brother and me to my father's study. He told us that Japan's defeat was due to a lack of learning and to ignorance of the international situation and that the next generation needed to study hard with a broader vista. Later when my mother asked him what could be expected of the Occupation army, he said, "Americans are gentlemen; there is nothing to worry about."

The defeat was also explained to children at school. At our public elementary school surrounded by rice fields, the schoolmaster withdrew, accepting responsibility for having cooperated with the war effort, and the vice-master, who seemed to me to have been more nationalistic, became the new schoolmaster. He spoke to the children gathered in the schoolyard, "Japan made mistakes. Every one of us was at fault—we adults as well as you children. We are all responsible for these errors. There is no need to look guilty, however, when the Occupation force lands. We should instead try our best to reconstruct our country and rejoin the nations of the world, this time as a peaceful country."

I felt uncomfortable about children being held responsible for the war, but the new catchphrase—"peace and reconstruction"—sounded more attractive than the old one to which we had become accustomed—"determination unto death." The new schoolmaster added that one error in the past was educating children in such a way that they grew to adulthood too quickly: children in the past were taught to fight for the country and to die for the cause. But now, children didn't have to die; they would be allowed to be children. I found this insulting. Until just days before, we had been expected to behave like responsible adults. Now we had to be baby-like, as if we could change overnight. Something else was gravely wrong about what he had said: encouraging children to be babies kept us from thinking about what had gone wrong. Anyway, children had been trained as little adults during the war.

My third-year class blackened portions of our kokugo (Japanese) and shūshin (ethics) textbooks with brush and ink. I was a little sad that I had to blacken the story of Tajimamori. Following an "imperial" order, Tajimamori went to China to look for an orange tree (tachibana). After many years, he brought back a branch, but by then the emperor had died. Tajimamori visited the tomb and cried. Apparently, the story had been banned because of the phrase "although he was Korean." I didn't know it then. I simple-mindedly thought that it was bad because it was a story related to an "emperor." Things related to emperors were suppressed then. Actually, this legend belongs to a time when the word "emperor" (tennō) was not yet in use.

We used brush and ink to blacken textbook pages that had references to Shinto myths, the Imperial Household, the Imperial Army, and the colonies. We were already familiar with the stories in the wartime textbooks for every grade, but the symbolic message was clear to us: our teachers had been teaching the wrong things. We continued to remember these stories, especially those about battles and tragic heroes and heroines from the olden days. In the new textbooks given to us starting in 1947, there were instead dull stories about ordinary postwar children and adults. If there were any heroes at all in our new fifth-grade Japanese language textbook that came out in 1947, they were industrious heroes like the founder of the Mikimoto pearl company and the inventor of the weaving machine, or Lincoln, Washington, and Columbus. I now find the blackening of the textbooks much more poignantly symbolic than I did then: it is as if the authorities believed that the act could wipe out the wrong ideas and wrongdoings of the past. Blackening pages neither changed children's mentalities nor obliterated the past; this was not a meaningful substitute for taking responsibility.

In March 1946, the school gakugeikai (arts festival) was held as usual. I participated in the play as the nighthawk (yodaka) in Miyazawa Kenji's story "The Night Hawk Star" (Yodaka no hoshi). Akira was in the chorus for the fifth graders' production of a play written by one of the teachers. In this play, Jirō, a child living with his father who is ill, works as a shoeshine boy near the train station. His homeroom teacher spots him and gives him 200 yen. The boy places the envelope containing the money by his father's bedside. While he is out, the father discovers the money, suspects the boy of theft, and orders him out of the house. The boy wanders to the outskirts of town, empty after air raids, singing the following song to the tune of "Sagiri kiyuru":

Out of the house forlornly	Ie o idete tobotobo to
Jirō came to the edge of town.	Jirō-kun wa machihazure
Yes, the burnt-out town is desolate.	Geni yakeato no sabishisa yo
The wind is cold under the midnight moon.	Kaze mo samui, yowa no tsuki.

Akira and I sang this song many times at home. Our cousin Yoriko happened to visit Narimune with her mother around this time. She liked the play so much that she performed it again and again, impersonating Jirō. "Ah, the moon. The moon" (Otsukisama, otsukisama), she would call the way that the forsaken Jirō did.

Shimamura-sensei, Akira's homeroom teacher who wrote the play and played the role of Jirō's father with finesse, gave three pieces of candy to every student in his class on graduation day the following year. "One is for yourself, one is for your parents, and the remaining one is for your sibling," he said. So Akira gave our parents one and gave me one. I think Shimamura-sensei was really saying, "None for the country. None for the emperor."

Part Four: Reflections

I talk with uneasiness about Tokyo, Hiroshima, and Nagasaki as I become more aware of Japanese war atrocities. At the same time, I see no point in balancing two things, as in much of the debate over the 1995 Smithsonian exhibit of the Enola Gay and the suppression of the exhibition on the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki[6]: Hiroshima versus Pearl Harbor, Japan versus the United States, Americans versus Japanese, Japan's indiscriminate city bombings in China versus the United States' city bombings in Japan.

These dichotomies are typically intended not for learning about war atrocities on both sides but for justifying, minimizing, or absolving one or the other. A Japanese should not feel less compunction about the rape of Nanjing because of Hiroshima; likewise, no one should feel better about Hiroshima because of Pearl Harbor. Nor does it make sense to me to say Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and Tokyo were crueler than other cases of destruction because the death tolls were the largest, or that they were less cruel because those cities are said to have been wiped away instantly: 1) It is disrespectful to reduce humanity to numbers, and 2) many deaths were slow and cruel. "Is it okay to kill only a few? Is it okay to kill slowly?" as poet Ishihara Yoshiro asked. The writer Hayashi Kyōko mentions a Nagasaki factory worker who survived the bombing for a day or two. He was in such pain that he tore his flesh. In Tokyo, my grandmother witnessed forty air raids in one and a half years before her neighborhood was finally flattened.

To me, all city bombings are cruel, and every war is cruel; there is no such thing as a good war. What I see in Tokyo, Hiroshima, and Nagasaki is humans harming fellow humans, involving all types of people: scientists, political and military leaders, weapon makers, bomber pilots, soldiers, POWs, neighbors, relatives, and friends. They harmed others and one another. And when children do not smile, there is something wrong.

Afterword by Akira Iriye

Because I was two years her elder, I preceded Kyoko as a resident at the Nagano hotel turned into a refugee camp for school children to escape the anticipated saturation bombing of Tokyo. Neither during our stay at the camp nor later did we discuss our experiences. This may have been because, as Kyoko notes, we were too hungry from lack of anything to eat and too exhausted from daily work outdoors to have the energy, let alone the incentive, to engage in a family-style conversation. Perhaps such conversations may be possible only in peace.

So it comes as a surprise to me that she was keenly aware of what was going on around her and thought very carefully about it. I did not know that she was writing a diary in those days, and so she must have kept her thoughts to herself, only to resurrect them from memory years later. Indeed, it is amazing that she retained so vivid and precise a mental record of what she was observing at home and in the Nagano camp.

I have forgotten, or have chosen to forget, all such conversations with my parents and teachers. To be sure, I remember the day when our parents returned from Europe in the spring of 1941, after having been away from Japan for four years (three years in my mother's case). I had just started school as a first grader and, at first, didn't even recognize them. We had been raised by our maternal grandparents. Shortly after our family was reunited, Japan attacked the United States. My father went to China as a correspondent for the Domei Press, and in 1944 our family moved to Suginami Ward on the western edge of Tokyo. My mother, my sister, and I lived there for a few months before I was moved to Nagano, where I spent ten months (September 1944 to the end of July 1945) in a horrible environment of hazing and lice (but no rice).

I tried to keep a diary at Nagano but gave up after my roommates took it away, read the entries, and made fun of me for what I had written. So it was a genuine relief when our parents visited us at the end of July 1945 and decided to take us back to Tokyo, even though the war had not ended. (Our father had returned from Nanjing in late May in what would turn out to be the last ship carrying Japanese from China that was not sunk by U.S. submarines.) The last two weeks of the war (July 31 to August 15) were thus a blissful contrast to the preceding several months, even years.

To me, Kyoko, and millions of boys and girls our age, the war was an unmitigated disaster from beginning to end, and the wartime relocation experience was the worst phase of my life. As soon as the war ended, I must have decided to forget this evil past and focus on the future. I started keeping a diary on August 19, 1945. Its daily entries reflect a sense of relief, even joy, at Japan's defeat. The war years were the worst time of my life. It comes as a shock that some of the younger generation in contemporary Japan seem to have a more benign image of the long, disastrous war, even to the extent of justifying the nation's aggressive acts against its neighbors on the continent and across the Pacific. One can only hope that the bridges and networks that have been built up so patiently in the wider Asia-Pacific region since the war, and particularly since the 1970s, will prove to be much more solid than temporary shifts and turns in national moods or geopolitical disputes. Our task is to connect, not divide, the world.

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Japan in Translation II
In Honor of Kyoko Selden

Edited by Alisa Freedman

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Kyoko Selden (1936-2013) taught Japanese language and literature as a senior lecturer at Cornell University until her retirement in 2008. Author, translator, artist and calligrapher, she was the translation coordinator of the Asia-Pacific Journal. Her major works as translator centered on Japanese women writers, the atomic bomb, the Ainu and the Okinawans. Her major translations included Japanese Women Writers: Twentieth Century Short Fiction (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00U90M16M/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), More Stories By Japanese Women Writers, An Anthology (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0765627345/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Kayano Shigeru's Our Land Was a Forest (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0813318807/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Honda Katsuichi's Harukor: Ainu Woman's Tale (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0520210204/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), The Atomic Bomb: Voices From Hiroshima and Nagasaki (https://www.amazon.com/dp/087332773X/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Shin'ichi Suzuki's Nurtured by Love (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0739090445/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), and Cho Kyo's The Search for the Beautiful Woman, A Cultural History of Japanese and Chinese Beauty (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00AWJOQ7W/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20).

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Notes

[1] Akira is two years older than Kyoko. Their parents Keishirō, a journalist, and Naoko, had left for Paris in 1939, eventually returning to Japan on the Trans-Siberian Railroad to Vladivostok and then by boat perhaps to Niigata before arriving in Tokyo by train. They had just boarded the Trans-Siberian when they heard the news of the German invasion of the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941. Keishirō would leave shortly for China, where he would spend the war years. Their maternal grandmother Tsukamoto Man raised Kyoko and Akira while their parents were in Paris and lived with the Iriye family thereafter. (Kyoko poignantly describes her grandmother's death in the poem "Three Landscapes" included in the Review of Japanese Culture and Society XXVII special issue (http://www.josai.jp/jicpas/RJCS/).) Their maternal grandfather Tsukamoto Tetsuzo (1881-1953) was a leading teacher of Chinese and Japanese classics and a prolific author whose works included widely used study guides and annotated readers of the classics. Kyoko's first teacher of the classics, he was an aficionado of calligraphy and kanbun poetry (poetry written in Chinese).

[2] Narimune, in the western suburbs of Tokyo, was then mostly rice fields.

[3] Nasu no Yoichi (1169-1232) was a famous archer who fought on the side of the Minamoto clan in the Gempei War (1180-85). In a passage in the Tale of the Heike, the Taira placed a fan atop one of their ships and dared the Minamoto warriors to shoot it off. Nasu no Yoichi, seated on his horse in the water, did so with a single shot.

[4] Beginning with the firebombing of Tokyo on the night of March 9, 1945, sixty-four Japanese cities were eventually destroyed by bombing and napalm, creating tens of millions of refugees and destroying much infrastructure including railroads, roads and bridges.

[5] The Battle of Okinawa, which raged most fiercely from mid-April to mid-June 1945, was the bloodiest of the Pacific War for the Japanese as well as U.S. forces, and took the lives of one quarter to one third of the Okinawan population.

[6] A planned exhibit on the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was canceled when the U.S. Senate, outraged at plans to include the charred lunchbox of a Japanese child, voted unanimously to replace the nuanced historical presentation of the bombing with a single object: the Enola Gay, the plane that dropped the Atomic Bomb on Hiroshima.

Masks of Whatchamacallit: A Nagasaki Tale

Hayashi Kyōko

Translated by Kyoko Selden

Hayashi Kyoko. Photo by Kanai Mikio, Ansa Lifestyle. August 5, 2015. (http://www.ansa.it/lifestyle/notizie/people/persone/2015/08/05/kyoko-hayashi-sopravvivere-alla-bombe-atomiche.-un-monito-per-il-futuro_6362e0e9-c41f-4384-a933-4772ad3567ee.html)

This story was first published in the February 1976 issue of the literary magazine Gunzō and later anthologized in the Collected Works of Hayashi Kyōko (Hayashi Kyōko zenshū) (Tokyo: Nihon tosho sentā, 2005). The original title, Nanja monja no men, draws on the Kantō area dialectal expression "nanja monja," a contracted form of "najō iu mono ja" (What sort of thing is this?), referring to a large, legendary tree.

Urakami Cathedral, Nagasaki, damaged by the atomic bomb.

By the little stream is a trapezoid-shaped stone. Sitting down on it, Takako looks around. There are no trees. No houses. No people on the streets at midday.

Fires burn along the rubble-strewn horizon. When will they be extinguished?

The sun is too hot. Takako wishes for the shade of a tree. She wishes to see life, alive and moving; even a small ant will do.

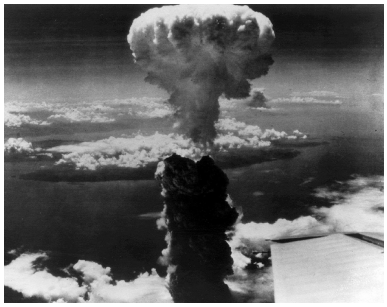
Takako died. In October 1974, when she was forty-five years old. The cause of death was cancer of the liver, or of the pancreas, according to some, from a-bomb after effects. Some said that the autopsy revealed the pancreas to be rotten, resembling a broad bean.

Takako was consecrated this year at the a-bomb ceremony in the memorial tower of Peace Park. Her name is bound into a single-volume death register along with those of over 1,000 others who died of illnesses caused by a-bomb radiation in the past year.

Our classmates who died in the atomic explosion thirty years ago are also consecrated in the park. Those girls, still fifteen or sixteen, must have frolicked around inside the dark monument as they welcomed Takako at this thirty-year reunion, saying, "We've been waiting for you!" I can see her troubled expression as she tilts her head not knowing what to do, surrounded by those innocent girls. She had become the age of their mothers.

Takako and I went to different girls' schools. Hers was a missionary school, located halfway up the hill looking over Nagasaki Harbor. My alma mater was near Suwa Shrine. This locates her school in the southern part of Nagasaki, mine on the western outskirts of the city. Takako was also one grade ahead of me.

We came to know each other at an arms factory just beyond Urakami, where students were mobilized to work. Both of us were bombed there, but strangely, sustained no external wounds. The factory was not even one kilometer away from the Peace Park where Takako is now consecrated, just four or five hundred meters from the epicenter. Nearly everyone in town met instant death.



On August 9, the day of the atomic bombing, both Takako and I ran desperately from that area. I worry that she may not be able to attain Buddhahood if brought back to the place from which she managed, at great pains, to flee; but perhaps she is simply resting in peace, not thinking of anything now.

I met Takako last about ten years ago. It was early October, just before the autumn festival of Suwa Shrine. The sound of festival drums could be heard from the woods surrounding the shrine. The festival ranks among Japan's three biggest and the entire city was excitedly making preparations.

When I returned to the city for the combined purpose of seeing the festival and visiting my mother, I chanced to meet Takako.

Walking as far as Kajiyamachi through the arcaded streets of Hamamachi, the bustling quarters of Nagasaki, one comes to a quiet shopping street with less traffic. On that street is a "gift shop" carrying unusual dolls sold nowhere else. I found them by chance when I happened to drop in fifteen or sixteen years ago. The artist, I heard, was a physically handicapped young man who suffered polio when small.

Because they were the work of a single person, the number of dolls was limited. Twenty at most were placed casually on a shelf in the furthest corner of the shop. In the gloom where neither outdoor light nor store lighting reached the shelf, each doll stood in a queer posture. They were made of red clay, baked unglazed so as to make the most of the clay color.

Measuring five or six centimeters in length, each had a different expression and design. What they had in common was that the neck of every doll was forcefully twisted heavenward. And they were wailing, each with a different expression.

When I took some in my hand, I noticed the artist's fingerprints on the stick-like torso, which measured about five millimeters in diameter. One doll had a flowing fingerprint from its forehead to the pointed nose of its inverted triangular face, which was upturned to heaven, creating a warped expression as if it were about to break into tears.

Like a snail, two eyes of another doll protruded from its head, with two additional red eyes placed just below. The torso of another doll stretched from the legs to the neck, then, at the tip, a face opened up like a plate. On the plate were two eyeballs, lips, and two ears, taken from the face and arranged like fruit.

The one that most resembled the human shape was a minister dressed in black paint. Hands raised like those of an orchestra conductor, face turned up to the sky, he peered heavenward, wailing. All that was there for eyes were two X's inscribed with a bamboo carver, but they made

him look as if he were crying.

Inside the "gift shop" where showy local toys were displayed, the shelf holding clay dolls looked like a dark hollow, alone by itself. As I stood gazing at them, the dolls almost seemed to crowd together and press toward me, making me avert my eyes.

They seemed to have been created from the shadows within the heart of the physically disabled artist.

Although they were eerie, each time I returned to my hometown I bought a different one.

On that day, too, twenty or so clay dolls were arranged on the shelf. Among them was one whose style struck me as novel. Its mouth, torn from ear to ear, opened across its face. White spots covered its body, and the inside of its wide-open lips was colored with vermillion red paint.

Picking it up and placing it on a palm, I looked at it.

"A scream, yes?"

I heard a woman's voice behind me. When I turned around surprised, my eyes met those of a longhaired woman. Taller than I, her lean body was dressed in a navy blue sweater and jeans. Perhaps because both top and bottom were in cold colors, she looked all the more slender, her facial complexion unhealthy and subdued.

This was how I reencountered Takako. She had long been slender, but seemed one size thinner. I asked her, "Why does he scream, I wonder?"

"He's in pain," she answered confidently in Nagasaki dialect.

"What from?" I asked again.

"Remaining this way. It's painful to be forever exposed to the world."

Takako picked up a doll with red stripes. It looked like a prisoner, but also like a priest.

"Are you buying that?"

Nodding, I bought the screaming doll. She bought the one with red stripes. We left the store, each with a doll wrapped in a small fancy rice paper bag.

"I saw K yesterday," I mentioned our common friend who had visited me at my mother's place. Takako responded with an ironic smile on her lips: "You heard some unsavory rumor about me, I suppose? Fine to spread it as you like."

Then, looking me in the eyes, she said, "Would you keep company with me, too, for a half day?"

A few houses down, there was a shop that sold freshly baked French bread with two red pay phones side by side at the front. I called my mother, asking her to eat lunch by herself because I would be late.

I bought a fresh baguette for my mother.

"It's warm," I said, pressing the bag against Takako's cheek.

"A woman buying warm bread looks nice and happy, for the moment at least," she smiled and asked, "Have you been well all this while?"

Apart from a series of a-bomb symptoms that followed my exposure to radiation, I had had no serious illness that would keep me in bed. But I experienced dizziness every day.

"Not necessarily all well," I answered.

"We're both flawed merchandise. We must always handle ourselves carefully," she said thoughtfully and added that, when she felt well enough, she worked as a volunteer at a mentally and physically disabled children's facility in the suburbs of Nagasaki, work she intended to continue as long as she lived.

As if the autumn sun were dazzling to behold, she blinked incessantly. Taking a good look at her eyes in the bright outdoor light, I saw a bloody bubble in her left eye. It was round, the size of a drop from an eyedropper. The center of the bubble rose slightly and alongside the black pupil produced an odd semblance of two pupils in one eyeball.

"Weird, isn't it?" Takako pointed at her eye.

"A-bomb illness?"

"Maybe, maybe not. It looks like spot bleeding. It looks like the pupil will absorb it if I leave it alone. My illness, whatever it is, always looks like a matter of 'looks like.'"

Viewed through her red eyeball, she told me, the faces of healthy, beautiful women appeared to be those of red demons. The prim looks of those women who assumed they were beautiful were so absurd, she added laughing merrily. They may have really looked red, but it was Takako herself who so perceived them that appeared weirder to me.

"That can't be true," I said, looking her in the eyes. "It's true, it is," she laughed aloud.

The coffee shop was at the far corner of a narrow alley in Kajiyamachi, a small shop with a wooden door that needed to be opened by hand.

It was dim inside. One bartender stood behind the counter. Takako lifted her right hand casually to him. The young man behind the counter said "Hey," in return.

Takako seemed to be a regular. She also seemed to have a fixed seat, and the bartender placed a glass of cold water and a whiskey bottle on a table near the wall.

She sat with her back against the ecru wall, I on a chair facing her.

The bartender turned on the lighting that hung on the wall. In the illumination, the left half of Takako's face was brought into relief, and somehow I felt that the bubble of blood was glistening at me. Before thinking, I looked down.

She might have been telling the truth when she said people looked like red demons. The bubble of blood might possess vision, adding color to objects that did not please her. She might not be merely applying that vision to distinguish between beauty and ugliness, but was perhaps observing me and other things in the world with three pupils.

As I took a fresh look at her with this thought, sure enough I felt that her gaze perceived something.

"Any children?" Takako asked, pouring whisky in her glass. I raised one finger.

"A boy," I added.

"Are his limbs and brain all functioning?" Takako asked unceremoniously. I made no reply.

"Sorry," she apologized, quickly reading into my feelings.

"I meant no harm," she added as she lowered her head, "I've experienced so many things that I've lost all sense of shame."

Nobody knows where that story began, or whether or not its source was that of a single person. But the story, which spread right after the explosion in a twinkling, went from mouth to mouth with speed and accuracy to be marveled at even when looked back on today. And it was of a reliable nature.

On the twelfth, three days after the bombing, a girl attendant at city hall came by, collecting old newspapers to be used as medicine for treating the burns of hibakusha. Newspapers, she explained, were burned to ashes, mixed with

sesame oil, then applied to the burnt skin. "I heard that everyone exposed to that light will die. No matter what medicines are taken, nobody will be cured. It's scary," said the girl, twelve or thirteen of age, to my mother from the shade of a tree in our yard. She was even frightened of the sun's rays.

Just as she said, those who bathed in the flash of the a-bomb explosion died one after another. Those who fled without wounds began to die, blood oozing from their eyes and mouths. Within ten days after the bombing, most of those people were dead.

Takako and I were among those who managed to survive, but the a-bomb demonstrated its real, relentless power over our group. Having projected a fatal amount of radiation at that instant on August 9, it now waited for the deaths of those of us who had survived.

The general outline of the symptoms was nearly the same from person to person.

Green diarrhea and vomiting, a sense of lethargy all over the body, then eventually purple spots. Some lost hair, others spit blood, and in the end they died in derangement caused by high fever. In the intervals of this outline, other symptoms appeared, suiting individual physical constitutions. For example, skin eruptions all over the body.

Inflammation of the oral mucosa, which spread like liverwort from tongue to gums. Not just a sense of lethargy, but a true loss of energy from the entire body with a prolonged period when one could not even chew.

If there was one person who took on all these symptoms, it was Takako. Though slender, she was not necessarily delicate, yet she succumbed to each symptom.

"I'm a superior guinea pig," she would say, as she spoke of a new symptom each time I saw her.

Around two weeks after the bombing, Takako began to lose her hair. She would grasp some hair, cross her heart with a prayer, "Please stay," then pull it to see.

The strands that she held in her hand would come off just like that.

She became bald almost instantly.

With no distinction between face and head, she looked unfocused. The area from the corners of her eyes to the back of her head looked like an extension of her face, and when she talked, only her lips looked oddly soft.

Takako covered her head tightly in a scarf so that no more hair would fall out. This was during an era in which there was a shortage of goods. No such luxury items like Western-style scarves were around after the war. As a substitute she used a furoshiki cloth,[1] the last article her mother had refused to part with and kept in a corner of a chest of drawers.

It was made of high-quality silk, a bright vermillion color that burst in the light. No matter how high in quality, it was still a furoshiki, making Takako feel that she was wrapping her head in it rather than wearing it on her head.

When walking through Hamamachi, it was easy to spot her approaching. The contour of her head showed clearly, suggestive of a small watermelon wrapped in cloth and indicating that her hair had fallen out.

"I can tell you have no hair left," I whispered to her frankly.

"Oh yes, I still have some. See, take a close look," she said, taking off the furoshiki.

Heedless of being out in the streets, she extended her head before my eyes. "See? There's some, isn't there?" She waited for my answer with great seriousness.

In the sunlight, I noticed gray ciliation that resembled mildew on rice cakes. It wasn't something that could be called hair, but I answered, "Yes, there seems to be a little."

The same ciliation stuck to the reverse side of the furoshiki as well, but I pretended not to notice.

Takako, too, looked indifferent.

"You'll lose yours soon, too. It can't be that you're the only special case," she said, as she pulled my braided hair.

It didn't come off. Looking at her fingertips that pulled at my hair, she said, "It'll fall suddenly," repeating that it was impossible for only one person to be special.

Next, Takako began to bleed.

A large amount of radiation causes problems like kidney disorder and the delayed development of bones, but it strongly affects reproductive organs as well. The majority of male inmates who were bombed at the Hiroshima jail were found to be impotent.

With women, many cases of sterility were reported due to the death of reproductive cells. The percentage of miscarriage was also high.

The greatest disturbance, I heard, was seen among growing children. It was not rare that menstruation began suddenly after the bombing, or that bleeding did not stop.

The majority of people, however, stopped bleeding within a month. Takako was an exception. Right after the bombing, while fleeing near Peace Park, she passed water. Her urine was fresh blood.

It was not bloody urine, but bright red blood.

Not one hour had passed since the bombing.

Looking at the blood soaking into the rubble, she first mistook it for menstruation. She was not shocked because she had menstruated previously, but this was not that; it was clearly discharged as urine.

One week later, menstruation began. One week passed, two weeks passed, and there was no sign of it stopping. The amount was also more than usual. The condition lasted for three months, never skipping one day.

She took to bed in diapers. Purple spots the size of red beans broke out all over her body. Her fever ran above 104 degrees. "She's going to die," the rumor gradually spread.

Around that time, a cure using the patient's own blood began to be talked about as the most effective method for blood troubles caused by a-bomb illness. This meant hip injection of the patient's blood mixed with a certain medical liquid to avoid coagulation. Takako seemed to have received this treatment.

Among my friends was one whose menstruation lasted as long as six months. She had the same symptoms as Takako, and the bleeding never skipped a day in those months. An amateur, I cannot tell if one can call six-months of bleeding menstruation. I simply call it by that name because it took the same form.

That friend, the only daughter of a doctor, also received blood transfusions. According to her story, 20 cc of blood that was of a completely different type than her own was injected during one session. This was repeated three times.

Even an amateur knows that the transfusion of a different blood type leads to the rejection of heterogeneous protein and death.

"You don't say so," I said, incredulous.

"Well, listen then. My relatives are all doctors. But they thought this the only way, and used a treatment that even amateurs laugh at."

After the transfusion, she ran a fever over 104 degrees and a violent quiver assaulted her entire body.

It seems to have been a form of shock therapy, a kill-or-cure venture, grabbing death backwards as a weapon against death.

My hair did not fall out. But, as Takako said, the a-bomb provided no special exemption.

One morning, I found a red spot on my wrist. It was just an ordinary spot. It held liquid at the tip, which, when I scratched it with a fingernail, burst open with a faint, yet powerful sound. That powerful burst on my mind, I put my arm out from the blanket to check on it the following morning. Around the spot, new spots clustered like Deutzia flowers.

I carefully crushed them with a fingernail.

Constitutionally, I was not prone to suppuration. Even if I scratched my skin with a fingernail, a reddish black scab would form by the following day and the wound quickly healed. I crushed those spots assuming the usual outcome, but they gradually suppurated, losing their shape.

This was a kind of rash from radiation, limited to areas of skin that were directly exposed to the air or covered under black clothing. In my case, it occurred only on my arms and legs. When one spot began to rot, the heat of the wound seemed to speed up the suppuration of other spots, which too went rotting, viscous.

When I walked, bloody pus fell on the tatami. My mother wiped it clean with a rag if she found any, but my sisters kept pointing out more, saying, "Here too, look, some over there."

My mother boiled a well-worn indigo kimono bathrobe in a large pot, split it into 5- or 6-centimeter-wide strips, and, in place of bandages, dressed my shins in them. Kimono patterns showing here and there, I was a straggler no matter how I looked at myself. "White Tiger!" Schoolgirls my age jeered in unison when I walked through town to commute en route to the hospital, referring to the boys' troop of Aizu Province that was routed in the Boshin War.[2]

"Tell me which grade, which class you're in and who your homeroom teacher is," said my mother, who accompanied me, angry enough to report them to the teacher.

It felt better to expose the wounds than to protect them under bandages. The wounds pulled in the wind and hurt, but it was refreshing because the wind lifted the heat from my skin.

On days when the wounds held more heat than usual, I would spend the entire day without bandages under a room-size mosquito net in the well-ventilated living room. If I was inattentive, flies laid eggs on the wounds. Many green-bottle flies flew around the mosquito net.

In that condition, I experienced my first menstruation.

I wondered if mine, too, like Takako's, might refuse to stop. I had no idea whether its coming meant normal development or was an unexpected result of the a-bomb illness. Each time a clot of blood was discharged, I felt it in my as yet narrow pelvis, and each throbbing flow of blood took something away from my body. I felt insecure.

I crouched in a corner of the room holding my lower torso in both arms. Unfortunately, both my older sisters, who might have shown me what to do, were out. My mother had gone to nurse hibakusha housed in a nearby elementary school.

I traced my memory of a lecture we received soon after entering the girls' school during a childcare class.

The female teacher, dressed in hakama, explained menstruation to us while pointing at

an anatomical chart with a bamboo stick. I had learned the lesson by heart because the topic was to be covered in the trimester-end test, but nothing was of help in an emergency. Listen, she said, menstruation is there to tell you that you are physically ready to have a baby. This portion of the lecture had made me feel cheerful.

If things were as she said, the beginning of my menstruation was a healthy sign. I had no reason to feel insecure. With the menarche, my a-bomb disease may have taken a course for recovery.

I waited for my mother's return. She would be pleased to hear the news.

She had a simple-minded side and always knew how to interpret things to her advantage.

Would my daughter die today, or tomorrow? This was the question on her mind as my mother spent her days measuring my lifespan. She would take her daughter's menstruation as proof of her health. Even happier than at the time of the first menstruation of my sisters, who had grown up uneventfully, she would certainly steam rice with red beans, a celebratory dish that had become customary at home. Because we're celebrating, she would say, take out the precious store of black market rice from the closet.

We must get some Queen Rose, she would say in the affected standard dialect she had used when we lived in Shanghai, and rush to the drug store herself.

Queen Rose was the brand name for safety napkins. When I was an elementary schooler, I often ran on the streets of Shanghai to a drug store to buy Queen Rose for my sisters and mother.

Come here for a second, my mother would beckon me to a corner of the room and whisper in my ear: Go get some Queen Rose. Unlike usual, her voice then carried a womanlike tenderness.

Sensing from the private tone of her words a woman's secret, I ran along the streets of Shanghai with short breath at those times, if never on other errands.

Queen Rose came in a crimson cardboard box decorated with the image of a white rose on the chest of a princess. I never saw the contents.

Let me see it, I would say with a conscious gesture of sweetness as I handed over the box. "Mother, how indecent can she be," said my sisters, glaring at me, their glares full of delight.

"It's too soon yet," my mother would say in a high-pitched voice as she joined their merriment. "I'll buy you some to celebrate when the time comes," she added.

Before that time came, I sniffed out what the contents might be from how my sisters appeared.

When I could no longer contain myself I would open the talcum powder scented crimson box alone in a room—I felt as if that would be enough to make me a beautiful adult.

The day of celebration that my mother had promised came when my skin had begun to rot with a-bomb illness.

Made of rubber gently touching rubber, like yuba, the thin film that forms on bean curd in the tofu-making process, Queen Rose held two meanings for me: a sign of passage to beautiful adulthood and, more than anything else, a healthy body capable of giving birth.

I'm not Takako, I told myself.

I pulled out a cottony blanket from the closet.

In those days, rationed blankets were woven mostly of cotton with waste yarn mixed in here and there. The texture was coarse, and pulling it with a little force made it uneven. When it rained, it sucked moisture so that it felt too heavy to

handle.

I sat in the corner of the room, firmly wrapping my lower torso in the heavily moist blanket to keep blood from flowing down from my thin summer clothes.

When she returned in the late afternoon from nursing, my mother found me wrapped, in mid-summer, in the blanket.

"Do you have the shivers?" she asked in Nagasaki dialect, as she brought her lips to my forehead.

She always felt my temperature with her lips. No, I said, confused, pushing her chest away from me. Menstrual blood develops a strong smell when it sits. Each time I smelled it, I felt as if I were becoming stained. I felt awful, this being my first experience. A sudden shyness assaulted me. I didn't want anyone to know.

But my mother was too sensitive to miss what was happening.

"It can't be," she said as she looked at my body, and asked directly, "Your period, isn't it?"

"No!"

I lied on reflex. The expression my teacher used in class, though equally a physiognomic term, had a wise ring that celebrated women's health that my mother's lacked. It washed away in a twinkle the scent of talcum power that I had cherished carefully until that day.

"Buy me Queen Rose, please?" I asked my mother. She bluntly replied that there was no such thing nowadays. "At such a time, of all times," she added, knitting her eyebrows.

She couldn't determine whether her daughter's menstruation meant normal growth or was due to bleeding caused by the a-bomb disease. And because she couldn't, she was in a bad mood. On the brink of life or death, her daughter may have begun preparing for womanhood. It seemed that, as a woman, my mother had an aversion to the body moving ahead with the instinct to birth in the absence of all else.

I missed my "genderless" girlhood. I remained seated on the tatami floor of the room, now dark, thinking I would much rather that all the blood flowed out of my body as with Takako.

"Hey," the bartender called.

When Takako looked over, he said, "There's a guy who's interested in making some money."

"Is he young? How's his build?"

"Perfectly O.K.," he rounded his fingers behind the counter.

"I'll think about it before I leave, so hold on for a bit," Takako stopped him as he put his finger on the phone dial.

"What's O.K.?" I asked Takako.

"What?" Takako asked back, then answered without hesitation, "Oh, just a male."

"A male? A human male?" I asked stupidly, recalling the rumor I had heard from K the day before.

K had eagerly told me, eyebrows knit, that Takako regularly bought young, healthy men for their bodies. Impossible, I laughed at the rumor, which seemed much too wild. Was K's story true?

As I remained unable to discern Takako's intentions, she looked at me and grinned broadly.

"She's liberal with her money," the bartender jested, shrugging his shoulders.

Takako married in 1957, at the age of twenty-

eight. I heard it was an arranged marriage. Arranged marriages were rare among hibakusha. No one would choose to marry a woman with a bad background. At the same time, we ourselves did not much feel like waging our lives on marriage. Rather than considering marriage as something that would last throughout our lives, we rather tended to view each day as the beginning and end of married life. This was the way to live without disappointment for those of us who never knew when our illness might relapse.

Takako did not seem to have any particular hopes for marriage either.

Her partner, from Kansai, was a part-time college instructor. He was five years older and, of course, was not a hibakusha.

At their meeting held with marriage in mind, Takako took the initiative to announce that she was a hibakusha and related all the symptoms she had then.

At each previous such meeting, her parents had tried to suppress the history of her exposure to radiation so as to smoothly bring about the marriage. Because the arrangement had fallen through a number of times due to an agency's investigation that revealed her past, her parents had tried even harder on this occasion.

The man who later became her husband heard her story through and said, "It doesn't matter at all, to me at least. The war damaged more or less all of us who lived through it. You and I are fifty-fifty in this sense."

Her husband-to-be seemed to interpret her story as a reflection of her victim's mentality, covetous of sympathy.

Her parents thought him broadminded and concluded the proposal, perhaps too rashly, with an offer of a small, sunny mountain grown with Japanese silverleaf and one of the old houses they owned.

The man who became her husband was engaged in arcane academic research that involved digging ancient earthenware up from the dirt. He put lost time back into shape, which was like fitting puzzle pieces into empty space. Perhaps due to the nature of his work, he was not too particular about daily life.

Takako continued to run a slight fever of 99 to 100 degrees. With a husband well suited for a woman of delicate health, who left her alone as he thought fit, her marital relationship was ideal. She neither loved nor was loved.

In their second year of marriage, Takako's a-bomb illness recurred in the form of breast cancer.

It was a sultry, warm day during the rainy season, when the sun broke out. She suddenly felt like washing her hair and took a bath.

Partly due to having lost her hair after the bombing, Takako was obsessed with it. Her hair was long because all she did was trim it, hardly ever using scissors for a real haircut.

Combing the freshly washed hair with a boxwood comb required a fair amount of strength from her fully extended arm.

As she combed with her left arm, she felt some tension in the muscles on her chest. She changed the movements of her arm, but the tension was still there. On probing the breast with her fingertip, she came upon a stiff mass the size of a rice grain.

Each time she took a bath, she examined herself with her finger. There was no pain, but the stiff spot was always there in the same place. She suspected cancer.

She was only thirty. Pouring warm water over herself in the bath, she saw drops of water trickle

down her skin. Her skin was lustrous, even ruddier with life than when she had been a girl.

Takako trusted her youth just as any other woman would. Afflicted by the a-bomb after effects, she still believed in her physical youth.

The stiff spot fattened. By now she could feel an unevenness under her fingertips when pressing it. A pale pink hue developed on the surface of the skin. It was just a growth after all, Takako thought with relief.

The absence of pain worried her, but she knew cancer would play no such tricks as drawing attention to itself by adding color on a swelling. Suppose it were cancer. Given the fact that a fair number of days had passed since the rainy season, Takako would already have been dead.

Still, the absence of pain was ominous. When she thought about it, she realized the color was much paler than that of other growths. It didn't come to a head with pus, as would an ordinary growth. Somehow, just the left nipple looked dark and felt strained. Feeling uneasy, after her bath Takako showed her skin to her husband: "Take a look, it can't be cancer, can it?"

Her husband took a quick look at her skin, fresh from bathing, as if stealing a glance at that of a stranger's.

"The possibility could exist," he said simply in his usual formal, standard dialect.

"When breast cancer is found too late, it's due to the husband's negligence, I hear. I suppose we can't help it if our relationship is suspect," she said half in jest, trying to arouse his interest.

"Please don't joke about it," her husband said, seated straight without a smile. "One should manage one's own health. Even between husband and wife, it is each person's responsibility. Not only that, in the first place I never wish to see a wound on another living person," he said.

The cancer continued to grow unhindered inside Takako's tender chest.

Cancer that has nested in a young body grows surprisingly fast.

Takako was wrong to have trusted her young body.

Partly due to the hot weather, which reached 90 degrees that day, she felt sluggish and stayed in bed all day but then rose to prepare dinner.

Putting her hands on the kitchen counter, she looked up to turn on the electric switch, when she felt the back of her head grow weightless and her knees buckle. About to fall backward, she unconsciously bent forward to support herself on the counter.

At that moment, she banged her chest. It was a nasty blow, right against the corner of the counter, on the growth of her left breast.

She heard the sound of bursting flesh. Then came the raw, warm smell of ripe fruit.

Takako pressed her breast with both hands. Under the swaying light, bloody pus slipped through her fingers. It had been this rotten, she thought as she measured the amount of blood in both hands, and momentarily regretted having left it alone for so many days.

Be that as it may, she also told herself that it wasn't much compared to the amount of her earlier bleeding, which had continued for three months.

Takako heard the voices of her husband and neighborhood women; the siren of an ambulance went off, and she was taken to the hospital. She was carried directly to the operating room, right on the stretcher, and the affected breast removed.

While she was dozing after the operation, her

husband informed her: "They say it is cancer. I thought you would want to know."

Takako was not so frightened. It can't be helped, she thought. Besides, she knew how the a-bomb behaved. It attacked unyieldingly in waves over months and years. Without exception it took what it intended to take.

Where next? — she wondered, looking at the white bandages tied around her entire chest.

She could no longer raise her left arm. Nor could she reach her back. Her freedom of movement was restricted, as if her arms and torso were sewn together.

I'm going to lose my freedom step by step over the years, Takako realized.

As he read, her husband spied on her awkward movements. He did not say to her, "You must feel inconvenienced."

He merely peered at her steadily.

"I can't move, please help me" — she wished to say this, honestly disclosing her difficulty, for that would have helped heal her feelings when she was easily depressed. But when she tried to talk to him, he quickly shifted his eyes back to his book.

"When things are hard, I make it a rule to recall the day of the bombing," she told me. "If I think of that, I can put up with anything."

"Yes," I agreed. "But how lonesome that is."

Takako just nodded and then said, "Look, it's gone."

Abruptly stretching her right hand across the table, she grabbed my wrist.

"See? You can tell it's gone," she said as she pressed my fingertips to her left breast.

"It's there, of co-o-ourse," I jested, not knowing what to do, in a tone of girlhood exchanges. Takako laughed aloud.

"You often lie to me," she said. "When I lost my hair, too, you lied and said 'It's there.' Look, feel it carefully. It's just sponge."

Pressing my fingers now to her right breast, she made me recognize the difference.

I pulled my hand back unsympathetically. "It's okay if it isn't there," I said almost angrily.

She shook her head and said, "It's not okay."

How can men take breastless women seriously?— This was what K had said to me yesterday, jiggling with pride her breasts, which she said fit only an American B-cup brassiere.

The reason that Takako bought men with money, K explained, was because she had to compensate them for the breast that had been surgically removed. Here was a woman paying a man to hold her, K said drolly.

"But why does she buy men?" I insisted on knowing.

"How do I know? She was fond of men," K replied nonchalantly as she left, "from long ago." It was hard for me to think that this was the only reason Takako bought men.

"May I have some ice?" Takako asked the bartender and pushed her bottle toward me, saying, "You can drink, too, can't you?"

I poured a few drops into my coffee.

Recalling the fresh-baked French bread I had bought at Hamamachi, I asked the bartender if he could fix ham and eggs. An item not on the menu came with an extra charge, he pointed out and asked if it was okay.

"Put it on the house," Takako said in a loud

voice. There were no other customers in the store. Straining my ears, I heard the festival drums of Suwa Shrine mixed in with the noise of the town.

"Are you going to display that doll?" I asked, pointing at the paper bag at the edge of the table.

"I have more than twenty, but I don't mean to display them. I store all of them wrapped in paper in a wooden box."

"Why do you buy them if you don't display them?"

"I want them to be cremated with me when I die. They are my burial figurines," she said, pinching the paper bag between her fingers.

The bartender brought over ham and eggs, skillfully fried to half done, along with thick-sliced cheese.

Takako picked up a slice and bit into it with her front teeth, and, leaving an arch-shaped impression, put it back on the glass plate.

Breaking off a piece of the French bread, I handed it to Takako. She gazed at the piece, still warm, for a while.

"Thanks," she said in a small voice. "I wonder how many years it's been since I felt this relaxed. It seems I have struggled and struggled, squaring my shoulders. I feel like sleeping restfully in the arms of someone who knows every bit of me, doesn't ask for any compensation, and holds me without saying anything."

Takako knew that spot bleeding of unknown causes was associated with breast cancer. Sooner or later, something would find its vent in that little wound and burst out. That something, she knew, was already in progress.

"I haven't even told my mother. There's stiffness in my right chest, too. Look, it's here," she said without expression, placing my finger on the stiffness and rotating it around the spot.

"This is definitely cancer," she said. "But I'm not going to die so easily."

In August, one year after her operation, Takako became pregnant.

"What?" I asked back when I heard of it. The effect of the post-operation X-ray treatment on the fetus was a matter of concern, but perhaps it was all right because we hibakusha have more than enough immunity against radiation.

What was more unexpected was that her husband, who had coldly announced that he did not wish to see wounded bodies, was willing to hold his wife. I had automatically assumed that they hadn't consummated their marriage.

Takako was ecstatic about her pregnancy. Because of her girlhood bleeding lasting three months, she had thought herself infertile. She rejoiced at her lean body now growing rich with fragrance.

She told her husband the doctor's diagnosis in detail.

Hibakusha mothers and children

As usual, he listened while reading, then asked, his eyes rounded, "Can you be with child?" He added: "More importantly, I am surprised that

you intend to give birth. In the first place, you are a hibakusha. Second, you are the one who explained to me how radiation would affect the genes."

She didn't have to be told. She knew that. Knowingly, she rejoiced in her pregnancy. Amidst all those grim symptoms, the smallest sign of health was a delight she could not resist.

"There is a possibility," she spoke formally, switching to standard dialect, "that the baby may be deformed. Therefore you say it is not right that I give birth, is that so?"

"It's not a sentimental matter of good or bad. You showed me a photo of a microcephalic child exposed to radiation. I simply saw it as one example of what can happen, but I cannot accept the same for my child. Not just my own child's, but any deformity that can be prevented should be rationally checked ahead of time. Wouldn't you say it's our responsibility to leave superior people for future generations?"

"A married couple," Takako noted, "is a strange thing. Even if you don't love the man that much, if you start a life together, you feel like building something together. Give birth to his male child, foster, and build. Build, or reach a certain point of building and let it fall apart again. I don't know exactly what, but anyway, you feel like having something in common to foster. Marriage and home are something like that, aren't they?"

Takako sipped a little whiskey.

"Is there a single microcephalic or otherwise deformed child among your classmates or mine? I haven't heard of any," she said.

I hadn't heard of any such examples, either. Rumor would spread right away if a child were born microcephalic or had any trouble with the functioning of limbs and body.

It may be that a child with physical deficiencies, even if born, dies soon afterward due to its natural fragility. The rate of death within the womb must also be high. Disgraceful stories such as these would be buried from darkness to darkness. However, rumors of concealment tend to spread.

Judging from the fact that not one story existed, it would seem that none among us had given birth to a disabled child that would breed rumor.

Takako's husband one-sidedly enumerated her shortcomings, but there must have been some risk on his side, too, of causing deformity. Statistically speaking, such a risk exists at the rate of one in fifty healthy couples. One could not say it was Takako's responsibility alone, if by one in a thousand chance a disabled child were born.

She restrained her desire to protest. The disadvantage, after all, was larger on her side.

"I would like to have the child," she told him.

"Can't you please think about the arrival of a healthy child rather than worrying about a deformed birth," Takako asked her husband.

"I don't think I'd like that," he declined plainly. "You can't give birth by way of experiment. You are talking about a life."

Takako acquiesced to his words. The fetus was in its fifth month.

This is almost like a premature birth, said the doctor, who feared for the mother's health and encouraged her to carry the baby to full term.

"Because I'm a hibakusha, I worry about deformity. I was under treatment for a-bomb disease till recently," she explained and added that this was her husband's wish as well.

After the operation, the doctor said to Takako, "Let me tell you this for future reference. It was a healthy baby boy, a little larger than average,

with perfect fingers and toes." He added encouragingly: "Next time, give birth with peace of mind instead of worrying about unnecessary things."

"I killed a healthy baby," she told her husband after reporting every word the doctor had said.

"So you want to judge me," he said. "Then why didn't you disregard my opposition and have the baby? You were worried, too. You feared the misfortune of one in ten thousand cases, just as I did. Neither of us had the courage to accept a mentally or physically disabled baby as our child."

"It's not the life of the baby that was an issue for you," he continued. "You wished simply to live freely without problems. All you wanted was a 'perfect' child as a component of the family, a component necessary to a healthy family life like a TV set, an air conditioner, or a car. You have no right to criticize me; we are equally to blame."

"Before I realized it," he added, "I was as involved as you in your a-bomb 'disease' and found myself looking at our unborn child with the mentality of a victim. I was made to see clearly the fragility of reason. I feel miserable. I have had enough of former soldiers begging on the train, and I have had enough of your a-bomb 'disease.'" With this he left the room.

Takako recalled his words from their first meeting: all Japanese were scarred by the war. Whenever he wished, she felt, he could promptly distance himself from the scars of the war. Her parents, too, had found her a husband and then gone away. Takako was always left just as she was. She was left in the midst of raw wounds that had lasted since August 9.

Takako and her husband divorced. Their marriage had lasted four years.

After the abortion her right breast swelled up, blue veins rising to the surface. When she squeezed the breast, it released yellow milk.

She felt pain even on the left side of her chest that had no breast. As her husband said, it was not a matter one could gloss over. For their aborted child, there was a tingling even in the taut-skinned part of her chest. Wishing to make what little atonement was possible, she began volunteer work with handicapped children.

"Your husband's great," Takako commented. "I'm impressed that he let you have your baby. Didn't he say anything?" she asked, pouring her third glass of whiskey amply to eight-tenths full.

"Is it okay to take that much?" I asked, concerned.

"Though it's a banal thing to say, this disinfects the rotten body," she joked, drinking half the glass in a single gulp.

Her words make me think that my husband may indeed be great. He approves of most of what I say and do.

His assent may come from disinterest, however. In a way, he seems to calculate the inconvenience of placing restrictions on his own neck by putting fetters around his wife's.

He showed no interest in his unborn child. He had no unnecessary worries about his wife being a hibakusha. Nor did he ask me to go through with the pregnancy.

When I informed him that I seemed to be with child, he groaned "Oh" with surprise, eyes on my flat abdomen.

I told him of my insecurities. "I wonder if the baby will be strange."

"No telling," he said. He took another look at my abdomen and said, "I feel strongly that the 'fellow' inside of you belongs to you. No, it's my child, and I'm not arguing about that. Frankly

speaking, I feel like you should discuss it with the fellow inside of you."

In other words, he was telling me to ask if the fellow inside of me wished to be born. Oh, I see, I thought, comprehending my husband's thoughts.

In short, he left it entirely up to me to keep the baby or have an abortion. Because I thought it our child, I had wanted to know his intentions as its father.

I decided to keep the baby. I cared for the little life that was doing its utmost to be born, regardless of its parents' speculations. In order to give birth to as healthy a child as I could, I began putting things around me in order. Fearing prenatal influence, I put together the a-bomb related photos on my desk and placed them in a large envelope.

I closed it with adhesive tape and wrote "sealed" with a red magic marker I had bought for this act of sealing, which I viewed as a matter of celebration.

I would not unseal this envelope until the baby's birth. If there were such a thing as prenatal influence, I would seal my past along with these photos and raise my child in an unstained womb.

I placed the sealed envelope on my desk and said to myself: This does it. I remained gazing at the yellow envelope for a while.

Among the photos I put in the envelope was one of a little girl in a padded air raid hood, eyes and nose indistinguishable because of burns. Whatever might have happened to her mother, the girl sat all alone amid the rubble. Her face was expressionless.

I put the photo of a mother's charred body into the envelope, too. A baby was by her side, charred uniformly black just like its mother, round eyes open and hands firmly together—I found myself going over in my mind every one of the photos I had put in the envelope.

Those photos came back to me all the more vividly now that they were sealed in. Not only that, the tragic scenes in them were the very scenes I had directly witnessed a number of years ago. Memory and photos mingling, I had an illusion that the children sealed in the envelope were scratching the envelope, making dry sounds.

I pushed the envelope into the space under a chest of drawers. I trapped it firmly under the chest so that a charred baby could not break free and crawl into my womb.

Labor began at midnight on a cold March day. I woke my husband at midnight. "Perhaps you can wait till morning," he said.

Wait? Wait for what? Did he mean put up with the pain till morning, or hold the birth till morning? Was delivery that easy to maneuver? Was he by some chance confusing delivery and excretion?

He seemed to forget that the fetus came to life with a will of its own.

The labor pains grew intense and occurred at shorter intervals.

"Please take me to the hospital," I asked.

He rose and sat on the bed. He lit a cigarette and took a savory puff, but immediately crushed it out, looking displeased.

"I have to go to work tomorrow." Then he added, "On the whole, you lack planning. Didn't you even make sure which day and time to expect delivery? If this is pain that meets the expectations, I will of course take you to the hospital. But if you are simply complaining about pain, all I'll do is catch cold to no gain. It's bad for your health, too." That said, he pulled the

comforter over his head and went to sleep.

The clock showed it was past midnight.

I began to make preparations myself. I wrapped bleached cotton diapers that I had sewn and two soft gauze undershirts in a furoshiki. I also put in a pair of booties I had knit with the finest yarn, right and left different in size by one quarter inch.

Would these uneven booties fit its little feet? Wouldn't the baby dislike these unshapely things that looked like small rice-bran bags used for scrubbing in the bath? I felt somewhat cheered, imagining the sight of the baby not wanting them and wrinkling its red face.

I walked along the midnight road by myself. When the pain came, I crouched by the side of the road and waited till it eased. Although it was the season when cherry blossoms would soon bloom, frost was on the road.

At 6:20 in the morning, I gave birth to a boy.

"Congratulations! He's on the small side, but plump. He's nourished enough to have creases on his thighs," the doctor said, raising high in the morning sun the baby that was still covered with lard-like mucus.

I asked to see the baby's face. It was red-faced with black, lustrous hair. Eyes firmly closed, it seemed to be resisting the first sunlight with its entire body.

I was relieved. My child was not expressionless like the children I had sealed away in the envelope.

Past seven o'clock in the morning, my husband came to visit me at the hospital after breakfast. He forced open the fingers of the child's tight fists and counted them one, two, with his own thick fingers. He even pulled its feet drawn into the baby robe and counted the toes. When he finished checking to see if all the fingers were there, he looked at me with a smile.

"I wonder if he looks like me," he said, bringing his face to the child's cheek. Then he lay stretched out. "I think I'll skip work today!" he said happily. Soon he was asleep, snoring loudly.

I resented his counting the child's fingers. Every parent would naturally check them, yet it bothered me.

If the baby had had defects caused by the bomb, my husband would never have asked if it looked like him. As the fellow within you belonged to you, so it still belongs to you after birth—this might have been his thought.

There was a boy who was microcephalic due to the a-bomb disease. His I.Q. was low and he was mentally retarded. The mother, who was pregnant at the time of the bombing, lived near Peace Park where Takako is now consecrated. It was an area where nearly everyone met instant death. At the moment of the bombing, the mother was in a shelter, rearranging clothes and emergency food.

All the other members of her family who were inside the house died instantly.

The boy had an extreme speech disability and managed just barely to utter sounds. His arms and legs were round like wooden pestles. Finger-like joints were attached here and there, but had no function as fingers. From early childhood he had ill-defined convulsions of the entire body. They were ill defined simply because they could not be explained medically; in fact, they were caused by exposure to radiation while inside his mother's womb.

When he grew to twelve or thirteen, he developed sexual desires. Not knowing how to control himself, he threw himself on his mother as led by his instincts. The mother tied his waist with a rope and leashed him to a pillar in the

living room. He howled like a dog, trying to break the rope with his teeth. Upon consultation with the doctor, the mother had the boy's testicles removed.

He became a "good" boy with dulled responses, a quiet boy who would do no harm to healthy people.

In the spring of his fifteenth year, he was overcome by intense convulsions, and died after quivering all day long. The only human-like response the boy had ever demonstrated was his unrestrained sexual desire before the operation.

"Would you have had him operated on if he had been yours?"

"No," Takako replied instantly. After gazing awhile at the amber-color liquid in her whisky glass, she continued,"I wouldn't have had him operated on. We would try leading a life, however bloody, parent and child together. Now I think that way. I think often about the day of the bombing. I was really happy I survived. I wished to survive even if I lost an arm."

After the abortion, when she heard that the child was without any physical defect, she regretted the little life she had given up. For the first time then, she realized clearly what she had wanted. She had wanted a human baby, whole of limb and meeting ordinary standards, and she didn't need her husband to tell her that.

"Just suppose the aborted baby had defects. I would probably have felt relieved thinking I had done the right thing. I wouldn't have regretted its life," Takako said.

She told me about mentally and physically disabled children. Twenty-two or three children are housed at the place where she works. They include second-generation hibakusha and those who aren't. There was one who was Mongoloid. Five or six years old, the child could not even eat properly. Nor did the child have the desire to eat. Takako was drawn to the child sitting in the sun in the hallway.

Each time she visited the place, she found the child sitting in the same spot, staring vacantly.

Takako bought a little bouncing ball decorated with red thread. Seated face to face with him, she threw it at him to see if he would respond. His eyes remained directed toward her face as vacantly as before.

She went to fetch the ball that had rolled away and threw it at the child. Repeatedly, she threw and fetched the ball.

She threw it at different places on his body, at his hands or directly at his chest, trying to make him catch it somehow. One day, after a few days of having made this effort, the child smiled when she threw the ball.

The child had been taking note in a corner of his heart. While observing Takako over the days, he had been taking in something.

"Fine for healthy children and handicapped children to be as they are," she said. "The mixture is what humans are."

If the value of life were forgotten, August 9 would be meaningless to her.

Suddenly, she burst out laughing looking really happy. "I'll tell you about my only rebellion," she said as she brought her face closer to me.

She kept a stray cat. She fed it only nutritious dairy products. The cat grew robust and fat. To bring it up as an agile wild cat, she hit its tail if it sprawled in the sun. The cat learned to be as sensitive as a dog to footsteps. It ran before Takako approached.

As Takako wished, the cat grew like a puma. It had nasty eyes. If human, it would have been the type to be tailed right away by the police.

Whether cheese or ham, Takako threw the food at it. It jumped agilely to catch it in its mouth. It had black, shiny hair. Moreover, it was a male. It roamed freely, impregnating female cats in the neighborhood.

A woman from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came to ask that the cat be sterilized. Takako paid no attention.

"Cats live as cats should," she laughed delightedly.

"What do you say? Shall I make the phone call?" The bartender asked.

"Yeah, try calling."

She winked at me as she poured another whisky, already having consumed several glasses.

"Call—a man?" Aware of the bartender's presence, I whispered my question into Takako's ear.

"A man to buy with money. He's strongly built, that's all," she said without self-consciousness.

"What do you buy him for? Do you want a man?"

"Want…maybe it's a little different. I wish to hold young men, imbibe some of their energy, and make sure of my own life. I want a solid sense of being alive. There's nothing else in my hands."

"You'll get pregnant. Are you going to have another abortion?"

"I'll have the child. No, it's not sacrilegious; I'll have the child of my own free will. Fine if it's deformed. I'll let it live in my stead."

There are plenty of men. I commented with common sense. It's not recommended to buy a man with money. Takako laughed, "You only stand on your feet and look upward, so you talk like that. Crawl like me and set a red eye on the ground."

"You can very well see human essence or whatever it's called," she said, slapping her left breast. "Who would take me seriously? As you know, rumor flew after the bombing that I was dying. But I was thinking there would still be something in store for my future, it would be a waste if I died just like that. Now, though, there's nothing left. Unless I test myself against another person's strength, I don't even have a real sense of being alive; still, I want to remain alive."

It's one year since Takako died. After our last meeting, her right breast was removed. The wound left after the operation rotted, even the area sewn with thread.

Her whole body, I heard, was nested by cancer. Infused with the body fluids of young men, the cancer cells might have affected Takako all the more energetically.

In the letter she sent me right before her death she wrote, "I'm already exhausted." Cancer made the gesture of slowing down for a year or two following an operation. Each time that happened, Takako saw some hope. And she was betrayed.

"It's too painful," she wrote.

Her symptoms indicate the course I must trace. She has carefully guided me along the way hibakusha must follow. Takako has already lived enough. Her vitality still surprises me.

What I dread most is not being able to die easily.

I feel relieved that Takako died. Even in the worst of situations, I can trace that passage. I burned Takako's final letter in the yard. Going out to the yard after the rain, I collected moistened fallen leaves and placed the letter on the heap.

I took from the glass case the clay doll I had bought with Takako at Hamamachi, and put it on the letter. I emptied the entire contents of an economy size matchbox around the body of the doll.

I set fire to them. The red heads of the match sticks flared all at once.

The clay doll burned, mouth wide open.

I picked up a small rock from the ground and crushed to pieces the corpse of the clay doll, charred black.

"Takako's burial figurine," I muttered as I scattered the pieces on the dirt.

Nearly twenty clay dolls still remain in my glass case. These are my burial figurines. The wailing clay dolls are called "Masks of Whatchamacallit."

Nagasaki Memorial Ceremony, 2015

(#_ednref1)This novella was originally published as Nanjamonja no men in 1976. This translation is based on the version that appears in Hayashi Kyōko zenshū (Collected Works of Hayashi Kyōko), vol. 1 (Tokyo: Nihon tosho sentā, 2005), 415-48. This translation was first published in the Asia–Pacific Journal on December 12, 2005 (/-Hayashi-Kyoko/1668). It benefited from the editorial assistance of Miya Elise Mizuta and Lili Selden. Kyoko Selden's translation of From Trinity to Trinity was first published in the Asia–Pacific Journal on May 19, 2008 (/-Hayashi-Kyoko/2758/article.html).

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Hayashi Kyōko, born in Nagasaki in 1930, spent much of her childhood in wartime Shanghai. Returning to Nagasaki in March 1945, she attended Nagasaki Girls High School and was a student-worker in a munitions plant in Nagasaki at the time of the atomic bombing on August 9. Hayashi made her literary debut with the 1975 Akutagawa Prize-winning autobiographical story "Ritual of Death" (Matsuri no ba), which records her exodus from the area of devastation to eventual reunion with her family. Her atomic bomb novella, Masks of Whatchamacallit (Nanjamonja no men) appeared the following year, followed shortly by a sequence of twelve short stories anthologized as Cut Glass, Blown Glass (Giyaman biidoro, 1978). These works established her as an important chronicler of the atomic bombing of Nagasaki and the lives of hibakusha (atomic bomb survivors), themes she would elaborate in future work. For example, her Noma Prize-winning reportage writing, From Trinity to Trinity (Torinitii kara Torinitii e, 2000), records her trip to Los Alamos, New Mexico, the site of the first atomic bomb experiment, the source of her fifty-five years of experience of living with the bomb. (Kyoko Selden published a full translation of this powerful piece first in the Review of Japanese Culture and Society XIX (December 2007) and then in Japan Focus (May 2008).)

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Notes

[1] Furoshiki is a cloth used for wrapping packages, such as clothes and gifts, for transporting them.
[2] The Boshin War refers to a series of battles leading to the overthrow of the Tokugawa shogunate and the restoration of direct rule by the emperor. It began in the first month of 1868, or the year of boshin in the sexagenary cycle, and ended in the sixth month of 1869. Byakkotai, or the White Tiger Brigade, was a corps of a few hundred youths, organized in the third month of 1868 by the pro-Tokugawa Aizu Province (now part of Fukushima Prefecture) to resist the forces of restoration. It was decimated by the Imperial Army. Twenty survivors made their way back to Wakamatsu Castle, the Aizu stronghold, but committed suicide on a nearby mountain. The group became a popular symbol of loyalty, determination, and courage.

Selected Haiku

Mitsuhashi Toshio

Translated by Kyoko Selden

Introduced by Hiroaki Sato

Portrait of Mitsuhashi Toshio

Mitsuhashi Toshio (1920-2001) joined a haiku group at age fifteen, and his haiku began to be accepted by magazines the following year. He was drawn to the Shinkō Haiku (Newly Rising Haiku) movement, particularly its advocacy of rejecting the required inclusion of seasonal words.

In 1937, when Japan expanded its war in China and war fever gripped the country, some trying to distance themselves from "traditional haiku" started writing what they called senka sōbō haiku—haiku "imagining and watching the fire of war from afar." Mitsuhashi wrote many haiku in this genre.

But the Japanese government deemed the Newly Rising Haiku movement inimical to kokutai, the "national polity," for its liberalism. The police arrested its leaders beginning in 1940. That stopped Mitsuhashi in his tracks, according to his own account. Silenced, he kept writing, at times turning back to explore "classicism" in haiku. But it was not until 1966 that he published his first book of haiku—a selection of 321 pieces titled Phantom Shark (Maboroshi no fuka). None of the poems included here and written between the 1920s and 1945 were published prior to the end of the war.

From the start, Mitsuhashi tended to stray from the classical haiku requisite of describing what is observed at hand, even as he stuck to the 17-syllable format, prewar orthography, and premodern grammar. For example, he explained that he wrote the first haiku selected here not because he watched an actual May Day parade celebrating the importance of labor, but because he realized he was born in the year the first May Day was celebrated and that thought stayed with him. He wrote this poem in 1937, two years after the government banned May Day altogether.

Likewise, he explained that he wrote the second poem evoking the capital in flames in 1945, not because he witnessed any of the air raids in Tokyo—he was a soldier overseas when those raids occurred—but because when he was demobilized and returned to Japan to find his house gone, he wanted to "retrospectively experience" (tsuitaiken) the burning of his house.

Takahashi Mutsuo, the distinguished free-verse poet who also won major prizes in traditional tanka (short poems usually of five unrhymed lines of 5-7-5-7-7 syllables) and haiku, characterized Mitsuhashi's work as "pure haiku"—results of an attempt to figure out what

might be accomplished within the confines of 5-7-5 syllables. The poems included here date from the 1930s through 1993.

Tokyo Firebombing, May 26, 1945. Wikicommons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Firebombing_of_Tokyo.jpg).

メーデーの赤旗巻かれ棒赤し
Mēdē no akahata makare bō akashi

A May Day rally—
a flagpole becomes red, furled
by the red flag.

いつせいに柱の燃ゆる都かな
Issei ni hashira no moyuru miyako kana

All at the same time
wooden pillars are aflame
in the capital—

Note: Major air raids on Tokyo began on the night of March 9, 1945.

こがらしや壁の中から藁がとぶ
Kogarashi ya kabe no naka kara wara ga tobu

A tree-blighting wind—
out of the mud and straw wall
pieces of straw fly.

こがらしや壁の中から藁がとぶ
Kogarashi ya kabe no naka kara wara ga tobu

A tree-blighting wind—
out of the mud and straw wall
pieces of straw fly.

草焼けば兵のかたちの遺骨現る
Kusa yakeba hei no katachi no ikotsu aru

As we burn grass,
the bones emerge from the field
in a soldier's shape.

凍る夜へ没しゆく貨車引張られ
Kōru yo e bosshi yuku kasha hipparare

Into frozen night
freight cars vanish out of sight,
tugged by an engine.

Note: The allusion is to soldiers heading to the battlefront.

初日いま楕円核爆発あるな
Hatsuhi ima daen kakubakuhatsu aruna

The first rising sun
Elliptical—may there be
no nuclear blasts.

Note: The elliptical shape of the sun evokes the image of the sun during the 1945 nuclear explosions and the postwar nuclear tests. "Aruna" can be read in the classical Japanese as meaning "there must not be any more."

真綿ぐるみのほぞの緒や燃えてなし
Mawatagurumi no hozo no wo ya moetenashi

Umbilical cord
and the silk floss wrapping it
burned up and was gone.

産みどめの母より赤く流れ出む
Umidome no haha yori akaku nagare demu

This is the last birth—
mother had resolved, and yet,
life still flows on, red.

戦没の友のみ若し霜柱
Senbotsu no tomo nomi wakashi shimobashira

Our comrades who died
in action alone are still
young—frost columns.

満月や水兵永く立泳
Mangetsu ya suihei nagaku tachioyogi

A full moon tonight—
sailors tread water for long,
waiting and waiting.

Note: The poem suggests sailors after their ship was sunk.

Signed Hinomaru flag of Eihachi Yamaguchi. Wikicommons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Signed_Hinomaru_flag_of_Eihachi_Yamaguchi.JPG).

風呂敷と国旗といづれ形見かな
Furoshiki to kokki to izure katami kana

The furoshiki
or the national flag, which
will be my keepsake?

Note: Before a soldier went to fight in the war, people in his town would sign their names on his flag, praying for his success in battle. Furoshiki is a cloth used to wrap around belongings during transport.

手をあげて此世の友は来たりけり
Te o agete kono yo no tomo wa kitarikeri

Raising his hand,
our friend in this world has come
to his companions.

Note: "Friends in the other world" denotes deceased comrades.

泣寝入る幼な児強し春の星
Nakineiru osanago tsuyoshi haru no hoshi

A baby crying
himself to sleep lustily—
stars in springtime.

天も地も米軍基地化のばつた飛ぶ
Ten mo chi mo beigun kichika no batta tobu

Both heaven and earth
turn into a U.S. base
big grasshoppers fly.

Note: The large grasshopper shōryō batta (Acrida cinerea) makes a distinct sound as it flies.

十七字みな伏字なれ暮の春
Jūshichi moji mina fuseji nare kure no haru

Let all seventeen
syllables be turned blank
spring as it darkens.

Note: The author alludes to wartime censorship.

戦争にたかる無数の蠅しづか
Sensō ni takaru musū no hae shizuka

Swarming and feeding
on war the numerous flies
all hushed and quiet.

押黙る海山や来む核の冬
Oshidamaru umiyama ya komu kaku no fuyu

Mountains and oceans
keep deadly silent—winter
of the nuclear age.

昭和出征惨たり銃に巻く繃帯
Shōwa shussei santari jū ni maku hōtai

Going to the front
in Shōwa was wretched—guns
wrapt in bandages..

被爆者忌脱ぐ汗のシャツ裏返る
Hibakushaki nugu ase no shatsu uragaeru

A-bomb victims' day—
I take off my sweaty shirt.
It turns inside out.

Note: The poet perhaps hints at skin peeling off.

戦車の音と犬の動悸を抱きるたり
Sensha no oto to inu no dōki o daki'itari

The noise of a tank
and a dog's pulsating heart
I remain hugging.

満月の裏はくらやみ魂祭
Mangetsu no ura wa kurayami tamamatsuri

Festival of souls—
the back side of the full moon
is utterly dark.

Note: The festival of souls takes place from the thirteenth to fifteenth day of the seventh month (lunar calendar) when ancestral souls are welcomed home and prayers said for their repose.

For these and other poems, please see Mitsuhashi Toshio zenkushū (Collected Haiku of Mitsuhashi Toshio) (Tokyo: Rippūshobō, 1990).

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Hiroaki Sato has published three dozen books of translations into English including Japanese

women poets: an anthology, Miyazawa Kenji: selections, and One Hundred frogs: from renga to haiku. He is the winner of the PEN American Translation prize and is a former president of the Haiku Society of America.

SPECIAL FEATURE

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Atomic Bomb Poems

Kyoko Selden

Edited and translated by Kyoko Selden

Hiroshima after the atomic bomb

炎ノ街
Honō No Machi
中村温

City in Flames
Nakamura On

青白いキラメキト黒イ太陽ト
Aojiroi kirameki to kuroi taiyō to
Under a pale blue glow, the black sun,

死ンダ向日葵ノ花ト崩レタ屋根ノ下デ
shinda himawari no hana no kuzerta yane no shita de
dead sunflowers, and a collapsed roof,

人人ハ声モナク顔ヲアゲタ
hito bito wa koe mo naku kao o ageta
people lifted their faces voicelessly:

ソノ時見交サレタ血ミドロノ眼
sono toki mikawasareta chi midoro no me
bloody eyes that exchanged looks then

ズルムケノ皮膚
zurumuke no hifu
loosely peeling skin

茄子ノ様ニフクレタ唇
nasu no yō ni fukureta kuchibiru
lips swollen like eggplants

硝子の刺サッタ頭
garasu no sasatta atama
heads impaled with shards of glass—

《コレガ人間ノ顔デアルワケガアロウカ》
“kore ga ningen no kao de aru wake ga arōka”
“how can this be a human face”

誰モガ他人ノ顔ヲ見テソウ思ッタ
daremo ga tanin no kao o mite sou omotta
everybody thought at the sight of another

ダガソ思ッタ人ノ顔モソウナッテイタ
daga sou omotta hito no kao mo sou natteita
yet each who so thought had the same face.

炎ガヤガテ街ヲツツンデイク
Honō ga yagate machi o tsutsundeiku
Flame soon wrapped the city

或ル家デハ母親ト七歳ノ女ノ子ダケガ居タ
aru ie de wa hahaoya to nanasai no onnanoko dake ga ita
at one house there were only a mother and a seven-year-old girl

屋根ノ下敷キデ母親ハ動ケナカッタ
yane no shita jiki de hahaoya wa ugokenakatta
crushed under the roof; the mother could not move

女ノ子ダケガ助カッタ
onnanoko dakega tasukatta
the girl alone survived.

女ノ子ガ柱ヲ動カソウトシテ居タ時
onnanoko ga hashira wa ugokasō to shite ita toki
while the girl was trying to move a pillar

炎ハソコニモヤッテ来タ
honō wa soko ni mo yatte kita
the flames came there too.

《オ前ダケ逃ゲナサイ》
“omae dake nigenasai”
“Go on without me,”

母親ハ自由ニナル片腕デ
hahaoya wa jiyū ni naru kata ude de
the mother, with her free arm,

ソノ子ヲ押シヤッタ
sono ko o oshiyatta
pushed the child away.

恐怖ノ叫ビ声サエモ出ズ
kyōfu no sakebi goe sae mo dezu
Without even uttering a cry of horror,

西カラモ東カラモ
nishi kara mo higashi kara mo
toward the place without flames

ズルムケノ裸形ノ
zurumuke no hadaka no
from the west and from the east

男カ女カモワカラヌ
otoko ka onna ka mo wakaranu
naked figures their skin loosely peeling:

幽霊ノ行列ガ続イタ
yūrei no gyōretsu ga tsuzuita
you couldn’t tell men from women,

ソノ様ナ中デ
sono yō na naka de
a procession of ghosts continued; in the middle of all this,

突然
totsuzen
suddenly

行列ノ中ノ老婆ガ立チドマリ
gyōretsu no naka no rōba ga tachidomari
an old woman in the procession stopped,

ホドケタ帯ノ様ナモノヲタグッテイタ
hodoketa obi no yō na mono o tagetteita
pulling in something like a sash that was coming off

炎ハモウソコ迄キテイルノニ！
honō wa mō soko made kiteirunoni!
when the flames had already come so close!

見カネタ一人が言ッタ
mikaneta hitori ga itta
Someone, unable to take it any longer, said,

《オ婆サン　ソンナモノハ捨テテ早ク行キマショウ》
“obāsan sonna mono wa sutete hayaku iki mashou”
“Come, throw that away, let’s hurry.”

スルト老婆ハ答エタ
suruto rōba wa kotaeta
then she answered,

《コレハ私の腸ナノデス》
“kore was watashi no chō nano desu”
“These are my intestines.”

声なきものへ
Koe naki mono e
山田数子

To The Voiceless
Yamada Kazuko

なんぼうにも
Nanbō ni mo
No matter what you say

むごいよ
mugoi yo
it is cruel

みんなにもうわすれられて
minna ni mō wasurarete
already forgotten by everyone

埋もれてしまった
umorete shimatta
and buried away

ほとけたら
hotoketara
are the buddhas

ほったらかしの
hottarakashi no
left alone

ほとけたち
hotoketachi
are the buddhas

なんぼうにも
nanbō ni mo
no matter what you say

むごいよ
mugoi yo
it is cruel

月のかたぶくばんには
tsuki no katabuku ban ni wa
on a night when the moon inclines

ゆうれいになってやってこい
yūrei ni natte yattekoi
come over as ghosts

母さんとはなそうよ
kāsan to hanasou yo
talk with your mom

let’s talk, with our backs turned

失なったものに
Ushinatta mono ni
山田数子

To the Lost
Yamada Kazuko

びわの花がさいたら
Biwa no hana ga saitara
When loquats bloom

ももやまのももがさいたら
momoyama no momo ga saitara
when peach blossoms in the peach mountain bloom

はらんきょうが小指の先になったら
harankyō ga koyubi no saki ni nattara
when almonds are as big as the tips of the little finger

おまえたち
omaetachi
my boys

もどってきてくれ
modotte kite kure
please come.

The following two poems were composed in 1952 by primary school students.

げんしばくだん
Genshi bakudan
坂本はつみ

げんしばくだんがおちると
Genshi bakudan ga ochiru to

ひるがよるになって
hiru ga yoru ni natte

人はおばけになる
hito wa obake ni naru

The Atomic Bomb

Sakamoto Hatsumi

When the atomic bomb drops

day turns into night

people turn into ghosts.

無題
Mudai
田尾絹江

ばくだんがおちたあと
bakudan ga ochita ato

おかあちゃんが
okaachan ga

だいじにのけといた米を炊きながら
daiji ni noketoita kome o takinagara

せんそうをして
sensō o shite

なにがおもしろいんだろう
nani ga omoshiroindarō

といって、
to itte,

たかしゃ　たかしゃ
Takashi-a Takashi-a

まめでかえってくれと
mame de kaette kure to

いってなきながら
itte naki nagara

おむすびをつくる。
omusubi o tsukuru

Untitled

Tao Kinue

After the bomb dropped

mom says

boiling rice she carefully saved

“what’s so fun about

making war”

she said

“Takashi my son, Takashi my son

please come back healthy”

she cries

making rice balls.

大臣のうた
Daijin no uta
岡本潤

死の灰がどんなに散ら貼ろうと
Shi no hai ga donna ni chirabarō to

汚れた雨がどんなに降ろうと
kegareta ame ga donna ni furō to

学者がなんといおうと
gakusha ga nan to iō to

人民どもがどんなにさわごうと
jinmin domo ga donna ni sawagō to

大臣はアチラむき
daijin wa achira muki

—どうぞ　どうぞ　御遠慮なく
—dōzo dōzo goenryō naku

ベーター線
bētā sen

ガンマー線
ganmā sen

もやもやの放射能雲が列島をおおい
moya moya no hōshanō gumo ga rettō o ooi

魚類も家畜も野菜も草木も
gyorui mo kachiku mo yasai mo kusaki mo

鉛いろにどろんとなり
namari iro ni doron to nari

老若男女が海坊主に化そうと
rōnyaku danjo ga umi bōzu ni kasō to

大臣さんはアチラまかせ
daijin san wa achira makase

—どうぞ　どうぞ　御遠慮なく
dōzo dōzo goenryō naku

もはや女も男も
mohaya onna mo otoko mo

人間の形をしたものはいない
ningen no katachi o shita mono wa inai

列島はカキ殻の破片
rettō wa kakigara no hahen

Song of the Prime Minister

Okamoto Jun

However much deadly ashes scatter

However much polluted rain falls

whatever scholars say

whatever hubbub the populace makes

the minister’s face turns “over there” and greets

—please, please, anything you like.

Beta rays

gamma rays

nebulous radioactive clouds over the archipelago

fish cattle vegetable trees and grass

all turn into a leaden soggy mass

young and old, men and women turn into sea monsters, even then

the minister leaves it up to those “over there”

—please, please, anything you like.

Now no woman no man

has a human shape

the islands are shattered fragments of oyster shells

方角もなく骨灰のまう
hōgaku mo naku kokkai no mau

風化沙漠
fūka sabaku

さまよう大臣の亡霊が
samayō daijin no bōrei ga

どこかでオケラのように啼いている
dokoka de okera no yō ni naiteiru

—どうぞ　どうぞ　御遠慮なく
—dōzo dōzo goenryō naku

an eroded desert

where bones and ashes dance directionless

the wandering ghost of the minister

is singing somewhere like a marsh cricket

—please, please, anything you like.

Tanka from Hiroshima

無造作に殺されし人を無造作にかき集めて梢火にふすかも
Muzōsa ni korosareshi hito o muzōsa ni kaki atsumete hotabi ni fusukamo

豊木々佐

Those killed without ceremony we gather without ceremony and place in the bonfire

Sasaki Yutaka

少年の屍と見れば顔よせて吾子ならじかと覗きては行く
Shōnen no kabane to mireba kao yosete ako narajika to nozokite wa yuku

子佐美田益

Each time I see a boy’s body I bring my face close to see if he’s my boy as I travel in search

Masuda Misako

声涼しくアリランの唄歌いたる朝鮮乙女間なく死にたり
Koe suzushiku Ariran no uta utaitaru chosen otome manaku shinitari

寿満田神

Voice serene she sang the song of Arirang the Korean maiden was soon dead

Kanda Masu

“Arirang” is a popular Korean folksong.

手を合わせ水欲るともにやらざりし我が終生悔恨となる
Te o awase mizu horu tomo ni yarazarishi waga shūsei kaikon to naru

Palms joined my friend asked for water that I gave none has become my lifelong regret

Kono Chizuko

でて虫のごとく地を這い水求む生きし地獄は児らに告げ得ず
Detemushi no gotoku chi o hai mizu motomu ikishi jigoku wa kora ni tsuge ezu

Snail-like I crawled on the ground and sought water about that living hell I cannot tell my children

Kamamoto Misaki

Ruins of Urakami Cathedral, Nagasaki, Wikicommons (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Urakami_Cathedral#/media/File:UrakamiTenshudoJan1946.jpg).

Tanka from Nagasaki

茫漠の瓦礫の中に天主堂に一夜明かしぬ神をあげつらひ
Bōbaku no gareki no naka ni tenshudō ni ichiya akashinu kami o agetsurahi

In the cathedral in the ruins of boundless expanse I stayed one night criticizing God

Suga Takashi

白血球すくなきわれを眩しませ若葉木さわぐ風に揉まれて
Hakkekkyū suku naki ware o mabushimase wakaba ki sawagu kaze ni momarete

White blood cell count is low dazzling my eyes young leaves rustle tossed in the wind

Mihara Hanako

原爆の跡かたもなき彦山を染めて早々陽は昇るなり
Genabaku no atokata mo naki Hikosan o somete sōsō yō wa noborunari

No trace of the atomic bomb dyeing Mount Hiko morning after morning the sun rises

Matsumoto Sueko

爆心地にちかく埃をあびて咲く地蔵の前の赤き曼珠沙華
Genbakuchi ni chikaku hokori o abite saku jizō no mae no akaki manjushage

Near the hypocenter blooms in dust in front of Jizō a red heavenflower

Moriuchi Masa

Haiku from Hiroshima

一口のトマトに笑み少年早や死骸
Hitokuchi no tomato ni emi shōnen haya mukuro

A smile at a bite of tomato the boy is already a corpse

屍体裏返す力あり母探す少女に
Shitai uragaesu chikara ari haha sagasu shōjo ni

Strength to turn a body in a girl who looks for her mother

代杜田柴

Shibata Moriyo

ひろしまは光げのないしろい白い街
Hiroshima wa hikarige no nai shiroi shiroi machi

Hiroshima is without light a white white city

Shoji Tokie

孤児の掌の蛍は強く明滅
Koji no tenohira no hotaru wa tsuyoku meimetsu

Firefly in an orphan's hands powerfully glimmer on and off

Taruma Yoshikazu

平和祭かゝはりなしと靴磨く
Heiwa matsuri ka harinashi to kutsumigaku

Peace festival none of my business I shoeshine

Numata Toshiyuki

神はっと眼をそむけたり八時十五分
Kami hatto me o somuketari hachiji jūgo fun

God suddenly averted His eyes at 8:15

Fujikawa Genshi

Haiku from Nagasaki

浜木綿やこの地に多きかくれ耶蘇
Hamayuu ya kono chi ni ooki kakure yaso

Sand flowers on this land were many secret Christians

Takenaka Jakutoh

掌の蟻をつまみ被曝の地にもどす
Tenohira no ari o tsumami hibaku no chi ni modosu

Picking up the ant on my palm I put it back on the bombed land

Uesugi Ryusuke

These poems and their translations were originally published in The Atomic Bomb: Voices from Hiroshima and Nagasaki, edited by Kyoko and Mark Selden, Armonk, pages 117-155. NY: M.E. Sharpe, 1989.

Kyoko Selden (/authors/view/9328)

Kyoko Selden (1936-2013) taught Japanese language and literature as a senior lecturer at Cornell University until her retirement in 2008. Author, translator, artist and calligrapher, she was the translation coordinator of the Asia-Pacific Journal. Her major works as translator centered on Japanese women writers, the atomic bomb, the Ainu and the Okinawans. Her major translations included Japanese Women Writers: Twentieth Century Short Fiction (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00U90M16M/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), More Stories By Japanese Women Writers, An Anthology (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0765627345/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Kayano Shigeru's Our Land Was a Forest (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0813318807/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Honda Katsuichi's Harukor: Ainu Woman's Tale (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0520210204/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), The Atomic Bomb: Voices From Hiroshima and Nagasaki (https://www.amazon.com/dp/087332773X/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Shin'ichi Suzuki's Nurtured by Love (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0739090445/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), and Cho Kyo's The Search for the Beautiful Woman, A Cultural History of Japanese and Chinese Beauty (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00AWJOQ7W/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20).

The Song the Owl God Himself Sang, "Silver Droplets Fall Fall All Around," An Ainu Tale

Transliterated in Romaji and translated from Ainu into Japanese by Chiri Yukie

Translated from Japanese into English and introduced by Kyoko Selden

Chiri Yukie and Kan'nari Matsu. Date of photograph unknown. Wikicommons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Yukie_Chiri_and_Imekanu.jpg).

Chiri Yukie (1903-22) was born in Noboribetsu, Hokkaido to Chiri Takakichi and Nami. Nami was the daughter of a Hokkaido Ainu grandsire, Kan'nari. Yukie was the older sister of the linguist Chiri Mashiho (1909-61). When she was five and six years old, she lived in Horobetsu with her grandmother, the great bard Monashinouku. Yukie grew up listening to recitations in the oral tradition as narrated by Monashinouku and later also by her adoptive mother Kan'nari Matsu (1875-1961), Nami's sister. Starting in 1909, she and Monashinouku lived with Matsu at the Episcopal Church compound in Chikabumi in the suburbs of Asahikawa in Hokkaido. After a total of seven years of normal and higher normal school education, she attended Asahikawa Girls Vocational School for three years, graduating in 1910.

When the linguist Kindaichi Kyōsuke visited Matsu in 1918 during a research trip to Hokkaido, he learned that Yukie, too, was versed in oral tradition. At his encouragement, she began transcription. In 1921 she sent Kindaichi a manuscript that she called A Collection of Ainu Legends (Ainu densetsushū). She stayed with the Kindaichis in Tokyo in 1922 to edit the collection for publication. Hours after completing it, she died of heart disease.

Map of Hokkaido showing Noboribetsu. From the Japan Focus Version, January 24, 2009 (http://www.japanfocus.org/-Kyoko-Selden/3026/article.html).

The work was published in 1923 under the title Ainu Songs of Gods (Ainu shin'yōshū) by Kyōdo Kenkyūsha, a publisher presided over by the ethnologist Yanagita Kunio. The book has been included in the Iwanami Library since 1978. In addition to Yukie's preface, her romanized transcription of the original Ainu songs with Japanese annotations, and her modern Japanese translation, followed by Kindaichi's afterword, the Iwanami edition appends Mashiho's scholarly essay on songs of gods. Whereas the first edition stated that the work was "Compiled by Chiri Yukie," the Iwanami editors corrected this to "Compiled and Translated by Chiri Yukie."

The Japanese word shin'yō is a translation of kamuy yukar, a song in which, in principle, a nature god speaks in the first person. This is distinct from yukar, a long epic about human heroes, and uepeker, prose folk tales. Kamuy yukar, narrated in patterned literary Ainu as is yukar, always contains a refrain called sakehe that differs from song to song, and often ends in a colloquial phrase like ari . . . kamuy yayeyukar (thus the so-and-so god sings about himself, or mimics himself in the form of a song of a god) or ari . . . kamuy isoytak (thus the so-and-so god tells his tale). Kamuy yukar was customarily sung by women, while yukar was traditionally sung by men, although female bards took over the latter by the mid-twentieth century when few male bards were left.

Yukie's book contains thirteen songs of gods, such as the owl, fox, rabbit, little wolf, sea, frog, otter, and swamp mussel deities, and the spirit of the damp ground. "Silver Droplets Fall" is the first in her collection, and one of the two owl god songs. The owl (or more precisely, in Horobetsu, Blakiston's eagle owl) is kotan-kor-kamuy, the guardian god of the kotan (hamlet).

Chiri Yukie (1903-1922). Date of photograph unknown. Wikicommons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Yukie_Chiri.jpg).

The English translation here is based on Chiri Yukie's Japanese translation in the Iwanami Library edition of Ainu Songs of Gods (1978). Her Japanese notes on the romanized Ainu text are also included because they provide useful information. Her spelling is retained wherever she uses Ainu expressions, although the spelling system has changed since then. Her line division is also honored as much as possible, while recent Japanese translation practice is to divide lines more closely to reflect metric patterns of the original. Another translation into Japanese of the piece by Chiri Mashiho in Appreciation of Yukar (Yukar kanshō, 1956) with his annotations and a commentary by Oda Kunio, is reproduced in Hanasaki Kōhei, The Islands Are a Festoon (Shimajima wa hanazuna, Shakai Hyōronsha, 1990). Mashiho's version pays closer attention to the metric pattern and literary devices of the original, such as parallelisms and repetitions, providing a basis for subsequent translations of kamuy yukar and yukar. There is a difference in the treatment of the refrain as well. Yukie interpreted it to say "Silver droplets fall," while Mashiho took the word "fall" as imperative, meaning "Fall, you silver droplets." He also argues that the title means "the song the owl god sang of himself" rather than "the song the owl god sang himself." These and other differences aside, most Japanese readers still go to Yukie's version, which has historical weight as the first published transliteration and translation from Ainu oral literature by an Ainu in any language.

Doubts may arise about the logic of transcribing traditional oral performances into a written text, whether romanized or rendered into Japanese. Or, for that matter, into English. Yet such transcriptions preserved Ainu tradition from oblivion. Consider Kayano Shigeru's great cultural preservation project, Kayano Shigeru's Collection of Ainu Mythology (Kayano Shigeru no Ainu shin'wa shūsei, 10 vols., Bikutā Entateinmento, 1998). Based on years of making recordings of recitation by elderly bards, Kayano provided CDs, as well as the romanized text, kana transcription, Japanese translation, and

annotations. Kayano's efforts extended to attempts to preserve the Ainu language for future generations. For example, Sapporo Television started an Ainu language lesson program in 1999 with Kayano as the original instructor. It continues today with elderly and younger Ainu lecturers from different areas of Hokkaido representing Ainu local dialects. (Kayano's children's book The Goddess of Wind and Okikurmi is included in this issue.)

Similar attention to the sound has been paid to Yukie's thirteen kamuy yukar in recent years. The Ainu language researcher Katayama Tatsumine (1942-2004) and the Chitose-born bard Nakamoto Mutsuko (1928-), who earlier collaborated on the text and recording of Kamuy Yukar (1995), in 2003 published a CD version of Yukie's Ainu Songs of Gods (Sōfūkan).

The CD contains Nakamoto's singing in Ainu, Japanese recitation by Kurotani Masumi, and English reading by Julie Kaizawa. Again, NHK public television's widely-viewed weekly series History Moved at That Moment (Sono toki rekishi ga ugoita) featured Yukie in October 2008, placing similar importance on her as on the central characters in the other four installments in the same month: the Sengoku warrior Azai Nagamasa, Chinese heroes of the Three Kingdoms, the late-Tokugawa Shogunal wife Atsuhime, and the novelist Murasaki Shikibu. Here, too, the program included Nakamoto's oral performance of passages from Ainu Songs of Gods.

Direct Ainu-to-English translation by Donald Philippi of the two songs of the owl god from Yukie's collection appears in his Songs of Gods, Songs of Humans (Princeton University Press/The University of Tokyo Press, 1979). Listening for the original rhythm, Philippi freely divides lines, using even shorter lines than did Mashiho. He also sets off the refrain from the rest of the text. His translation is from Ainu oral tradition as transcribed by Yukie. The following is the first English translation from Yukie's Japanese rendering of the original, which is both a literary product in its own right and a text that has been widely read and recognized in Japan as a landmark of Ainu creativity and Ainu-Japanese cultural relations.

Chise, Ainu Home. From the Japan Focus Version, January 24, 2009 (http://www.japanfocus.org/-Kyoko-Selden/3026/article.html).

Preface to the Ainu Shin'yōshū (Ainu Songs of Gods) by Chiri Yukie

Long ago, this spacious Hokkaido was our ancestors' space of freedom. Like innocent children, as they led their happy, leisurely lives embraced by beautiful, great nature. Truly, they were the beloved of nature; how blissful it must have been.

On land in winter, kicking the deep snow that covers forests and fields, stepping over mountain after mountain, unafraid of the cold that freezes heaven and earth, they hunt bear; at sea in summer, on the green waves where a cool breeze swims, accompanied by the songs of white seagulls, they float small boats like tree leaves on the water to fish all day; in flowering spring, while basking in the soft sun, they spend long days singing with perpetually warbling birds, collecting butterbur and sagebrush; in autumn of red leaves, through the stormy wind they divide the pampas grass with its budding ears, catch salmon till evening, and as fishing torches go out they dream beneath the full moon while deer call their companions in the valley. What a happy life this must have been. That realm of peace has passed; the dream shattered tens of years since, this land rapidly changing with mountains and fields transformed one by one into villages,

villages into towns.

Nature unchanged from ancient times has faded before we realized it. And where are the many who used to live pleasurably in the fields and the mountains? The few of us Ainu who remain watch wide-eyed with surprise as the world advances. And from those eyes is lost the sparkle of the beautiful souls of the people of old, whose every move and motion were controlled by religious sentiment; our eyes are filled with anxiety, burning with complaints, too dulled and darkened to discern the way ahead so that we have to rely on others' mercy. A wretched sight. The vanishing—that is our name; what a sad name we bear.

Long ago, our blissful ancestors would not for a moment have imagined that their native land would in future become so miserable.

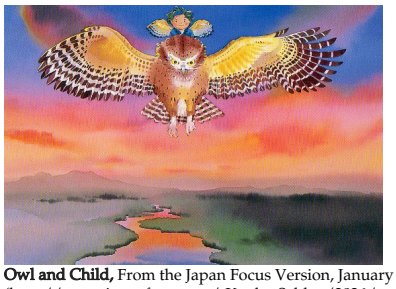
Time flows ceaselessly, the world progresses without limit. If at some point, just two or three strong persons were to appear from among us, and, in the harsh arena of competition, expose what wreckage we have now become, the day would eventually come when we would keep pace with the advancing world. That is our truly earnest wish, what we pray for day and night.

But—the many words that our beloved ancestors used to communicate in their daily lives as they rose and as they lay, the many beautiful words they used to use and transmitted to us: would they also all disappear in vain together with the weak and vanishing? Oh, that is too pitiful and regrettable.

Having been born an Ainu and grown surrounded by the Ainu language, I have written down, with my clumsy pen, one or two very small pieces from the various tales that our ancestors enjoyed reciting on rainy evenings or snowy nights as they gathered at their leisure.

If many of you who know us read this book, on behalf of our ancestral people, I would consider it an infinite joy, a supreme blessing.

March 1, 1922



Owl and Child, From the Japan Focus Version, January 24, 2009 (http://www.japanfocus.org/-Kyoko-Selden/3026/article.html).

The Song the Owl God Himself Sang

"Silver droplets fall fall all around me

golden droplets fall fall all around me." So singing

I went down along the river's flow, above the human village.

As I looked down below

paupers of old have now become rich, while rich men of old

have now become paupers, it seems.

By the shore, human children are at play

with little toy bows with little toy arrows.[1]

"Silver droplets fall fall all around me

golden droplets fall fall all around me." So singing

as I passed above the children

running beneath me

they said the following:

"A beautiful bird! A divine bird!

Now, shoot that bird,

the one who shoots it, who takes it first

is a true valiant, a true hero."

So saying, children of paupers of old now rich

fixing to little golden bows little golden arrows

shot at me, but I let the little golden arrows

pass beneath me and pass above me.

Amongst them, amongst the children

one child carrying a plain little bow and plain little arrows

is mingling with the rest. As I look

a pauper's child he seems, from his clothing, too,

it is clear. Yet a careful look at his eyes[2]

reveals that he is the offspring of a worthy person,

a bird of a different feather, he mingles with the rest.

To a plain little bow he fixes

a plain little arrow, he, too, aims at me.

Then the children of paupers of old now rich burst into laughter

and they say

"Oh, how ridiculous.[3]

A pauper child.

That bird, the divine bird

doesn't even take our golden arrows.[4] One like yours,

a pauper child's plain arrow of rotten wood,

surely, he'll take it all right.

That bird, the divine bird."

So saying, they kicked and beat

the pauper child. Minding not a whit,

the pauper child aimed at me.

Seeing how it was, I was touched with pity.

"Silver droplets fall fall all around me

golden droplets fall fall all around me." So singing

slowly in the big sky

I was making a large circle. The pauper child,

one foot far out and the other foot close by,

biting his lower lip, aiming while

letting it go. The little arrow flew

sparkling toward me, so I extended

my hand and took that little arrow.

Circling around and around

I whirled down through the whistling wind.

Then, those children ran toward me.

Stirring up a blizzard of sand, they raced.

The moment I fell to the ground,

the pauper child ran to me first and took me.

Then the children of paupers of old now rich

came running from behind him.

They said twenty bad things, thirty bad things

pushing and beating the pauper child:

"A hateful child, a pauper's child.

What we tried to do first you did ahead of us!"

As they said this, the pauper child covered me

with his body, firmly holding me under his belly.

After trying and trying, finally from between people,

he leaped out, and ran and ran.

Children of paupers of old now rich

threw stones and splinters of wood at him, but

the pauper child, not minding a whit,

stirring up a blizzard of sand, ran and arrived

at the front of a little hut. The little child

placed me in the house through the honored window,

adding words to tell the story that it was thus and so.

An old couple from within the house

came out, each with a hand on his forehead,

and I saw that they were extremely poor. Yet

there were signs of a master, signs of a mistress.

Seeing me they bent themselves at the waist with surprise.

The old man fixed his sash

and made a ceremonial bow.

"Owl god, great god,

to the meager household of us paupers,

thank you for presenting yourself.

One who counted myself amongst the rich in bygone days,

now I am reduced to a humble pauper as you see.

I stand in awe of lodging you,

the god of the land,[5] the great god,

but today the day has already dusked,

so this evening we will lodge you, the great god,

and tomorrow, with inau,[6] if with nothing else,

we will send you, the great god, on your way." So saying

he repeated his ceremonial bows over and over again.

The old woman, beneath the eastern window

laid a spread and seated me on it.

And then the moment they lay down,

with snores they fell fast asleep.

Seated between ear and ear of my body[7]

I remained, but not too long after that, around midnight,

I rose.

"Silver droplets fall fall all around me

golden droplets fall fall all around me."

Thus singing quietly,

to the left seat, to the right seat,[8] within the house I flew

making beautiful sounds.

When I fluttered my wings, around me

beautiful treasures, divine treasures scattered down

making beautiful sounds.

Within a short while, I filled this tiny house

with wonderful treasures, divine treasures.

"Silver droplets fall fall around me

golden droplets fall fall around me."

So singing, I changed this tiny house

in a moment into a golden house, a large house.

In the house I made a fine treasure altar,

hastily made fine beautiful garments, and

decorated the interior of the house.

Far more finely than for the residence of the rich,

I decorated the interior of this large house.

That done, I sat, as before,

between ear and ear of my helmet.[9]

I made the people of the house have a dream:

Ainunishpa[10] unluckily became a pauper,

and by paupers of old now rich

was ridiculed and bullied. Which I saw

and took pity on, so although I am not a plain god

of meager status, I lodged

at a human's house and made him rich.

This I let them know.

That done, a little while later when it dawned,

the people of the house rose all together.

Rubbing their eyes, they looked around the house

and all fell on the floor, having lost feeling in their legs.

The old woman cried loudly.

The old man shed large teardrops.

But before long, the old man rose,

came to me, ceremoniously bowed

twenty times, thirty times in repetition, and said,

"A mere dream, a mere sleep I thought I had,

but what wonder to see your blessings in reality.

To our humble, humble[11] meager house

you have come, and for that alone I am thankful.

The kotan god, the great god

pities our misfortune,

and, behold,[12] the most precious of blessings

you have given us." Thus through tears

he spoke.

Then, the old man cut an inau tree,

beautifully carved a fine inau, and decorated me.

The old woman dressed up.

With the little child's help, she gathered firewood,

scooped water, prepared to brew wine, and in a little while

arranged six vats at the seat of honor.

And then, with the old woman of fire,[13] the old female god,

I exchanged stories of various gods.[14]

In two days or so, wine being the gods' favorite,

inside the house the fragrance

already wafted.

Now, the child, deliberately clad in old clothes

to invite from throughout the village[15]

the paupers of old now rich,

was sent off on an errand.

As I saw him from behind, entering each house,

the child delivered the message he had been sent,

at which the paupers of old now rich

burst into laughter:

"This is strange, those paupers.

What wine they brew.

What feast they invite people for.

Let's go and see what's there

and have a big laugh." So saying

to one another, many of them together came,

and from a long distance, at the mere sight of the house,

some went back startled and embarrassed,

while others fell to the ground upon reaching the house.

Then, as the lady of the house went outside to

take all by the hand and usher them inside,

all crawled and sidled,

none raising his head.

Upon this, the master of the house rose and

spoke in a sonorous voice like a cuckoo's.[16]

Thus and so, he said, was the situation:

"Like this, being paupers, without reservation,

to keep company with you was beyond us,

but the great god took pity.

No evil thoughts did we ever entertain,

and so in this manner we have been blessed.

From now on throughout the village we will be a family.

So, let's be friends

and keep company—to you

I convey this wish." Thus

he spoke. Whereupon the people,

time and time again, rubbed their palms together,

apologizing to the master of the house for their wrongs.

From now on they would be friends, they said to one another.

I, too, received ceremonial bows.

That done, their hearts mellowing,

they held a cheerful banquet.

With the god of fire, the god of the house,[17]

and the god of the altar,[18] I spoke,

while the humans danced and stepped,

a sight that deeply amused me.

Two days passed, three days passed, and the banquet ended.

The humans made good friends,

seeing this, I felt relieved, and

to the God of fire, the god of the house,

and the god of the altar I bade farewell.

That done, I returned to my house.

Before I arrived, my house had been

filled with beautiful inau and beautiful wine.

So, to nearby gods and distant gods,

I sent a messenger to invite them to a cheerful banquet

I was holding. At the party, to those gods,

I spoke in detail of how, when I visited a human village,

I found its appearances and circumstances.

Upon which the gods praised me highly.

When the gods were leaving, beautiful inau

were my gifts, two of them, three of them.

When I look toward that Ainu village,

now peaceful, the humans are

all good friends, that nishipa

being the village head.

His child, now having become

a man, has a wife, has a child,

is filial to his father, to his mother.
Always, always, when he brews wine,

at the start of a banquet, he sends me inau and wine.

I too sit behind the humans

at all times

as I guard the human land.

Thus the owl god told his tale.

Chiri Yukie's preface and poem "Kamuichikap kamui yaieyukar, 'Shirokanipe ranran pishkan'" (The Song the Owl God Himself Sang. "Silver Droplets Fall Fall All Around.") were originally published in Ainu shin'yōshū (Ainu Songs of Gods) (Tokyo: Kyōdo Kenkyūsha, 1923). This translation was first published as Chiri Yukie and Kyoko Selden, "The Song the Owl God Himself Sang. 'Silver Droplets Fall Fall All Around,' An Ainu Tale," The Asia-Pacific Journal. Volume 4-5-09. January 24, 2009 (/-Kyoko-Selden/3026).

SPECIAL FEATURE

Japan in Translation II
In Honor of Kyoko Selden

Edited by Alisa Freedman

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Hayashi Kyoko and Kyoko Selden, Masks of Whatchamacallit: A Nagasaki Tale (/2016/15/Hayashi.html)

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Kayano Shigeru and Kyoko Selden, The Goddess of the Wind and Okikurmi (/2016/15/Kayano.html)

Sakiyama Tami, Swaying, Swinging, translated by Kyoko Selden and Alisa Freedman (/2016/15/Sakiyama.html)

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Notes

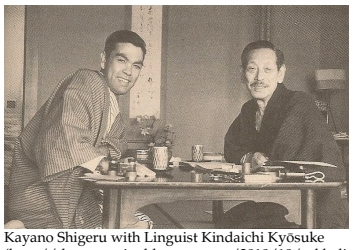
[1] In bygone days, adults made small bows and arrows for young boys. While enjoying shooting at trees and birds, before they knew it, the boys became skilled archers. In the Ainu word "akshinotponku," "ak" means archery, "shinbot" play, and "ponai" a little arrow.
[2] shiktumorke: a look. When trying to learn a person's true nature, the best way is said to be to look at the eyes. People can be scolded for looking about restlessly.
[3] achikara: dirty.
[4] It is said that, when birds and beasts are shot down, they take the arrows because they want human-made arrows.
[5] kotankorkamui: god of the land or the village. In the mountains, there are nupurikorkamui, the god who has the mountain (bear); nupuripakorkamui, the god who has the east side of the mountain (wolf); and so forth. The owl is placed next to the bear and the wolf in the taxonomy. Kotankorkamui is not wild and hasty, as is the god of the mountains and the god of the eastern mountains. Instead, he is usually calm and keeps his eyes closed. It is that he only opens his eyes when serious events occur.
[6] inau is a ceremonial whittled twig or pole, usually made of willow, with the shavings left on.
[7] Chiri Mashiho explains in a footnote to his translation that, when the owl god was seated on the patterned mat beneath the honored window, its spirit was believed to reside between its ears (Hanazaki, Shimajima wa hanazuna (Garland of Islands), Tokyo: Shakai hyōronsha, 1990), 113.
[8] There is a fire pit at the center of the house. The side against the eastern window is the seat of honor. Looked at from the seat of honor, the right is "eshiso" and the left is "harkiso". Only men can take the seat of honor. A visitor who is humbler than the master of the house refrains from taking this seat. The master of the house and his wife always take the right seats. Next in importance are the left seats, while the western seats (near the entrance) are the most humble.
[9] hayokpe: armor. While in the mountains, although invisible to the human eye, both birds and beasts have houses that resemble those of humans, and they lead their lives in the same ways as humans do. When visiting a human village, they are said to appear in armor. Their true forms, although invisible, are said to dwell between the ears of the heads of the corpses.
[10] nishpa, now spelled "nispa," signifies a well-to-do man, a wealthy man of high status, or a master. The antonym is "wenkur," or pauper.
[11] otuipe: one with its tail cut short. (Annotating the phrase wenash shiri otuiash shiri.) A dog tail so short that it looks cut off is not much respected. An unworthy human is badmouthed as "wenpe," a bad fellow, or as an otuipe.
[12] chikashnukar is when a god unexpectedly graces a human with a great fortune. The human then responds in delight "ikashnukar an."
[13] apehuchi: the old woman of fire. The god of fire, the most important of the household deities, is always an old woman. When gods of the mountains, the sea, and so forth visit a house, as does this owl god, the apehuchi takes the lead in conversing with them. It is also acceptable to call her "kamuihuchi" (divine old woman).

[14] neusar: chatting. While worldly rumor is also called neusar, the term usually refers to such things as kamuiyukar (songs of gods) and uepeker (old tales).
[15] ashke a uk (from "ashke," for fingers or hand, and "a uk," meaning to take): inviting people for a celebration or other festive event.
[16] kakkokhau: cuckoo's voice. Because a cuckoo's voice is beautiful and clear, one who articulates so that everyone can understand is likened to the bird.
[17] chisekorcakui: the god who owns the house. The god of fire is like the housewife, the god of the house like the master. The god of the house is a male and is also called "chisekorekashi," literally, the old man who owns the house.
[18] nusakorkamui: the god of the altar, who is an old woman. The god is always female. When something bad happens, she may appear before humans in the form of a snake. Thus when a snake appears near the altar or near the eastern window, people say, "Perhaps the old woman of the altar went out on some business," and they never kill the snake. It is said killing the snake will cost a human dearly.

The Goddess of the Wind and Okikurmi

Kayano Shigeru

Translated and introduced by Kyoko Selden



Kayano Shigeru with Linguist Kindaichi Kyōsuke (http://dreamersrise.blogspot.com/2010/10/sakhalin-rock.html)

Kayano Shigeru (1926-2006) was an inheritor and preserver of Ainu culture. He was a collector of Ainu folk utensils, teacher of the prominent Japanese linguist Kindaichi Kyōsuke, and recorder and transcriber of epics, songs, and tales from the last of the bards. In addition, Kayano was the compiler of an authoritative Ainu-Japanese dictionary, a chanter of old epics, and the founder of a museum of Ainu material culture as well as of an Ainu language school and a radio station. He was the first (and so far the only) National Diet member to address the assembly in Ainu. He was also a fierce fighter against the construction of a dam in his village that meant destruction of a sacred ritual site as well as of nature. Finally, Kayano was an inspiration behind today's appreciation of Ainu culture, in which young people, Ainu, and non-Ainu of various nationalities, join to celebrate and explore aboriginal cultures and their contemporary development. This movement includes youthful attempts to create new forms that combine traditional Ainu oral performances with contemporary music and dance. Ainu Rebels, a creative song and dance troupe that formed in 2006, for example, is constituted mostly of Ainu youth but also includes Japanese and foreigners. The group draws on Ainu oral tradition adapted to hip hop and other forms and also engages in artistic activities that combine traditional Ainu art with contemporary artistic elements.

Ainu Rebels 2009 performance with German subtitles

The three major genres of Ainu oral tradition were kamuy yukar (songs of gods and demigods), yukar (songs of heroes), and uepeker (prose, or poetic prose, tales). The Ainu linguist Chiri Mashiho (1909-61, brother to Chiri Yukie whose work (/2016/15/Chiri.html) is included in this issue) located the origin of Ainu oral arts in the earliest kamuy yukar, in which a shamanic performer imitated the voices and behavior of the gods. In Ainu culture, everything had a divine spirit: owl, bear, fox, salmon, rabbit, insect, tree, rock, fire, water, wind, and so forth. Some spirits were not so esteemed or were even regarded as wicked, while others were revered as particularly divine. This gestured mimicry apparently developed into kamuy yukar, or enacting of songs sung by gods, in which a human chanter impersonates a deity. Kamuy yukar later included songs of Okikurmi-kamuy (also called Kotan-kar-kamuy) about Okikurmi, a half-god, half-human hero who descended from the land of gods to the land of the Ainu to teach humans how to make fire, hunt, and cultivate the kotan (hamlets) where they lived.

The following story by Kayano, published in 1975 (reprinted in 1999) as a children's book with Saitō Hiroyuki's illustrations, is an adaptation-translation from an old kamuy yukar dramatizing a contest of strength between the

goddess of the wind and the demi-god Okikurmi.

Book cover to Kayano Shigeru, The Goddess of the Wind and Okikurmi (/2011/9/43/Kyoko-Selden/3621/article.html)

I am Pikatakamuy,
Goddess of the Wind from the land of the gods.
I have the power to fly through the sky
and to raise winds at will,
whether
a gentle waft
a strong gust
or a stormy blast.

In the land of the gods
and in the land of the humans,
women need be good at embroidery.
I lived at my house in the land of the gods
and passed my days
always embroidering.

One day,
I stopped my hand that held a needle
and chanced to look
across the land of the humans.
A village caught my eye.
It was a big village of the Ainu.

How cheerful the village looked!
All the villagers
were busily working.
Children and little dogs ran about joyfully.
My old habit began again:
"All right, I'll dance the dance of the winds
and scare the humans—"
so I thought.
Once I felt like playing tricks
there was no restraining myself.

Right away, I put on
layers of very beautiful
wind-stirring robes,
storm-hurling gowns
that I had embroidered.
Then, with a swoop
I flew up to the sky.
I flew and flew across the sky—

And on landing on a lofty mountain,
I chanted,
"Blow wind, blow wind—"
and began to dance my dance,
my wind-stirring dance,
my storm-hurling dance.
Then, as usual,
from the tips of my fingers,
from the sleeves of my robe,
fierce winds began to blow.
They blew from the mountains out to sea,
raising fearful large waves.
The large waves,
like waterfalls,
began pounding
upon the village of the Ainu.

The raging winds
made me so happy.
Day and night with no rest,
for six days straight,

I danced.
When I finished dancing
and looked at the village of the Ainu,
it was clean and bare.
Not one thing was left.
Yet I found—

One house was still there. All alone.
It was the house where a young man lived.
Upset and upset,
at once, I danced more fiercely than before.
When I finished dancing,
I looked carefully, and there it was,
the house, not yet blown away.
Upset and upset, I thought of trying one more time,
but too tired to dance again, with nothing to do
I went home to the land of the gods.

When I came home,
again I passed my days
embroidering.
After days had passed, one day
I remembered the events in that village
and looked its way. To my surprise,
the village, which I thought I had blown away,
was just as it had been before.
Having rebuilt the houses,
All the villagers lived cheerfully.
Angered and angered to see this,
putting on at once my wind-stirring robes
and storm-hurling gowns,
I flew to the top of the mountain
and danced powerfully,
the wind-stirring dance, the storm-hurling dance.

From the tips of my fingers,
from the sleeves of my robes,
fierce winds began to blow.
Sand storms swirled around the Ainu village.
Creating such turmoil,
it was as if the sea was turning upside down.
Day and night for six days,
as I sent the winds,
the gods of the trees began wailing
so as not to be blown down.

Big trees broke with snaps,
while those that did not break
flew away, pulled up by the roots.

While dancing the wind-stirring dance,
the storm-hurling dance,
I glanced at the village of the Ainu.
The village had blown away, leaving
a bleak, empty wasteland.
Yet, believe it or not,
all by itself, the young man's house
still stood there
as it had before the storm.
Appalled by this,
I gave up trying to blow the house away,
went home to the land of the gods
and passed my days embroidering.

Soon afterwards,
Suddenly, at my door
a young Ainu appeared.
How daring of him to come to my door.
Before I, a goddess, had realized it—
I was angered by the terrible Ainu.
But he smiled sweetly and said,
"Pikatakamuy, goddess of the wind,
thank you for showing us your delightful dance.
As a token of gratitude, let me show you
the dance of the Ainu."
The moment he said this—

The young man came into my house,
and started to dance his dance.
Then from the tips of his fingers
from the sleeves of his robe, began blowing
strong, strong, fierce winds.
Things fell from the shelf.
Ashes and fire rose from the fireplace.
The house shook. The ceiling tore apart.
Moments later a mere framework
was all that was left of the house.

"Pikatakamuy, goddess of the wind,
The dance of the Ainu is not done yet,
I will show you another."

Taking from his pocket

a fan, he danced.
On the fan was a drawing
of cold winter clouds.
And as he fanned,
cold, cold winds blew at me.
When he fanned harder,
snow and hail danced around,
grains of ice pelting against me.
In the blink of an eye, my robes were torn.
My entire body was
covered with bruises.

My body was cold as ice.
I thought I was freezing to death.
Then the young man said,
"Pikatakamuy, goddess of the wind,
the dance of the Ainu
is not done yet."
With this he flipped his fan.
Now there was a drawing
of a burning red sun.
This time, each time he fanned
there was dazzling light
and a hot, hot wind.

It was hot, so hot, my eyes went blind.
My skin scorched and charred.
It was so painful
that I could think of nothing.
Falling like a rag,
I lost my senses.
After a while when I came to,
the young man approached me and said,
"Pikatakamuy, why did you
destroy the village of the Ainu?
Because of you so many humans
have lost their lives."

"I thought, Pikatakamuy,
of killing you as I should have.
But you are the goddess of the wind in the land of the gods.
So I only punished you while keeping you alive.
If you make such strong winds one more time,
know that I won't forgive you then."
This said, the young man fanned me
with his fan.
Strangely, each time he fanned,
bruise after bruise on my skin
was gone.

As the young man fanned me with his fan,
my robes that were like tattered cloth flipped and flapped
into the beautiful robes they were before.
No, not only that—as he fanned around him,
my shattered house pulled and heaved
into the fine house that it was before.
"Who are you?
Please let me know your real name."

When I asked,
"I am Okikurmi,"
the young man answered briskly.
"What? So you are Okikurmi!"
I was stunned to learn his name.
No wonder he was so strong.
Okikurmi is none other
than the strong, strong, wise youth, who went
from the land of the gods to the land of the Ainu.

Ever since then,
I have sent no strong winds
toward the Saru River
near where Okikurmi lives;
I only send
gentle winds,
refreshing winds,
healing winds.

In these words,
Pikatakamuy, the goddess of the wind
told us the story
of Okikurmi and the village of the Ainu.

About This Picture Book

This is a retelling in modern Japanese from a kamuy yukar in literary Ainu, further adapted into a style fit for an illustrated storybook. Pikatakamuy, the spirit of the wind, is a wind

that blows down from the mountains, or yamase (cold mountain wind) in Japanese, and it is regarded as a wenkamui (evil spirit). The general word for "wind" in Ainu is rera, which includes both good and bad winds. This explains why the wind in this story is called Pikatakamuy. Okikurmi, who punishes this evil god, is the guardian god of the Ainu and is also called Ainurakkur (humanlike god, with "Ainu" meaning "human"), who teaches humans the skills needed for their daily lives. He lives in human villages and encourages the gods to protect the Ainu, and occasionally, as in this story, he punishes gods who play wicked tricks. Through Okikurmi, Ainu have expressed their ideal human image.

The Ainu have a unique view of the gods (kamui). The gods are not the absolute; they are divine only to the extent that they are beneficial to humans. For example, if a child drowns in the river, the Ainu would sharply reprimand the god of the river, saying, "This came about because you were not watchful. From now on, be sure to protect Ainu." Of course, the Ainu not only expected protection but also rewarded the gods with prayers and constant offerings of inau. Inau is a ceremonial whittled twig or pole, usually of willow, with the shavings still attached and decoratively curled. Inau is equivalent to the Japanese gohei, a sacred staff to which strips of cut paper are affixed.

(#_ednref1)This translation is based on Ainu no min'wa: kaze no kami to Okikurumi (The Goddess of the Wind and Okikurmi), narrated by Kayano Shigeru and illustrated by Saitō Hiroyuki (Tokyo: Komine Shoten, 1975). Reprinted in 1999. First published in The Asia-Pacific Journal, vol. 9, issue 43, no. 2 (October 24, 2011). Kyoko chose to use the Ainu name Okikurmi instead of the Romanized Japanese Okikurumi.

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Japan in Translation II
In Honor of Kyoko Selden

Edited by Alisa Freedman

Kyoko Selden and Akira Iriye, A Childhood Memoir of Wartime Japan (/2016/15/Selden-1.html)

Hayashi Kyoko and Kyoko Selden, Masks of Whatchamacallit: A Nagasaki Tale (/2016/15/Hayashi.html)

Mitsuhashi Toshio, Selected Haiku, translated by Kyoko Selden (/2016/15/Mitsuhashi.html)

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The Song the Owl God Himself Sang, "Silver Droplets Fall Fall All Around," An Ainu Tale, translated by Chiri Yukie and Kyoko Selden (/2016/15/Chiri.html)

Sakiyama Tami, Swaying, Swinging, translated by Kyoko Selden and Alisa Freedman (/2016/15/Sakiyama.html)

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Kyoko Selden (1936-2013) taught Japanese language and literature as a senior lecturer at Cornell University until her retirement in 2008. Author, translator, artist and calligrapher, she was the translation coordinator of the Asia-Pacific Journal. Her major works as translator centered on Japanese women writers, the atomic bomb, the Ainu and the Okinawans. Her major translations included Japanese Women Writers: Twentieth Century Short Fiction (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00U90M16M/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), More Stories By Japanese Women Writers, An Anthology (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0765627345/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Kayano Shigeru's Our Land Was a Forest (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0813318807/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Honda Katsuichi's Harukor: Ainu Woman's Tale (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0520210204/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), The Atomic Bomb: Voices From Hiroshima and Nagasaki (https://www.amazon.com/dp/087332773X/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Shin'ichi Suzuki's Nurtured by Love (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0739090445/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), and Cho Kyo's The Search for the Beautiful Woman, A Cultural History of Japanese and Chinese Beauty (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00AWJOQ7W/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20).

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Notes

[1] Simon Cotterill covers this movement, including Ainu Rebels. See "Documenting Urban Indigeneity: TOKYO Ainu and the 2011 Survey on the Living Conditions of Ainu Outside Hokkaido,"Asia-Pacific Journal, vol. 9, issue 45, no. 2 (November 7, 2011), available at http://japanfocus.org/-Simon-Cotterill/3642.

[2] The word pikata in Pikatakamui means south wind, or southwest wind.

Swaying, Swinging

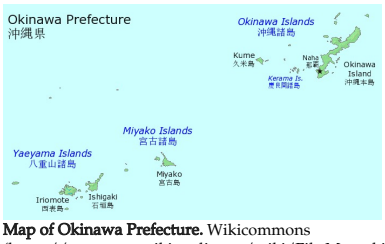
Sakiyama Tami

Translated by Kyoko Selden **and** Alisa Freedman

Sakiyama Tami (Date unknown). Takuma Smirky, "Reading Okinawa (http://takumasminkey.com/readingokinawa/styled-2/)**," 2015.**

Sakiyama Tami (1954-), real name Taira Kuniko, was born on Iriomote Island, the largest of the Yaeyama island group in Okinawa Prefecture, where she lived until age fourteen when her family moved to Koza (present-day Okinawa City). Sakiyama graduated from the Department of Law, Economics, and Literature at the University of the Ryukyus. She began publishing in Okinawan periodicals in 1979 and in mainland Japanese literary magazines, a conventional means of launching a literary career, starting in 1988.

On Iriomote, settlers spoke different Ryukyuan languages, depending upon their origins, while children spoke Japanese at school. Sakiyama's family spoke the dialect of Miyako Island, over 150 miles to the northeast from Iriomote. After moving to the main Okinawan island, she was exposed to standard Japanese mixed with elements of Okinawan. The linguistic tension she experienced led her to write using Ryukyuan expressions as a conscious strategy. In an essay included in the 2004 collection The Place Where Words Are Born (Kotoba no umareru basho, Sunagoya Shobō), Sakiyama explains that, in her literature, she envisions genuine shimakotoba (island speech), which is now impossible to directly encounter because it remains only in fragments or locked in printed texts and recordings. In her work, the shimakotoba of Miyako Island and elsewhere claims its place in culture, in defiance of the domination of the master language, standard Japanese.

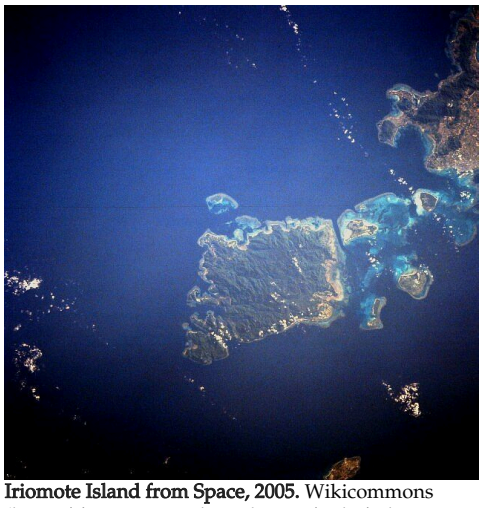


Map of Okinawa Prefecture. Wikicommons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Map-okinawa-pref.png).

Her stories often depict the lives of islanders in connection with the sea that surrounds them, the sound of the wind, the spirit of the water, and voices from the past. The novella Swaying, Swinging (Yuratiku yuritiku), first published in 2003 (Kōbunsha), concerns an imaginary, legend-ridden lone island called Hotara, whose only residents are now over eighty years of age. A character explains that the name is associated with the Japanese word hottarakashi, meaning "left alone." That is, the island has been abandoned by the world, but not by the islanders, who never leave and continue to pass on its legends. Besides the inhabitants' community, there is a secluded dwelling on the beach for outside settlers, who are portrayed as

drifters or deranged eccentrics. The area is mostly shunned, and the drifters are ostracized by the islanders. The novella, a series of connected stories recounted by the characters during a visit to the home of one of the oldest inhabitants, thus problematizes the conventional view of the idealized, nostalgic, southern islands as a utopian matriarchal and sea-bound land of bright sun.

This selection is excerpted from a translation of the full novella that appears in Islands of Protest: Literature from Okinawa (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0824839803/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (University of Hawaii Press, 2016), edited by Davinder Bhowmik and Steve Rabson. Kyoko Selden also translated Sakiyama's "Tale of Wind and Water" (Fūsuitan, 1997), included in More Stories by Japanese Women Writers: An Anthology (http://www.amazon.com/dp/0765627345/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (M.E. Sharpe, 2011), from which much of this introduction was taken.



Iriomote Island from Space, 2005. Wikicommons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Iriomote.jpg).

When someone dies, the body is not cremated or buried. After the wake, it is wrapped all over with ikadakazura, "raft vines" or bougainvillea, and floated out to sea just before the sunrise. This is the funeral ceremony on Hotara Island.

Exposed to the morning sun that soon begins to dye the surface of the sea, the corpse is rocked on the waves; in some cases it ends in sinking deep underwater to the bottom of a submarine trench lying on the border between Hotara and the neighboring island. Suppose it belongs to a woman, a child, or an invalid lacking sufficient weight to sink completely. It first floats to the offing but is drawn into the tide that forms a gentle eddy just a little beyond the trench and flows backward toward the northern shore of Hotara, so that once again it travels to the island. Prey to fishes and what not, the flabby, swollen body reaches the shore in sad shape, with eyes gouged or limbs lost on one side. Left like that on the shore, while drying up and weathering, it becomes covered with sand all the way to the marrow. So it has been told.

For this reason, there is no burial place on Hotara. If one must come up with a place, they might say it is the area of the sea including the northern shore, where corpses sink and accumulate. Hotara folk refer to that northern beach, where some of the dead reach and weather, as Niraipama, or yonder shore.

On the other hand, the soul that has left the corpse dissolves in water on the forty-ninth day.[1] It neither rises to heaven nor attains nirvana; nor does it become a deity after the thirty-third anniversary. Hotara folk merely float underwater forever as hitodama, human souls—or so it is said.

Thanks to the ritual repeated each time someone dies, it has come to be that, in the sea around Hotara, human souls jostle one another for space. According to the results of calculations formulated by a certain special method, the briny water in the sea several kilometers all around the island will soon be saturated with the remnants of human souls. If this were so, where in the world would the souls of the Hotara dead go in the future? Some islanders who have outlived the dead have recently begun to loudly voice the anxiety hovering faintly over the island

community. Possibly because of the spread of this anxiety, the island population is steadily declining. Rapidly at that.

Fed up with tedious island days ever monotonously repeated with the rhythm of the surf that ebbs and flows, people might be expected to scramble to be the first to leave Hotara. But that is not the case. To begin with, Hotara folk all firmly believe that they would not be able to live away from the place of their birth. So no one leaves the island voluntarily unless there is a particularly compelling situation. They appear almost obstinate about that, I hear. However, it is totally impossible to tell whether that nearly religious attachment to the island is good or bad for the future of Hotara, even as it has by now become the islanders' temperament.

Because none of the Hotara folks wish to leave, it might seem odd that the island population is declining, but the situation is quite simple. It seems that these people only die; they do not produce new living bodies. In fact, if one examines the island office's birth registers over the past decades, there is not a single baby's name entered. There seems to be a situation in which male-female relationships here have ceased to perform the function of creating descendants. A man and a woman who happen to form a bond might visit each other's homes and might, on occasion, live and eat under one roof as a couple with mutual affection. This age-old custom still exists; yet it has become an implicit virtue not to have children.

How did this trend come to prevail on the island, causing women to stop giving birth? Did it prevail precisely because women ceased to have children, or is the severity of the anxiety about losing space for the dead souls leading people unconsciously in this direction? Even now, what is at the root of this cause and effect relationship is unclear.

When the situation developed, however, Hotara folk did not take it very seriously. In general, not thinking of any matter too profoundly has been their predisposition from time immemorial. Thoroughly accustomed to accepting any given situation in its entirety as something that is bound to happen, they somehow believe that whatever befalls the island is completely "natural," the result of a course of events that was meant to be.

Eventually, the Hotara population was reduced to old folk over eighty years of age. The oldest man on the island, age one hundred and thirty-three this year, has begun to lament, murmuring to himself so quietly that others do not hear, that the years he has lived outnumber the inhabitants on the island. Some of the sundry traditional rituals have been discontinued because of the increase in people who cannot get around on their own. One exception is the enigmatic mid-summer festival only involving women, which celebrates Ushumē-ganashi, the founder deity of the island. Called Hotara-upunaka, until recent decades, it was apparently performed in pomp and solemnity as testimony to Hotara being Hotara. In a way, their profound passion for this ritual, related to the founding of the island, is said to have helped Hotara folk sustain themselves on the island until now.

Although nobody knows when the secret ritual of Hotara-upunaka was discontinued, in recent years, a rumor has circulated that something strange is occurring on the beach of the island. The incident always occurs unbeknownst to anyone, it is said, at low tide between sunset and midnight in the summer.

This is a panasu, a story representing one of the Seven Wonders of Hotara that derived from the teatime chats of an old man named Jirā, who happened to personally witness the incident. But it has been said that Jirā himself, already one hundred and seventeen years old, recently became a spirit, a fiery ball that exits the human body and floats on the seawater. It is indeed a

regrettable story.

Tudumari-no-hama (Tsukigahama Beach). Wikicommons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Tudumari-no-hama_Iriomote_Island_Japan10bs4500.jpg).

Well, the strange occurrence that Jirā claimed to have witnessed is said to have been more a natural phenomenon than an incident, nothing special unless one paid particular attention. It was just a visible oval bubble bobbing on the water at the shoreline. Yet it did not seem to be a bubble that simply emerges because of the wind's playfulness or something along those lines, only to vanish in no time. Rather, it seemed to be the phenomenon of one of the human spirits, which had reached the saturation point in the sea near Hotara, being flicked from the water by some accident.

As Jirā watched intently, the bubble burbled audibly. Dumbfounded, he saw it swell and glide across the water, he said, burbling toward the beach as if it had a will of its own. A bubble that crosses the water and crawls up, burbling, toward the sand left by the surf—this was itself a terribly odd story; but according to the witness Jirā, that bubble began something that might be called a bubble dance, if not a Bub-bon dance.[2]

The glistening, transparent, oval body that had swollen to a diameter of around 150

centimeters stretched and shrank horizontally and vertically, kicking the sand in a bobbing rhythm. This single bubble flew along the evening dusk sand as freely as if it owned the beach. This was such an odd story that Sanrā and Tarā, the two chums sipping tea on the veranda of Jirā's house in the afternoon as the sun began to fade, almost spat their drinks at each other. Tarā nearly spat out his false teeth. This was such an unexpected development for a tea-drinking story that Sanrā and Tarā thought they had better find fault with it for the time being, despite their reserve with Jirā, who was the eldest of the three. So they started to speak to Jirā at the same time.

—Hey, Jirā.

But Jirā, who had the habit of repeatedly nodding to himself while talking, did not seem at all bothered by his listeners' response. Meeting his serious look, both Tarā and Sanrā were at a loss as to what to do with their gaping mouths. They swallowed and tightly closed their mouths in one quick motion and used the edges of sleeves and such to wipe their cheeks that were sprayed with tea. After a little while, Tarā bent forward and looked into the eyes of Jirā, whose lips moved, searching for the next words to say—

—Mizu nu udui, nji isē, mijirasan yā, "water dance," that's strange, Jirā.

—Anshi, nū nata ga, so what happened then,

—Ssonu, miji nu udui, nji isē ya, to that so-called water dance?

Instead of pouring water to dampen the story, Tarā seemed to have unintentionally poured oil over it.

So, the story about one of the Seven Wonders of Hotara rolled on, with no hint of where it would end, with the old man Jirā's tediously repetitive narrative undulation that seemed to accompany the long, setting summer sun.

… That day, Jirā sat alone under the screw pine leaves on the Irizaki Beach, or sunset point, the destination of evening walks that were now part of his daily schedule. The sun had long set, but, having lost the chance to stand up, he remained seated, vacantly looking at the sea. No matter how late his return might be, he no longer had anyone with whom he felt ill at ease. His parents were gone, his older brother and younger sister had died, and he had outlived his wife Nabii, to

whom he was long married. Like all the others, he had no children. As was the case with most old people of Hotara, he had lived by himself for decades. After sitting there past dusk until it truly felt like night, he finally thought of leaving the beach. With one hand on his lower back and the other on the sand, he firmly planted one foot. It was then that he spotted a little crystal ball, glistening with particular brilliance upon the dark sea. He had a sensation of a thin piece of pale silk descending across the darkness. On the other side of this faint, translucent screen hanging before his eyes was clearly visible the bubble of water that had crawled toward him on the sand, burbling.

—Ai, nū ya ga, urē, hey, what can that be?

Even as he wondered, the ball of water began to twist around, as though it were trying to flick itself into the air. Adding a twist with each turn, it kicked the sand about; with a sway of its hips back and forth, left and right, it sprung upward.

—Aie nā, urē, miji nu udui ya ara ni, ah yes, this must be the water dance.

The merrily laughing bubble dance was so lovable that, before he knew it, Jirā tried to get up, extending his arms toward it. The reason that he did not get up right away was because dragging his legs on his cane, with his lean body bent like a hook, was, at age one hundred and seventeen, the best he could do to move from place to place. His legs had become quite weak. Still, he finally stood, his bent upper body supported on his cane, one hand on his lower back. Sticking out his chin, he eyed the surface of the sand.

Then, the bubble stretched sideways. It spun around. It shrunk, then swelled, and almost burst. Amid these changes, it sprang agilely in a bobbing rhythm and undulated with delight. It made Jirā feel itchy around the chest and scratchy around the limbs. He realized that he was imitating, if clumsily, the twisting, sprightly motions of the bubble dance. His bent back, unsteady legs, and wooden arms began snaking with dreamy agility. It was indeed curious. Moreover, music came from somewhere unknown. Although quite hard of hearing by now, he strained his ears and caught the sound that seemed to approach him from far out at sea. It seemed to him that, tossed by the wind, the very undulation of the waves that crossed the sea turned into a melody. Becoming louder, the throbbing rhythm shook his body from the feet up. It was as if it unwound and moistened his dry body that was ready to crumble to dust. On listening more carefully, rather than the sound of waves, it was a lilting echo of strings that trembled in the wind: tete tenten, tete tete te-e-n, ton, toto, totototo, ton, ten tete ten, ten, tete tete toto toto … toto toto ten ten … to-o-n, tu-u-n, te-e-n, ten, toto ton ton te te, te te toto toto … tete ten tenten … to-o-n, tu-u-n … It was the sound of a three-stringed instrument. Nearly disappearing, then swelling again, it pressed from afar, embracing him.

The distant, surging whirlpool would shake any listener's heart and body. Jirā felt hot from the flow of the sound, light yet tenderly warm. Overwhelmed by unreasonable nostalgia, sudden tears escaped and fell. Just when one teardrop flew on the wind, the water bubble sprang up in amorphous motions. It stretched upward, bent, divided into branches, parts slipping and sliding outward. It was not unlike, say, an automatically created water sculpture. Its motions then slackened to stillness. A colorless, transparent water image stood a distance in front of him. Jirā opened his shriveled eyes as widely as possible—Oh no, it's a human, and a woman at that. As he looked up, mouth agape, the bulges flaunted before his nose were the indecently exposed breasts of water. They shook and rippled. The water figure was entirely smooth and transparent; yet a profound expression hovered around the egg white that seemed to be its face and lured him in an exceedingly charming manner. A sudden, deep human smell

from the swaying water stiffened him. It was the female fragrance that had long disappeared from this island. He did his best to support his body on his cane. The water sculpture sidled up toward his cheeks—Jirā was transfixed with bewilderment. Suddenly, it pressed to him its lapping breasts.

—Agi ja pyō, what on earth is this, he shouted, even more immobile than before.

When his stiff body relaxed, little by little, in response to the tenderness of her breasts, a certain odd sentiment slowly spread within his body. It perhaps resembled the cool sensation poured from the skin of transparent water, the icy air felt in the first bodily contact with this world, or the tension experienced when being thrown into the endless sky. It was, as the story went, like the pain that permeated into one's entrails when torn apart by an object of desire.

Urauchi River, Iriomote. Wikicommons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Urauchi_River_Iriomote_2007-04-05.jpg).

As if to reproduce the indescribably strange feeling he had then experienced, he narrowed his shriveled eyes even more to look afar, spellbound with the gaze of a young female dreamer. Regaining himself, he blinked a few times and suddenly opened his eyes with determination. He stared, fixedly, into the air before him. Then, relaxing his eyes, he held his shoulders with both hands. He even groaned, ooh, as if withstanding cold shivers. Releasing his bony hands from his shoulders, he brought them to his face. Then, he roughly stroked his deeply wrinkled, wave-sculpted cheeks.

Looking askance at Jirā, who staged an interlude in the conversation by way of this silent show, Tarā ran his fingers over his grey hair that was thick for a man his age. He thought to himself, sighing:

—Akki sami sami, dēji na shibai shī ya saya, I'm shocked. You put on quite an act, Jirā, didn't you?

Anyway, Tarā thought, someone should say something at this point or there could be trouble in the future. He leaned toward Jirā, who was still looking vacant, his hands on his cheeks, and began

—Eh, jirā, urē nmi nu panasu ya sayā, hey, Jirā, that's dream talk.

—Funtō nu koto ya aran sa ni, it's not something real.

The first-born son of an aristocratic family, Tarā was a rare type on Hotara, with his peculiarly gallant nature and dislike for ambiguities. At age eighty-eight, he was still a high-spirited youth by Hotara standards. With all due respect for Jirā's seniority, he was beginning to feel nonplussed about having to listen further to this story of feigned innocence. Yet, despite the fact that he began energetically, his objection was repelled by Jirā's stony gaze that had started showing something that one might call determination as his narrative gradually developed.

—Umi nji na, it's no dream, Tarā.

—Kurē, umi nu panasu ya aran dō, this is no dream talk,

—Funtō nu koto dō yaru, it's a real fact.

—Wan nē, yukkushi-ii ya, san, I don't tell lies.

Childishly pouting his shrunken lips, the toothless Jirā loudly said: San, I don't. Tarā was speechless. Jirā's carefree yet staunchly serious nature, famous throughout Hotara, did not

change no matter how old he became; rather, as he aged, it had become all the more inflexible. Thus, when he declared that he did not lie, Tarā could not refute the claim.

—Funtō nu panasu yan, is that a true story?

Shrugging his shoulders, Tarā stopped meddling. As his spirits dampened, to smooth things over, he reached over to the teapot and poured more tea into the cup he had just refilled so that it nearly overflowed.

Mangroves on the Nakama River, Iriomote. Wikicommons (https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Iriomote_mangrove_2007-04-04.jpg).

For some time, Sanrā had been casting his eyes on the edge of the verandah. It was not that he was determined to stay out of the exchange between Jirā and Tarā. He was intently listening to Jirā's mutter because something in it rang a bell. Sanrā was related to Tarā on his father's side and was a distant relative of Jirā in a somewhat complicated way. Having just turned eighty and younger than anyone else on Hotara Island, Sanrā was, so to speak, a newborn member of the elderly. With all his senses, like a baby's, responding susceptibly to the outside world, he was equipped with the ability to catch the delicate truth of the matter that lodged in the lingering overtone of Jirā's voice. Something did indeed ring a bell for Sanrā about the identity of the thing that had crawled out of the water and appeared before Jirā.

He felt the impulse to ascertain as soon as possible whether or not his hunch had hit the mark. He tried to make his feelings lean toward the tree of imagination that expanded the moment it entered his thoughts and began extending branches and leaves in all directions; but he broke through this foliage by force. Calming his excitement, he decided to stay silent and patiently wait to see where Jirā's story was going. This was because he had second thoughts: whatever the reality of the matter, the main character of this story had to be, for now, Jirā, who had the rare experience of enjoying shared moments with the water spirit.

Both Tarā and Sanrā had to gradually notice Jirā's way of talking that day, languid yet suggestive of unusual determination. Jirā perceived with his entire body the shadow of death creeping up on him. This, the two realized, drove him to storytelling while he himself remained unaware of it. Making up his mind not to interrupt until Jirā closed his mouth completely, Tarā no longer averted his eyes from Jirā's mouth as he muttered, mumbled, and sputtered. Sanrā turned his face away from the edge of the porch, and, sitting straight, looked at Jirā's deeply wrinkled long, chira, face.

To face the storyteller in this manner was to show the greatest respect to one born on Hotara Island as a Hotara resident, who had spent his life and was about to complete it. Both Tarā and Sanrā knew well that this was a scene of life that would eventually befall them as well.

Translated from Sakiyama Tami, Yuratiku yuritiku (Swaying, Swinging) (Tokyo: Kōdansha, 2003).

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Edited by Alisa Freedman

Kyoko Selden and Akira Iriye, A Childhood Memoir of Wartime Japan (/2016/15/Selden-1.html)

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Kayano Shigeru and Kyoko Selden, The Goddess of the Wind and Okikurmi (/2016/15/Kayano.html)

Sakiyama Tami (1954-), real name Taira Kuniko, was born on Iriomote Island, the largest of the Yaeyama island group in Okinawa Prefecture, where she lived until age fourteen when her family moved to Koza (present-day Okinawa City). Sakiyama graduated from the Department of Law, Economics, and Literature at the University of the Ryukyus. She began publishing in Okinawan periodicals in 1979 and in mainland Japanese literary magazines, a conventional means of launching a literary career, starting in 1988. She has written more than five novellas and novels, which have been nominated for literary awards.

Kyoko Selden (1936-2013) taught Japanese language and literature as a senior lecturer at Cornell University until her retirement in 2008. Author, translator, artist and calligrapher, she was the translation coordinator of the Asia-Pacific Journal. Her major works as translator centered on Japanese women writers, the atomic bomb, the Ainu and the Okinawans. Her major translations included Japanese Women Writers: Twentieth Century Short Fiction (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00U90M16M/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), More Stories By Japanese Women Writers, An Anthology (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0765627345/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Kayano Shigeru's Our Land Was a Forest (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0813318807/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Honda Katsuichi's Harukor: Ainu Woman's Tale (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0520210204/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), The Atomic Bomb: Voices From Hiroshima and Nagasaki (https://www.amazon.com/dp/087332773X/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Shin'ichi Suzuki's Nurtured by Love (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0739090445/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), and Cho Kyo's The Search for the Beautiful Woman, A Cultural History of Japanese and Chinese Beauty (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00AWJOQ7W/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20).

Alisa Freedman is an Associate Professor of Japanese Literature and Film at the University of Oregon. Her books include Tokyo in Transit: Japanese Culture on the Rails and Road (Stanford University Press, 2010), an annotated translation of Kawabata Yasunari's The Scarlet Gang of Asakusa (University of California Press, 2005), and co-edited volumes on Modern Girls on the Go: Gender, Mobility, and Labor in Japan (Stanford University Press, 2013), and Introducing Japanese Popular Culture (forthcoming from Routledge). She has published articles and edited special journal issues on Japanese modernism, Tokyo studies, youth culture, gender, television, humor as social critique, teaching pedagogies, and intersections of literature and digital media, along with translations of Japanese literature. She is Editor-in-Chief of the U.S.-Japan Women's Journal.

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Notes

[1] According to Japanese custom, ancestors are remembered through rituals held on the seventh, forty-ninth, and one-hundredth days after their deaths. Additional ceremonies are held on the first, third, seventh, thirteenth, seventeenth, twenty-third, twenty-seventh, thirty-third, fiftieth, and one-hundredth year anniversary of their deaths.
[2] "Bub-bon dance" captures the punning of "awa odori," here the dance of the bubbles (awa meaning "bubble"), and "Awa odori," a kind of "bon" dance to celebrate and remember ancestors in the summer obon season in Tokushima Prefecture, the former Awa Province.

Artistic Legacy of the Fifteenth Century Selections from Japan: The Shaping of Daimyo Culture, 1185-1868

Translated by Kyoko Selden

Kyoko Selden translated the Japanese contributions to the catalogue for the exhibit on Japan: The Shaping of Daimyo Culture, 1185-1868, held at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. from October 1988 to January 1989. This expansive exhibit was the first anywhere, including Japan, to present the artistic legacy of daimyō (regional lords) from the rise of warrior rulers at the end of the Heian period in the twelfth century to the dissolution of the feudal system in 1868. Featured were portraits, calligraphy, religious sculpture, painting, armor, lacquer, ceramics, textiles, tea-ceremony utensils, and artwork related to Noh theater. The following two excerpts convey Kyoko's appreciation of art, her ability to translate classical poetry and various genres of prose across the centuries and her knowledge of Japanese history and culture.

Daruma

Daruma **(S: Bodhidharma), Bokkei Saiyo (fl. 1452-73), hanging scroll, ink on paper 110.0 x 58.3 (43¼ x 23), Muromachi period, no later than 1465, Shinju-an, Kyoto, important cultural property**

Bodhidharma (J. Daruma) was an Indian prince of the early sixth century A.D. who went to South

China to spread the practice of meditation. At first unsuccessful, he crossed the Yangzi River and went north to Mount Song, where he meditated for nine years facing the cave wall at the Shaolin monastery. Daruma's teaching subsequently evolved into a forceful religious movement, which became known as Chan (Zen, in Japanese) Buddhism, which survives vigorously to this day. Many different types of portraits of Daruma exist, all imaginary representations of the patriarch based on various narrative accounts. Here Daruma is represented in half-length, casting a concentrated stare with bulging eyes. He is clad as a monk, in a plain cassock, and his arms are folded in front of him. The long fingernail on the left thumb marks Daruma as an ascetic; the earring on the left earlobe marks him as a princely personage. At the lower right are stamped a two-character relief seal, Bokkei, and a circular relief seal, Saiyo, below it. They are the seals of the artist of the Soga clan, Bokkei Saiyo, otherwise known as Hyōbu Bokkei.

The written history of Zen Buddhism starts with the pseudo-biography of Daruma, the founding patriarch of the school, which informs us that the teaching he transmitted to China was fundamentally different from that which had been taught and practiced by other traditional Buddhists. Daruma taught that the Buddha's doctrine should be transmitted from mind to mind, by directly pointing at the heart of a man so that he would see his nature and attain his own Buddhahood.

The history of Daruma portraiture dates from as early as the eighth century A.D. in China. As the commemorative portrait of the founding patriarch of the Zen school, a Daruma portrait would be displayed by Zen adepts on the fifth day of October for the memorial ceremony honoring his death. Many different types and styles of Daruma portraits were painted in both China and Japan. The half-length type had appeared already before the twelfth century in China.

The inscription above is by the famous Zen monk of Daitokuji Ikkyū Sōjun (1394-1481). As Daruma faces to the left, the inscription is written from left to right:

> Followers in China and India conjure your spirit;
>
> Half the figure, a portrait, reveals your entire body;
>
> What did the grass mat at Shaolin [Temple] accomplish?
>
> At the Palace of King Xiangzhi, spring of plums and willows.
>
> The sixth year of Kansei [1465], day of spring; [signed] fifth generation descendant of Daitō [Kokushi or the National Master] and formerly of the Tokuzenji Temple [subtemple], Jun Ikkyū respectfully eulogizes [stamped with a square relief seal Ikkyū]

The poem is recorded, with slightly different wording, in Ikkyū's collection of literary works Kyōun shū (Mad Cloud Collection). The Palace of King Xiangzhi mentioned in the last line of Ikkyū's poem is a Chinese name for the palace of the father of Bodhidharma, thought to have been situated in South India, corresponding to present-day Madras. Fifth generation descendant of Daitō refers to Ikkyū's position in the transmission line of teaching; fifth from Daitō (Great Lamp) Kokushi (National Master) to the monk Shūho Myōchō (1282-1337), the founding abbot of the Daitokuji Monastery in Kyoto. Tokuzenji Temple is a subtemple of the Daitokuji Temple, which had been refurbished by Ikkyū sometime around 1459 when he was appointed its abbot.

The artist Bokkei Saiyo was the earliest of the group of artists known by the family name Soga,

who served the warrior clan Asakura in Echizen Province (now Fukui Prefecture located on the Japan Sea coast). The Asakura, in turn, were for generations vassals of the Shiba family who, as a branch family of the Ashikaga, had been kanrei (deputy shogun) in control of the Echizen region. At the time this Bodhidharma painting was executed Echizen was ruled by Asakura Toshikage (also known as Takakage, 1428-81), the powerful warrior and enlightened ruler of Echizen proper who controlled the area as shogodai (deputy constable). The Asakura family came under the influence of and actively patronized Ikkyū, and Bokkei is recorded as one of his disciples. At least two portraits of Ikkyū were painted by Bokkei Saiyo, one dated 1452 and the other 1453. On the basis of the dates of these paintings, it is assumed that this Bokkei is "Hyōbu Bokkei" who is mentioned in the collection of literary works of the scholar monk Kisei Reigen (1403-88) as a student of the painter Shūbun, a frequent companion of Ikkyū, and who died in Ise in 1473. Not much else is known about our painter.

In this work, the bold brushstrokes that delineate Daruma's robe are the mark of a Soga painter. The half-length type of Daruma portrait, with the robe executed in sketchy brushwork, and with more carefully described facial features, was transmitted to Japan from China during the Muromachi period. The later Japanese versions are distinguished from the Chinese precedents by the bolder use of dark ink tones resulting in abstract, patterned forms, especially in the definition of the robe. The style of Bokkei, his immediate successor Soga Shōjō, and two generations of Soga Chokuan of the sixteenth century consistently show strong individualistic brushwork and the achievement of dramatic tonal contrasts, marking them as expressionistic artists who had emerged in the provinces after the mid-fifteenth century.

Listening to the Pines Study, **hanging scroll, ink and color on paper, 103.0 x 31.8 (40½ x 12½), Muromachi period, no later than 1433, Seikadō Bunko, Tokyo, important cultural property**

A tall, gnarled pine tree, its roots precariously clinging to a rocky bank, rises at the right. A pavilion is framed by the trunk and branches of the tree. Behind the pavilion soars a second, equally gnarled pine tree, painted in ink so pale that it appears to be almost a shadow of the first. A mountain path leads from the left side of the landscape, across a timber bridge over a cascading stream on the left, to the pavilion. A jagged mountain towers in the center, its lower portion obscured by the wafting mist.

Five inscriptions, written at different times over a twenty-five year period, are brushed at the top of the painting in a disorderly fashion. In fact, visible seams between the inscriptions indicate that they have been reorganized. The earliest of these, the one at the upper right, is by the Zen monk Ishō Tokugan (1360-1437). It contains a short preface, Listening to the Pines Study (Chōshōken), poem composed for Attendant (Jisha) Ryūko []wa…, and a postscript, On the third day of the second month of the year Kichū [Corresponding to 1433]. These relate for whom and when the poem was written. The main body of Ishō's poem reads:

> I hear there is a man of high virtue in the realm of the west, who lives at Nanmei;
>
> High above the hut soar tall pine trees, offering their green canopies;
>
> A lamp casting spots of light behind the tiny window must indeed make me long to get there.
>
> Sounds of the wind blend with the reading voice all night long.

Japanese scholars have recently argued that the scroll was produced in Kyoto on behalf of a certain young monk, Attendant Ryūkō of Nanmeizan monastery, also known as Jōfukuji Temple, in Suō (now Yamanashi Prefecture), located on the western tip of Honshu island. This would explain the reference in the poem to "the realm of the west." Suō was governed by the powerful Ōuchi family. Ryūkō Shinkei, who wrote the poem just across from Chōjū's, enjoyed the patronage of the Ōuchi family while in Kyoto, and later went to Suō.

While "Attendant Ryūkō [ ]wa" remains unidentified, he is assumed to have been a young Zen monk at Jōfukuji Temple, whose scholarly ambitions were embodied in his study-retreat, real or imaginary, which became the theme of this scroll. The title of the painting, as well as that of the poem "Listening to the Pines Study" (Chōshōken) was appropriately chosen for the scholarly hermitage in this work, for it refers to the idea of listening to "whispers of pine winds and sounds of stream waters," a Chinese phrase well known in Japan. The term "Chōshō," a recurring literary and pictorial theme and name in China, became a model for the Japanese.

Originally, the scroll had only Ishō's inscription, but in subsequent years, and presumably as the scroll was moved back and forth between Kyoto and Suō, four more inscriptions were added. It exemplifies the dissemination of the early fifteenth-century shosizu (painting of a scholar's study) to the provinces by the second quarter of the fifteenth century. Jikuun Tōren (1391-1471) added the final inscription, written at the upper left in 1458, twenty-five years after the first. It reads:

> Trek, trek up the precarious path, the road through the mountains goes on and on;
>
> The hermit's abode between the moss-covered cliff and the deep green stream;
>
> Hermitage, after all, is no more than a trifling way of life;
>
> Whispers of pine trees may lure you on, but don't let leisure turn into lethargy.
>
> [signed] Chōkonsō (an alternative literary sobriquet of Jikuun) Tōren invites those

> who aspire to retire by his clumsy verse. The end of the second year of Chōroku (1458).

The five inscriptions, written at different times over the span of a quarter of a century, function differently from those of early fifteenth-century shosaizu (landscape paintings with verse inscriptions) where laudatory poems were written during a gathering of many like-minded poet-monks. The inscriptions on this work form a collection of individual poems, each a personal response to the scroll and to the idea of the hermetic practice. Tōren's poem seems to contain a measure of irony about the futility of such retirement. Such sentiment reflects a new attitude of reservation toward the practice. Occurring at the same time, in the mid-fifteenth century, was the diminution of patronage of the literary gatherings at Zen temples, which had been championed by such men as Shogun Ashikaga Yoshimochi (1386-1428), and a corresponding increase in the bureaucratic nature of the activities of the temples.

Stylistically, the painting exhibits some unusual features. The choppy brushstrokes, each showing marked thinning and thickening, suggest a stylistic model different from that which is assumed to have been behind earlier shigajiku examples. The model might have been a Chinese painting or a Korean work done in the Li Cheng (919-67) or Guo Xi (circa 1020-90) tradition. The rocks in the foreground, the pine trees, and the mountain above are rendered by contour lines that consist of a series of twisted brushstrokes that reveal the choppy, nervous movement of the hand. Along with monochromatic ink washes, reddish browns and blue-greens have been extensively used, though much of the original pigment has been lost.

These selections are taken from the exhibition catalogue Japan: The Shaping of Daimyo Culture, 1185-1868, ed. Yoshiaki Shimizu (Washington, D.C.: National Gallery of Art, 1989), 139-42 and 144-46.

SPECIAL FEATURE

Japan in Translation III
In Honor of Kyoko Selden

Edited by Alisa Freedman

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Selections from "Ukiyo-e Landscapes and Edo Scenic Places"

Nagai Kafū

Translated and introduced by Kyoko Selden and Alisa Freedman

Introduction

Author Nagai Kafū (1879-1959; given name Nagai Sōkichi) is best known for his fictionalized personal travel accounts American Stories (Amerika monogatari, 1908) and French Stories (Furansu monogatari, 1915), short stories and novellas about Tokyo courtesans and low-ranking geisha, and an extensive illustrated diary, Dyspepsia House Diary (Danchōtei nichijō, 1917-59). Kafū was fascinated with Edo-period (1603-1868) culture, especially that of the chōnin, or urban commoners. He prided himself on his resemblance to Edo literati, such as poet Ōta Nanpo (also known as Shokusanjin, discussed in the selection below), who used kyōka (playful, often satirical, poetry) as an elegant form of veiled social commentary. Kafū challenged authority throughout his career, as evidenced in his professed dislike of Meiji-period (1868-1912) leaders, his opposition to the war and Japanese militarism in the 1930s and 1940s, and conflicts with censors and publishers.

"Ukiyo-e Landscapes and Edo Scenic Places" (Ukiyo-e no sansuiga to Edo meisho) first appeared in 1914 in the journal Mita bungaku (Mita Literature), the literary organ of Keiō University that Kafū helped to edit. It was reprinted, along with additional essays between 1913 and 1918 on ukiyo-e, theater, and literature, in a 1920 book On Edo Art (Edo geijutsu-ron) published by Shunyōdō. Perhaps in homage to the culture he describes, Kafū rewrote these essays in his own version of Edo-period prose style, influenced by classical Chinese and replete with wordplays, literary allusions, and parenthetical references. The book was published without illustrations, but his detailed descriptions enabled readers to visualize the colorful prints and sense the moods that they evoked. Kafū collected ukiyo-e in Japan and was widely read in the history of Western art.

In addition to offering a wealth of information about ukiyo-e artists, schools, and movements and introducing texts written in English and French about them, this lyrical essay epitomizes many of the themes of Kafū's literature and shows the faith he had in the ability of artists to capture the tenor of their times and the power of art to shape the ways people view cities. In particular, Kafū sought through ukiyo-e landscapes access to daily life in the Tokugawa city of Edo, which he idealized as more refined, "honest," and less pretentious than early twentieth-century Tokyo (the city that Edo became). Ukiyo-e, like kabuki and kyōka poetry, was also a means to understand how people expressed themselves under rigid government censorship. At the end of this five-part essay, Kafū goes as far as to say that ukiyo-e died in the Meiji period.

An annotated, illustrated translation of "Ukiyo-e Landscapes and Edo Scenic Places" in its entirety was published in the Review of Japanese Culture and Society, vol. XXIV (December 2012): 210-32. The following excerpt (mostly from the third section), in which Kafū closely examines prints by Utagawa Hiroshige (1797-1858), well displays Kafū's attention to visual details,

contextualization of ukiyo-e in Western and Japanese art history, and attention to the profundity of seemingly ordinary urban places and practices. Kafū's vivid descriptions of specific ukiyo-e landscapes almost seem like literary urban sketches, as if he were leading his reader through the streets of Edo and explaining how to view the scenery.

Hiroshige's Edo landscapes include single-sheet prints of simultaneously occurring scenes like those in One Hundred Famous Views of Edo (Meisho Edo hyakkei, 1856-58), Eight Views of the Suburbs of Edo (Edo kinkō hakkei no uchi, around 1838), Famous Places in the Eastern Capital (Tōto meisho, 1831-32), Scenic Views of Edo (Kōto shōkei, between 1833 and 1842), Famous Restaurants of Edo (Edo kōmei kaitei zukushi, 1852-53), and Scenic Slopes of Edo (Edo meisho saka zukushi, 1844-53), as well as those included in such picture books as Edo Souvenirs (Edo miyage, 10 vols., 1850-57) and Famous Places in Edo with Kyōka (Kyōka Edo meisho zue, 16 vols, 1856).

Utagawa Hiroshige, Ships Enter Tsukudajima Port (Tsukudajima irifune no zu) from the series Famous Places in the Eastern Capital**. Courtesy of Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, University of Oregon.**

Westerners who have a good eye for painting most likely regard Hiroshige and Hokusai as Japan's two master landscape artists. These two masters portrayed similar geographical areas numerous times based on Western perspective drawing and the study of life in ukiyo-e. However, their stylistic differences are obvious at first sight. Hokusai added elements of nanga and Western painting to ukiyo-e.[1] But Hiroshige seems to have exclusively followed the style of Hanabusa Itchō (1652-1724), who branched off from the Kanō School.[2] Hokusai's style is strong and firm, while Hiroshige's is gentle and calm. Despite the fact that Hiroshige's technique for depicting the study of life is often more minutely detailed, at a glance, his work always appears purer and lighter than Hokusai's sōga.[3] To make a literary analogy, Hokusai recalls travelogues that abundantly employ ornate kanji epithets, while Hiroshige resembles the flowing style of gesaku writers who smoothly describe minute details.[4] The masterpieces of Hokusai's mature period often make us sense something that is not Japanese, as I have discussed, but Hiroshige's works greet us with more Japanese, purely regional feelings. The latter's art does not exist apart from the Japanese climate. I consider Hiroshige's landscapes and Ogata Kōrin's (1658-1716) flowering plants to be the most important art that richly conveys the characteristics of the Japanese milieu.

On choosing a landscape to depict, Hokusai was not content to present the landscape itself but instead always surprised viewers with his unconventional designs. Hiroshige's approach, on the other hand, was so unvaryingly calm that he tended to be somewhat monotonous and lacking in variety. Hokusai took pleasure in presenting mountains and waters dynamically with storms, lightning, and torrents. Hiroshige was at his best in adding greater calm to a lonely night scene with rain, snow, moonlight, and bright stars. Figures in Hokusai's landscapes are strenuously at work, or if not, they gesture at landscapes in admiration or amazement. In Hiroshige's pictures, a boatman rowing does not seem to be in a hurry to get to a destination, and a traveler in a hat on horseback always seems tired or half asleep. Those who walk on the crowded streets of Edo look as if they were ready to spend a long day with a dog by the roadside. Through the two different approaches demonstrated in their works, we can readily see the sharply contrasting dispositions of these master landscape artists.

Utagawa Hiroshige, Ryōgoku in the Eastern Capital (Tōto Ryōgoku) from the series Thirty-Six Views of Mount Fuji**. Courtesy of Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, University of Oregon.**

After choosing a landscape, Hokusai sharpened his awareness, set his expectations high, and invariably took great pains to come up with some new design or device. Hiroshige, on the contrary, seemed to pick up his brush with ease as he observed and as interest moved him without reserve. Hokusai's pictures are always intentional, even his fast, sketchy drawings, although they seem as if he only arrived there after painstaking effort and refinement. On the other hand, Hiroshige's simplified drawings seem like mere products of occasional improvisation. When comparing master drawings used to carve the woodblocks (ukiyo-e hanshita), those by Hiroshige make it seem that he never worked hard as Hokusai did. At one point, so many reprints were made from Hiroshige's woodblocks that the results were quite crude. Even if we look at his oldest and most carefully reproduced prints, his color tones rarely stir the delicate pleasure that we experience when facing Hokusai's nishiki-e. In particular, in One Hundred Famous Views of Edo, produced in the Ansei period (1854-59), in Hiroshige's later years, the green and red coloring, among other qualities, greatly disappoints us despite the creative designs and delightfully agile brushstrokes. Hiroshige used black ink for drawing outlines as in traditional Japanese painting and used coloring only as a convenient way to compensate for the monotony of a scene. Even so, nobody could hope to equal him in skillfully creating a complex, beautiful effect by the arrangement of two or three colors. See, for example, how he contrasts the blue flowing water and the evening glow of the pink sky against the white clouds, or how he arranges a boat with a yellow thatched roof between the blue evening river and the uniformly grey sky. The extremely simple and clear coloring is the very reason that the viewer can freely experience the feel of time, air, and light.

In the catalogue for the 1898 ukiyo-e exhibition curated by Kobayashi Bunshichi (1861-1923), the American Ernest Fenollosa (1853-1908) comments on Hiroshige's picture of Mount Atago:[5] "A distant view of the sea, dotted with white sails, skillfully suggests soft winds and also spontaneously conveys the reflection of light in the distance. Small figures as in the work of his contemporary English master painter Turner, are often no more than a row of wooden stakes, but this also helps to emphasize various points of the landscape." About the view of the Eitai Bridge, he writes: "The presentation of the boats should be called fundamental and grammatical. The artist effectively combines two-shade coloring and black-and-white drawings, contributing to the clear demarcation of parts. It is beyond the achievements of colors in oil painting. I prefer this work to Whistler's most famous copperplate etching."

Because the [Japanese] translation is quite stiff and the explanation of the art is minimal, those who do not remember the 1898 exhibition have

no way of clearly knowing which prints Fenollosa is praising.[6] However, this praise provides a sense of the characteristics of Hiroshige's prints.

Among Hiroshige's depictions of the famous places of Edo are the series of horizontal prints Famous Places in the Eastern Capital and Scenic Views of Edo and the series of vertical prints One Hundred Famous Views of Edo. Although these collections depict the same landscapes of the Edo urban areas and suburbs, the dates of publication and the difference between horizontal and vertical settings naturally create distinctive artistic styles. Famous Places in the Eastern Capital and Fifty-Three Stations of the Tōkaido (Tōkaido gojū-san tsugi no uchi, 1833-34) have horizontal arrangements based on minute study of life, and the coloring is not especially vivid. Thus they make us experience the kind of charm that we have generally come to expect from ukiyo-e. On the other hand, One Hundred Famous Views of Edo unfortunately deviates from realistic study, and despite the absolute freedom of brushwork and the extremely unconventional composition, the coloring in the prints is far from beautiful. In particular, the deep, raw red and green hues greatly disappoint us. This makes us sense how ukiyo-e printing skills degenerated with each successive year starting in the Tenpō period (1830-44). At the end of a monograph on the life of Kitagawa Utamaro,[7] Edmond de Goncourt wrote that Hiroshige strove to return color prints to what they had been in Utamaro's heyday but that he never succeeded.

To collect all the pictures of Famous Places in the Eastern Capital and explain them in great detail, as Goncourt did of Hokusai's and Utamaro's work, is beyond my present scope. Therefore I will select two or three important examples of the places Hiroshige enjoyed painting in different ways.

First, Hiroshige enjoyed depicting Kasumigaseki Hill, where the white walls of daimyō houses continue near the great Edo Castle from the Benkei Canal of Outer Sakurada. One picture presents a summer afternoon after a sudden rain shower. A large rainbow has boldly appeared at an angle in the broad sky above the hill, with a lookout station at the top, and commoners' houses and sails in the Shibaura Bay below. But aside from a woman with her umbrella half closed and the child accompanying her, no passers-by seem to notice the beautiful rainbow. Passers-by include samurai in formal clothing, each wearing a pair of swords; a townsman in a summer kimono jacket decorated in a fine pattern; and merchant venders carrying what seems to be a box of medicinal loquat leaves or fans, who shield their faces under large sedge hats, looking somewhat troubled by the wind that sweeps the hems of their clothes. These figures show the care with which the artist tries to let the viewer imagine how high the hill is. In another picture, on both sides of the climbing slope we can see long houses with grey roofs, white walls, and pale indigo stonewalls in their foundations, and the Sannō Shrine festival procession of floats and people wearing hats adorned with flowers. These details are accompanied by the distant view of the slope and houses as far as the eye can see, becoming gradually more distant and smaller. Needless to say, the contrast between the procession of people wearing hats with flowers or parasols and the houses on both sides seen from above and the perspective approach are extremely refreshing.

Utagawa Hiroshige, Sannō Festival Procession on Kasumigaseki (Tōto Kasumigaseki Sannōsai nerikomi no zu). Courtesy of Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, University of Oregon.

The landscape from the Eitai Bridge to Tsukuda

Island and Teppōzu and the arc of the seashore from Takanawa to Shinagawa most easily allow Hiroshige to produce the best and simplest pictures of water and sky, bridges, and boats. First, toward the bottom left part of the long bridge depicted at an angle is a lonely night carriage and a man with his head and cheeks wrapped in a towel. To the right of the vast water, Tsukuda Island at night floats like a cloud, and to the left, specks of lamplight glow from the windows of courtesan houses in the New Yoshiwara, facing the fires of the ice-fishing boats scattered on the water. A full moon floats between the masts of large boats anchored for the night, and, in that vast sky is the faint form of cuckoo or a line of wild geese. These are the characteristics that permitted the simplest and most charming cityscapes that Hiroshige strove to depict.

Everyone knows that snow heightens the beauty of various Edo landscapes. Hiroshige's most outstanding landscapes in the snow include those of Ochanomizu, the stone steps of the Yushima Tenjin Shrine, the embankment of Susaki Bay at high tide, and Yabukōji Street in Shiba, while Mukōjima, the Nihonbashi Bridge, and the Yoshiwara embankment, contrary to expectations, did not inspire masterpieces. Hiroshige set a snowy landscape in the yearend market at Asakusa's Sensōji Temple. There, the brightly white roof of the temple rises sharply against the sky full of dancing snowflakes, as groups of countless umbrellas climb the steps. This picture is rather unexpected from the brush of Hiroshige, who always preferred loneliness and quiet grace.

The Mimeguri Shrine in Mukōjima, the Hashiba Ferry, Imado, Masaki, the San'ya Moat, and Matsuchi Hill are famous places that could inspire any artist to create great landscapes.[8] This was certainly the case for Hiroshige. What we should note, however, is that despite the fact that he was also skilled at human portraits as a student of Utagawa Toyohiro (1773-1828), he deliberately avoided the large crowds of people viewing cherry blossoms, even when depicting the Sumida River. Instead, Hiroshige consistently sought the calm of rushes and white sails. Consider Cherry Blossoms in Full Spring along the Sumida River (Sumidagawa hanazakari) in Famous Places in the Eastern Capital. Hiroshige first presents the embankment that rises like a hill. As one looks up at the cherry blossoms on the embankment from the vast river, one can only imagine the crowds of people coming and going. Also, upon the water, there are no roofed pleasure boats with courtesans, sake, and revelers. Instead we see fishing boats, rafts, and seagulls. Such an inclination is particularly striking in Hiroshige's representations of the Yoshiwara.

The scenes he preferred to depict were not the splendors of a magnificent district that never seemed to sleep but the loneliness of men, heads covered with cloth, hands tucked in their kimono, walking after midnight in twos and threes, looking cold outside the lattice doors along the riverbank after the courtesans have already left for their lodgings (Edo Souvenirs, volume 6) or an early morning scene in which the wooden gate to the Yoshiwara's main street, the Nakanochō, looks like a barrier house in the mountains (Dawn Clouds in the Pleasure Quarters [Kakuchū shinonome] in One Hundred Famous Views of Edo). Even when the night cherry blossoms are at their peak on Nakanochō Street, Hiroshige might provide only a view from high above of humble roof tiles with just a glimpse of the treetops. Along the Nihon embankment are commoners' houses buried in snow and the traffic of carriages having difficulty on the way, evoking the pathos of traveling rather than the sentiment of the previous night's revelry. In this respect, Hiroshige is through and through a poet representing wayfarers. The Yoshiwara that he depicts has something reminiscent of the rustic charm of a post town. The Nakanochō teahouses, each with a lit lantern under the eaves, when depicted with Hiroshige's

refined touch, are no different from landscapes of Shinagawa, Itabashi, and the like. The crowded Edo Sanza theaters, which were moved to the post town of Asakusayama in 1841,[9] receive the same treatment as the Yoshiwara. In Hiroshige's landscape prints, one can no longer see the jovial din and bustle in Fukiya and Sakai that Shunrō, Toyokuni, and other artists depicted.[10] Disregarding the crowds gathering for the annual troupe performances and the splendid teahouse decorations in honor of these occasions, Hiroshige considered it enough to depict countless banners fluttering over humble roof tiles, as seen through the thick foliage of Matsuchi Hill. For the sights in front of the theaters, he showed a closed gate in the moonlight, passers-by thinning out, a dog sleeping near a rainwater barrel under the eaves, and a night palanquin waiting for a passenger, thus creating his own unique charm. In representing the precincts of the Kannon Hall of Sensōji Temple, he does not focus on the crowds near tea stalls, arrow stands, mechanical doll shows, and other entertainments, but instead, for example, makes the great lantern of the Kaminari Gate occupy the entire space, with seemingly countless umbrellas beneath.

Utagawa Hiroshige, A Shower Over the Nihonbashi Bridge (Nihonbashi no hakuu) in the series Famous Places in the Eastern Capital**. Courtesy of Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, University of Oregon.**

These selections are excerpted from Nagai Kafū. Ukiyo-e no sansuiga to Edo meisho (Ukiyo-e Landscapes and Edo Scenic Places), originally published in 1914. This translation is based on the version in Nagai Kafū zenshū (Collected Works of Nagai Kafū), vol. 10 (Tokyo: Iwanami, 2010). The English translation of the entire essay was published in Review of Japanese Culture and Society, vol. XXIV (December 2012): 210-32.

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Alisa Freedman is an Associate Professor of Japanese Literature and Film at the University of Oregon. Her books include Tokyo in Transit: Japanese Culture on the Rails and Road (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0804771456/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (Stanford University Press, 2010), an annotated translation of Kawabata Yasunari's The Scarlet Gang of Asakusa (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0520241827/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (University of California Press, 2005), and co-edited volumes on Modern Girls on the Go: Gender, Mobility, and Labor in Japan (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0804781141/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (Stanford University Press, 2013), and Introducing Japanese Popular Culture (forthcoming from Routledge). She has published articles and edited special journal issues on Japanese modernism, Tokyo studies, youth culture, gender, television, humor as social critique, teaching pedagogies, and intersections of literature and digital media, along with translations of Japanese literature. She is Editor-in-Chief of the U.S.-Japan Women's Journal.

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Author **Nagai Kafū** (1879-1959; given name Nagai Sōkichi) is best known for his fictionalized personal travel accounts American Stories (Amerika monogatari, 1908) and French Stories (Furansu monogatari, 1915), short stories and novellas about Tokyo courtesans and low-ranking geisha, and an extensive illustrated diary, Dyspepsia House Diary (Danchōtei nichijō, 1917-59).

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Alisa Freedman is an Associate Professor of Japanese Literature and Film at the University of Oregon. Her books include Tokyo in Transit: Japanese Culture on the Rails and Road (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0804771456/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (Stanford University Press, 2010), an annotated translation of Kawabata Yasunari's The Scarlet Gang of Asakusa (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0520241827/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (University of California Press, 2005), and co-edited volumes on Modern Girls on the Go: Gender, Mobility, and Labor in Japan (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0804781141/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (Stanford University Press, 2013), and Introducing Japanese Popular Culture (forthcoming from Routledge). She has published articles and edited special journal issues on Japanese modernism, Tokyo studies, youth culture, gender, television, humor as social critique, teaching pedagogies, and intersections of literature and digital media, along with translations of Japanese literature. She is Editor-in-Chief of the U.S.-Japan Women's Journal.

Notes

[1] Nanga is late Edo period painting inspired by Chinese literati painting.
[2] Founded by Kanō Masanobu in the mid-fifteenth century, the Kanō School was the dominant school of painting in the Edo period.
[3] Literally "grass-style drawing," sōga are simple ink paintings or light-colored drawings done with rough brush strokes.
[4] More "serious" literary works in a lofty, ornate, rhetorically-controlled style were influenced by Chinese scholarship and targeted at urban intelligentsia, while gesaku, intended as popular fiction, employed freer, more vernacular expressions.
[5] The preface to Fenollosa's Catalogue of the Exhibition of Ukiyoe Paintings and Prints is available online at Kindai Digital Library (http://kindai.ndl.go.jp/info:ndljp/pid/850003). Ernest Fenollosa was a historian of Japanese art and a professor of philosophy and other disciplines at the University of Tokyo. Kobayashi Bunshichi was a Tokyo art dealer and publisher of art books and reproductions.
[6] Mount Atago, Shiba (no. 79) from the series Famous Places in the Eastern Capital, and Eitai Bridge, Tsukuda Island (no. 4) from One Hundred Famous Places of Edo both match the description.
[7] Outamaro, le Peintre des Maisons Vertes (1891). Goncourt also wrote Hokusaï, l'art Japonais au XVII Siécle (1896). Kafū introduces these works in a separate essay on "Goncourt's Biographies of Utamaro and Hokusai." Edmond de Goncourt (1822-96) was a French writer, art and literary critic, publisher, and founder of the Académie Goncourt.
[8] The San'ya Moat is a canal drawn from the Sumida River that connected Imado and San'ya and was a route to the New Yoshiwara (Shin Yoshiwara). The Yoshiwara was a major Edo prostitution district sanctioned by the government. It was founded in 1617 near Nihonbashi. After fire destroyed the district in 1657, the New Yoshiwara was constructed on the Nihon embankment behind the Sensōji Temple. The older location was called Moto (original) Yoshiwara. Matsuchi Hill is located near Matsuchi Shōden Temple in Asakusa.
[9] Around the 1670s, there were four licensed kabuki troupes in Edo. After one was disbanded in

1714, the Nakamura troupe of Sakai-chō, Ichimura troupe of Fukiya-chō, and Morita Kobiki-chō became the official Edo Three Troupes. The Nakamura troupe's theater burned down in 1841, and the following year the Nakamura, Ichimura, and Kawarazaki (or Morita) troupes were moved to an Asakusa area called Saruwaka-chō.

[10] Fukiya-chō and Sakai-chō, along with Kobiki-chō, all in close proximity, formed a kabuki theater district before all theaters were moved to Saruwaka-chō.

The Search for the Beautiful Woman: A Cultural History of Japanese and Chinese Beauty

Cho Kyo

Translated and introduced by Kyoko Selden

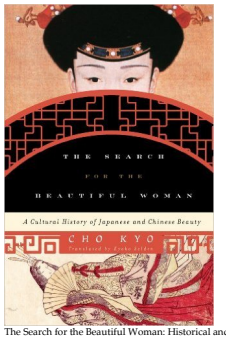
Introduction to the Translation

An oblique tooth is viewed in the United States as requiring straightening, but in Japan it may be thought of as emblematic of a young woman's charm. While a slim body is a prerequisite for beauty today East and West, plump women were considered beautiful in Tang dynasty (618-907) China and Heian (794-1185) Japan. Starting from around the twelfth century in China, bound feet symbolized the attractiveness of women. But Japan, which received sundry influences from China, never adopted foot binding. Instead, shaving eyebrows and blackening teeth became markers of feminine beauty. Before modern times, neither Japanese nor Chinese paid much attention to double eyelids, but in the course of the long twentieth century, they became a standard for distinguishing beautiful from plain women. Thus criteria of beauty greatly differ by era and culture, and therein lies many riddles.

Focusing on changing representations of beauty in Chinese and Japanese cultures, Cho Kyo, in The Search for the Beautiful Woman (Bijo towa nanika: Nitchū bijin no bunkashi), attempts to clarify such riddles from the angle of comparative cultural history. Before modern times, Japanese culture was profoundly shaped by Chinese culture, and representations of feminine beauty, too, received continental influences. In considering Japanese representations of feminine beauty, the author examines literary and artistic sources scattered across historical materials and classical literary works.

Cho Kyo (Chinese name Zhang Jing) is a professor in the School of Global Japanese Studies at Meiji University who has been a guest professor at the International Research Center for Japanese Studies (Nichibunken). His specialization is comparative literature, with cultural history as a secondary field of research. These selections are excerpted from his 2012 book The Search for the Beautiful Woman: Historical and Contemporary Perspectives and Aesthetics (Rowman & Littlefield, Kyoko Selden translator).

Are There Universal Criteria for Beauty?



The Search for the Beautiful Woman: Historical and Contemporary Perspectives and Aesthetics (https://rowman.com/ISBN/9781442218956/The-Search-for-the-Beautiful-Woman-A-Cultural-History-of-Japanese-and-Chinese-Beauty), **trans. Kyoko Selden (Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield, 2012).**

What constitutes a beautiful woman? Intrinsically, criteria vary greatly depending upon peoples and cultures. A woman thought of as a beauty in one culture may be considered plain in another. This is not normally in our consciousness. Rather, images of beauty are thought to be universal across cultures. Marilyn Monroe and Audrey Hepburn gain worldwide fame as beauties, not simply in American eyes

but in Asian and African eyes. But on the basis of what criteria?

Have universal standards for determining beauty emerged with the global reach of consumer culture and the media? As products of multinational enterprises transcend national boundaries to spread worldwide, people of different races and nations have come to use the same cosmetics, and people of different skin colors and facial and bodily features have come to don similar fashions. As a result, the fact that different cultures have distinctive standards of beauty was forgotten before we realized it.

In earlier epochs, different cultures shared no common conception of beauty. In ancient times, each culture held a different image of beautiful women. This was naturally so when cultures were widely different, such as Western Europe and East Asia, but images were not identical even between closely connected cultures. Both Chinese and Japanese are Mongoloid. Moreover, in pre-modern times China and Japan shared Confucian culture. Despite the fact that cultural ties between the two countries were extremely close, however, images of beauty in Edo Japan (1600-1868) and Qing China (1644-1911) were strikingly different. For example, while bound feet were a condition for female beauty in China, in Japan blackened teeth were considered beautiful.

At present, with the advance of globalization, the same commodities are not only distributed throughout the world, but also information easily transcends cultural walls. Boundary crossings represented by satellite television, film, and the Internet have greatly changed values and aesthetics of the non-Western world, but also of the Western world … such that the very categories of East and West, and perhaps North and South, are problematized. As American visual culture is being consumed at the global level, the Western sense of beauty inevitably penetrates today's developing countries. But Chinese and Japanese conceptions of beauty have also, at various times, made their way across the globe through art, literature, film, commodities, and communications.

Despite the rapidly advancing standardization of aesthetic sensibility, however, criteria of beauty have not necessarily become uniform. In Sichuan province, a young medical student from the Republic of Mali became acquainted with a Chinese woman. They fell in love and eventually married, the bridegroom staying on in China and becoming a doctor. A People's Daily reporter who interviewed him asked: "Would you let us know the secret for winning a beauty like your wife?" "We Mali people have a completely different sense of beauty from yours. A person you regard as a beauty isn't necessarily always beautiful in our eyes," he said by way of preface before answering the reporter's question.

The absence of universal standards for physical beauty was recognized early on along with the discovery of "the intercultural." Ever since Darwin stated, "It is certainly not true that there is in the mind of man any universal standard of beauty with respect to the human body,"[1] many researchers have made the same point. Claude Lévi-Strauss, who observed the body drawings of the Caduveo tribe in Brazil and described them in Tristes Tropiques (1955), conjectured as to why many men belonging to other tribes came to settle and marry Caduveo women at Nalike: "Perhaps the facial and body paintings explain the attraction; at all events, they strengthen and symbolize it. The delicate and subtle markings, which are as sensitive as the lines of the face, and sometimes accentuate them, sometimes run counter to them, make the women delightfully alluring."[2] When he wrote this, the aesthetics that greatly differed from Western sense of beauty did not shock his readers. In their daily lives, however, most people still believe that essential physical beauty exists universally.

Kitagawa Utamaro, The Courtesan Takikawa of the Ogiya Brothel Accompanied by her Kamuro, 1801. Honolulu Museum of Art; WikiCommons (http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Utamaro,_-_The_Courtesan_Takikawa_of_the_Ogiya_Brothel_Accompanied_by_her_Kamuro,_1801.jpg).

How Foreign Races Were Regarded

It was in the twentieth century that images of beauty became homogenized from the West to Asia and Africa. Earlier, aesthetics of facial features not only differed, but, with some exceptions, different peoples thought one another ugly. The Portuguese Dominican friar Gaspar da Cruz (1520-70), who visited China in the mid-sixteenth century, portrayed the Chinese, in his South China in the Sixteenth Century, as having "small eyes, low noses, large faces."[3] Matteo Ricci (1552-1610), the Italian Jesuit priest who stayed in China from 1552 to 1616, wrote, "Men's beards are thin and meager and at times they have none at all. Their hair is rough and straight.... The narrow, elliptical eyes are noticeably black. The nose is small and flat...."[4] While neither missionary directly says Chinese are ugly, discomfort lurks between the lines.

Japanese faces looked the same way to Westerners' eyes. The German doctor Philipp Franz Balthasar von Siebold (1796-1866), who resided in Japan from 1823 to 1829 and 1858 to 1862, states of people of inland Kyushu, "their faces are flat and wide, with small and wide noses, large mouths, and thick lips," "wings of the nose pressed deep, eyes wide apart, cheek bones protruding."[5] Swedish botanist Carl Peter Thunberg (1743-1828), who visited Japan in 1775, says: "[Japanese people's eyes] are oblong, small, and are sunk deeper in the head, in the consequence of which these people have almost the appearance of being pink-eyed. In other respects their eyes are dark-brown, or rather black. . . . The eyebrows are also placed somewhat higher. Their heads are, in general, large and their necks short; their hair black, thick, and shining from the use they make of oils. Their noses although not flat, are yet rather thick and short."[6] As time passed, exaggerated portrayals of ugliness became fewer, but eyes directed toward Mongoloids did not change much from the cases of Gaspar da Cruz and Matteo Ricci.

Westerners similarly appeared ugly or grotesque in Asian eyes. Yan Shigu (581-645) of the Tang period writes in an annotation in "Traditions of the Western Regions," fascicle 96 of The Book of the Former Han, "The Wusun [tribe] have the strangest features among the various peoples of the Western Regions.[7] The reason that today's Hu people [an ethnic group in northern and western regions], with their blue eyes and red beards, resemble monkeys in countenance is that they derive from the same ancestors as the Wusun." When Tang people saw blue (or jasper-green) eyes and red beards, they reflexively thought of animals. Of course, peoples of the Western Regions are not Westerners. But to Tang Chinese, deep sculpted faces of the Caucasoid type appeared ugly.

Likewise when they directly described Europeans. "Biographies" 213 in fascicle 325 of The History of the Ming (1368-1644) characterizes the Dutch as having "deep set eyes and a long nose, with the hair, eyebrows, and beard equally red." Seemingly an objective depiction of physical characteristics, the passage employs the words "deep set eyes and long noses" with a clearly derogatory nuance. The term "red hair" (hongmao) as a disparaging alias for Westerners began to be used around then. Likewise, "red hair, jasper eyes" (hongmao biyan) was a negative expression. As in Tang China, red hair (or gold hair) and blue eyes were directly connected to the image of wild animals. Such a view was finally reversed in modern times.

Leng Mei, Leaves 24 and 25 from Collected Album of Paintings, 1677-1742. National Palace Museum, Taipei; WikiCommons (http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Leng_Mei_-_Figures_-_Leaves_24_and_25.jpg).

Following the Opium War (1840-42), China and the West experienced a reversal of power, and Chinese views of Westerners gradually changed. In 1866, the Qing official Bin Chun (1827-1910) was sent as the first formal representative to observe Europe. European women came to look beautiful in his eyes.[8] Interestingly, his memoir called Occasional Jottings Aboard a Raft (Chengcha biji) makes no reference at all to the color of hair and eyes.

When looking at people of a different race or ethnicity, whether the observation is of the same gender can affect aesthetic judgments. There are many examples in which, in the eyes of male observers, foreigners of the same gender look ugly yet women look beautiful. Siebold and Thunberg mentioned above, as well as the German physician and naturalist Engelbert Kaempfer (1651-1716), write in their travelogues that Japanese women are quite lovely. Likewise, even if Western women looked attractive to a Qing government official, he may not necessarily have similarly appraised Western men.

In China, too, once it was recognized that the West had overwhelming power, "red hair" and "jasper eyes" became gradually less ugly. Indeed, in the twentieth century they were transformed into a symbol of beauty. Western fiction in translation exerted great influence on the reversal of the image. Along with that, approaches to the portrayal of Westerners also changed. In Chinese fiction, poetry, and non-fiction, "red hair" changed to "golden hair" (jinfa) and "jasper eyes" to "indigo pupils" (lan yanjing).

A similar trend was common in Japan as well. There seem to be two stereotypical depictions of Westerners in modern Japanese fiction: extremely ugly or exceedingly beautiful. When portrayed as ugly, physical characteristics suggestive of non-humans such as a bear-like huge body, intense body odor, and uncanny blue eyes are heavily emphasized.[9]

Whether people of a different race appear beautiful is less a matter of judgment based on looks and styles than a product of one's evaluation of that race's culture. From the start, it is meaningless to try to determine whether Caucasians or Mongoloids are more beautiful. To compare the appearances of races that differ in eye color, hair, and skull structure, is like comparing chow and bulldog, as it were, and judging which animal is more aesthetically appealing. In this sense, the Miss World competition can hardly be expected to have any "fair criteria of judgment." The interracial comparison is predicated on a myth that humans are all the same.

Takehisa Yumeji, Kurofuneya (Black Ship Inn), 1919. Takehisa Yumeji Ikaho Memorial Museum; WikiCommons (http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Kurofuneya.JPG).

Beauty as a Metaphor

Detailed inspection of changes in aesthetics from age to age clarifies that criteria for "beauty" are affected by elements other than beautiful looks. "Insiders" are beautiful; "outsiders" are ugly. "The noble" are beautiful; "the humble" are ugly. "The upper" are beautiful; "the lower" are ugly. "The affluent" are beautiful; "the poor" are ugly. "The holy" are beautiful; "the secular" are ugly. "The good" are beautiful; "the evil" are ugly. The more we go back to ancient times, the more striking this tendency becomes.

Chinese dynastic histories invariably depict foreign peoples negatively. That is also the case with portrayals of diplomatic emissaries in paintings. This is not limited to foreigners. In writings portraying conflicts, be they historical accounts or fiction, friends tend to have beautiful countenances while foes, both leaders and soldiers, look ferocious. The aesthetics that appraise "insiders" as beautiful and "outsiders" as ugly also applies to women. Commoner women rarely appear in literature of ancient times. Nearly without exception, those depicted in poetry and fiction are court women or noble women. As in literary works like "The Goddess of the Luo" (Luoshui-shen fu) by the poet and statesman Cao Zhi (192-232), descriptions of glamorous clothing convey feminine beauty. Because sartorial splendor was among the requirements for a beauty, women who could not hope for such garb were eliminated as objects of depiction.

That beauty and ugliness are metaphors of vertical relationships is readily apparent in representations of rank among states and races. As mentioned above, in pre-modern China, foreigners, including those such as Mongols, Tibetans and Uyghurs living on China's borders, and Europeans, were deemed ugly not only because they were regarded as "outsiders" but because they were "people of lower standing" than the Chinese.

Suzuki Harunobu, Princess Sannomiya (Third Princess from the Tale of Genji**), circa 1766. Honolulu Museum of Art;** WikiCommons (http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Suzuki_Harunobu_002.jpg).

Among the Han themselves, descriptions of beauty and ugliness formed metaphors of vertical relations. The Chinese expression "talented men and fair women" (cairen jiaren) by definition implies their class origin. The phrase "fair women" does not simply refer to women of lovely appearance but to those of literary families. In China, where Confucianism was the official learning and the Imperial Examination System presided over entrance into the bureaucracy, literary ability was a crucial measure defining social standing. In fiction of Ming and Qing China, although women were not eligible to take the imperial examination or become officials, they were never described or depicted as "fair" unless they possessed literary talent.

The metaphor most frequently employed presumes "holy" to be beautiful and "secular" to be ugly. In every culture, goddesses are without exception depicted as beautiful. Alongside this, the entrance of a beautiful woman into a scene is often portrayed in the same way as the descent of a goddess to the earth. An unparalleled beauty frequently shines dazzlingly as if clad in a halo. Such metaphor, or interchangeable relationship between a beautiful human and a god or goddess, can be observed in Buddhist images as well.

That "good" is beautiful and "evil" is ugly is a metaphor that has recurred since the oldest days. In literature of all ages and regions, a good woman is almost always beautiful, and a bad woman is ugly. We cannot laugh this away as a paradigm in old fiction. In fact, the same pattern is repeated today in Hollywood movies. Yet, the audience does not find it uncomfortable. The metaphor assuming "justice" to be beautiful and "vice" ugly is generally accepted across history.

Translated from Cho Kyo, Bijo towa nanika: Nitchū bijin no bunkashi (The Search for the Beautiful Woman) (Tokyo: Shōbunsha, 2001). Excerpted from The Search for the Beautiful Woman: Historical and Contemporary Perspectives and Aesthetics, trans. Kyoko Selden (Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield, 2012).

SPECIAL FEATURE

Japan in Translation III
In Honor of Kyoko Selden

Edited by Alisa Freedman

Artistic Legacy of the Fifteenth Century Selections from Japan: The Shaping of Daimyo Culture,

1185-1868, translated by Kyoko Selden (/2016/16/Selden-1.html)

Nagai Kafū, Selections from "Ukiyo-e Landscapes and Edo Scenic Places," translated by Kyoko Selden and Alisa Freedman (/2016/16/Kafu.html)

Suzuki Shin'ichi, Selections from Nurtured by Love, translated by Kyoko Selden with Lili Selden (/2016/16/Suzuki.html)

Osaki Midori, Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense, translated by Kyoko Selden and Alisa Freedman (/2016/16/Osaki.html)

Three Heian Poems, translated with calligraphy by Kyoko Selden (/2016/16/Selden-2.html)

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Notes

[1] Charles Darwin, The Descent of Man, vol. 2 (London: John Murray, 1871), 383.
[2] Claude Lévi-Strauss, Tristes Tropiques, trans. John and Doreen Weightman (New York: Atheneum Publishers, 1974; reprinted by Penguin Books, 1992), 188.
[3] Gaspar da Cruz, Jūrokuseiki kanan jibutsushi (South China in the Sixteenth Century), trans. Hino Hiroshi (Tokyo: Akashi Shoten, 1987), 293.
[4] Louis J. Gallagher, trans., China in the Sixteenth Century: The Journals of Matteo Ricci: 1583-1610 (New York: Random House, 1953), 77.
[5] Philipp Franz von Siebold, Edo sanpu kikō (Reise nach dem Hofe des Sjogun im Jahre) (Record of Court Journeys to Edo), trans. Saitō Makoto (Tokyo: Heibonsha, 1967), 77.
[6] Timon Screech, ed., Japan Extolled and Decried: Carl Peter Thunberg and the Shogun's Realm, 1775-1796 (London: Routledge, 2005), 88. Cf.: Takahashi Fumi, trans., Edo sanpu zuikōki (Journey to the Shogun's Edo) (Heibonsha, 1994), 218-19.
[7] Also called the Book of Former Han, it was composed by Ban Biao, Ban Gu, and Ban Zhao and completed in 111 A.D. It covers the history of China under the Western Han from 206 B.C. to 25 A.D.
[8] Bin Chun, Chengcha biji (Occasional Jottings Aboard a Raft), in Zhouxiang shijie congshu (Toward the World Library), ed. Zhong Shuhe (Yuelu Publications, 1985), 101.
[9] Tsuruta Kin'ya, Ekkyōsha ga yonda Nihon bungaku (Modern Japanese Literature that Boundary-Crossers Read) (Tokyo: Shin'yōsha, 1999), 10-22.

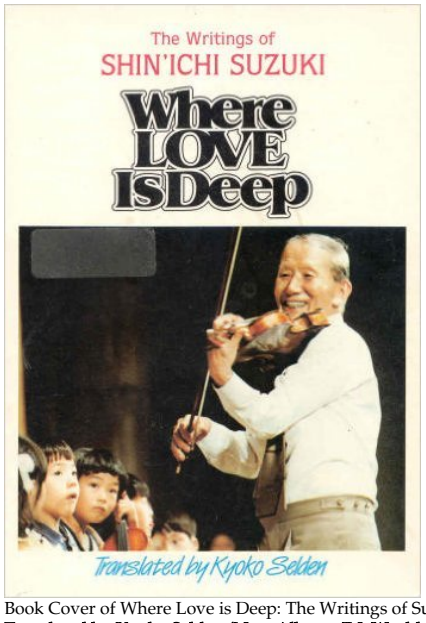
Selections from Nurtured by Love

Suzuki Shin'ichi

Translated by Kyoko Selden **with** Lili Selden **and introduced by** Lili Selden

Suzuki Shin'ichi Leads a Children's Violin Group. Suzuki Association (https://suzukiassociation.org/media/dr-shinichi-suzuki-leads-student-violin-group/)

For more than three decades, Kyoko Selden was deeply involved in the Talent Education (Sainō kyōiku) movement, as a parent of three string-playing children and the translator of major books and articles on the Suzuki Method. Developed in the thirties and forties by the violinist Suzuki Shin'ichi (1898-1998), the Suzuki Method teaches children classical music as a means to enrich their lives while also enhancing their motor skills, concentration, memory, and self-discipline. Suzuki, who had studied the violin in Germany in the twenties, was one day struck by the capacity of children to master their native languages. Against the conventional wisdom that only certain people were graced with the talent to master musical instruments, Suzuki declared that anyone who could speak a language with facility had the potential to become a refined performer—whether amateur or professional—of music.



Book Cover of Where Love is Deep: The Writings of Suzuki Shin'ichi. **Translated by Kyoko Selden (New Albany, IN: World-Wide Press, 1982) (http://www.amazon.com/Where-Love-Is-Deep-Writings/dp/9995273195)**

The Suzuki Method, having attracted hundreds of instructors and tens of thousands of students throughout Japan in the postwar years, arrived on the North American music education scene to great acclaim in the early sixties. Shortly thereafter, Waltraud Suzuki's translation into English of Suzuki's autobiography, Nurtured by Love (Ai ni ikiru), appeared, providing a clear statement of its philosophy and its leader's persona. Other books and articles about the Method's tenets and their application followed.

In 1976, a Suzuki violin program, directed by Rose Martin, was inaugurated at the St. Louis Conservatory and School for the Arts (CASA). Kyoko, as a high school and university student, had loved music enough to defy her parents by secretly taking piano lessons. She enrolled her

children in the violin program, excited about the resonance between the method and her own educational philosophy, honed as a teacher of Japanese language and literature at Washington University and later Cornell. These commonalities included a commitment: (1) to use authentic materials (rather than artificial exercises) to challenge and inspire students, (2) to set high standards but encourage and motivate students through positive reinforcement, and (3) to refrain from making judgments about a student's capacity to excel—someday in some particular field—based on the student's initial attempts to master specific material or skills.

Kyoko soon met Eiko and Masayoshi Kataoka, members of the St. Louis Symphony, who taught Suzuki violin and cello at their home. In 1980, the Kataokas launched Talent Education Journal, a quarterly providing English-language translations of the work of Suzuki and other instructors, not to mention their students and students' parents. Kyoko translated nearly every article published in the journal for over a decade, in addition to creating paper cuts and sketches to illustrate it.

She also translated other books and instructional materials by Suzuki and his inner circle. Eventually, at the request of the International Suzuki Association, an umbrella organization with representatives from many of the regional Suzuki programs worldwide, she undertook a complete translation of Nurtured by Love for the new millennium. This new translation, published in spring 2013, has since become the basis for forthcoming translations into other languages.

Below are excerpts from that translation, chosen by her co-translator, Lili Selden, illustrated with Kyoko Selden's original paper cuts.

Foreword: A Day of Marveling

Children Throughout Japan Speak Japanese!

"Ohh! Children everywhere in Japan are speaking Japanese!"

I leaped up in astonishment. Each and every child speaks Japanese freely, and they do so without any difficulty whatsoever. Isn't this a marvelous ability? Why is this? How has this come to pass? I could barely suppress my impulse to run into the streets, shouting.

For about a week following this revelation, I spoke to everyone I met.

"All children throughout Japan speak Japanese magnificently. Children from Osaka speak that difficult Osaka dialect, and children from the Northeast speak that Northeastern dialect we could never even hope to reproduce. Isn't this impressive?"

But nobody was impressed. It's a matter of course, everyone said. Instead of being surprised by the fact that every child demonstrates such ability, people were half surprised and half appalled by the fuss I was making about

something that is common sense.

However, this discovery held enormous significance for me. It happened one day over thirty years ago, when I was thirty-three or four. And this discovery not only solved a problem I was confronting at the time but came to form the basis that determined my life thereafter.

I believe it was around 1931. I was only teaching youths at the Teikoku and Kunitachi Music Academies, but a four-year old boy appeared at my office door, accompanied by his father. It was Etō Toshiya, now a fine violinist.[1]

Whence this Marvelous Phenomenon?

Having brought along the four-year old Toshiya, his father said, "I'd like to entrust my child to you." He was asking me to teach his son the violin. I was at a complete loss as to how I ought to nurture such a young child, or what I might teach him. I had never had such an experience.

What kind of approach would serve me best in teaching a four-year old? — I pondered this question day and night.

That became the starting point leading to my discovery. At the time, my brothers and I had formed a quartet, and one day while we were rehearsing at my younger brother's place, it flashed into my head: every child throughout Japan speaks Japanese.

For me, that realization was the proverbial light on a moonless night.

Children freely speak Japanese, I realized, because they are, in effect, given the opportunity to do so. There is the fact of training and education behind their capacity to speak. Therein lay a proper educational method. Every child, without question, is developing appropriately. This was precisely that perfect educational method I was seeking. An educational method that ensured the development of Japanese children already existed everywhere in Japan.

Awakening to this fact left me astonished.

Children who are called dull because they are poor at math, too, speak Japanese with absolute freedom. This is strange, is it not? The reason for their ineptitude at math, then, is not that they are dull. What is at fault is the methods by which they are being taught. It is not that these children have no talent, but rather that their talent has not been cultivated.

Yet another surprise for me was that nobody else was aware of this fact despite its being clearly visible before human eyes since ancient times. Nevertheless, what made me leap up in astonishment was another fact even prior to that one. When I tried organizing my thoughts, I came up with the following.

Herein Lie the Keys to Developing Ability

(1) As far as mother-tongue education goes, children who earn low marks at school and are called dull by birth have acquired superior ability to speak Japanese.

(2) In other words, an educational method for successful development has been applied to every child. Contained among the pedagogical conditions of first-language acquisition that are in effect from the day a child is born, I found, was a method to overshadow every other painstakingly thought-out method.

(3) All children, without exception, flourish in response to skillful teaching. They are born equipped with that potential.

I thought here was the key to human development, or more precisely, ability development. I had unexpectedly run into a wall upon being requested to teach the four-year old Etō Toshiya, and having thought every which way through the challenge, I now awoke with tremendous excitement to this "mother-tongue

educational method."

Fueled by my certain belief that every child thrives, I have worked continuously for thirty-odd years within an educational movement that creates no dropouts, and that I have named "Talent Education." That day of wonderment became the start of my inquiry into humanity. As to where that path has led me, I would like to discuss it as enjoyably and concretely as possible, while reflecting on the past and hoping for the future.

My Encounter with Tolstoy

Bitter Chagrin at Having Deceived Myself

I believe that the foundation of my adult life came into being in the year that I turned seventeen. In a sense, I think I can say that I was born then. For this reason, although I have spoken to many people and have also written about what happened in that year before I graduated from commercial school, I am unable to convey my approach to life without referring to the events in question. I therefore will repeat myself at the risk of boring some readers.

One day I went into the office of my father's factory, where a thousand employees were at work. I caught sight of an English language typewriter, a novelty for me, and casually hit some keys. The head of the shipping section came by and cautioned me: "Shin'ichi, you don't want to strike the keys when it's not loaded with paper."

"I'm just pretend-typing." Caught on the spot, I fibbed.

"Oh, I see." Without ado, the section head left the room. He was no sooner out of sight than I was seized by intense anger and regret. "What a coward!" I berated myself. "Why did you lie when you should have humbly apologized?"

Unable to bear it, I went home right away but I could not remain still. I went out to Nagoya's broadest street. Perhaps wishing to forget the discomfort that obsessed me, I found myself entering a bookstore and arbitrarily began to pick up random books from the shelves. It was in the process of flipping through them that I encountered Tolstoy, wholly by chance—or, as I prefer to think of it, in accordance with my destiny.

"The Voice of One's Conscience Is the Voice of God"

The book in question was a small one, titled The Diaries of Tolstoy. Without forethought, I took it from the shelf and distractedly opened a page. Right then and there, my eyes alighted on the following sentence: "To deceive oneself is worse than to deceive another."

The stern words pierced my heart and shook me to the core. I barely managed to fight the trembling in my entire body. I bought the little book, ran home, and pored over it. Starting that day, I read and re-read the volume until it literally fell apart.

Tolstoy—what an exemplary human being. This feeling of awe led me to avidly read his entire oeuvre. My self-formation thus proceeded with Tolstoy as my sustenance. The Diaries of Tolstoy never, under any circumstances, left my side. No matter where I went, I brought the volume with me. When I went to Germany to study several

years later, at age twenty-three, this book was in my chest pocket.

Tolstoy warned against self-deception and equated the voice of conscience with the voice of God. I was firmly convinced of the need to lead my life in accordance with this Tolstoyan philosophy.

Work, Reading, and Playing with Children

At the same time, I began to occupy myself less with schoolwork, studying only enough to avoid failing my examinations. Capturing my attention, instead, were books that explored how to leading a meaningful life; for example, the essays of Francis Bacon and other Western philosophical writings. Probably this interest, too, reflects how my mind worked under Tolstoy's influence.

Around the same time, I eagerly devoured the analects of the thirteenth-century Priest Dōgen (1200-53). His On Training and Enlightenment (Shūshōgi, compiled in 1890) begins with the phrase, "To clarify life and to clarify death—this is a matter of the greatest importance for every Buddhist. If there is the Buddha in life and death, there is neither life nor death. . . ." I began adopting a lifestyle in which I found the greatest pleasure in reading such books, perspiring amidst the factory workers at my father's plant, and befriending and playing with the children in our neighborhood.

Later, my study and appreciation of Mozart's music led me away from the notion of Tolstoy's "conscience" toward an understanding of the workings of the "life force" itself as the source of every aspect of human existence; but I believe that the foundation of this conceptualization, too, was formed when I was around seventeen.

The existence of young children, which is nothing less than the joy of burgeoning life, came alive in my heart. Eastern philosophy, which pronounces us all to be endowed with life through the grace of nature, took root within me. This, I would say, was the process that informed my late teens.

Here Was the Source of Talent Education

Back then, I often played with neighborhood children. Whenever they spotted me coming home from elsewhere, they all came running down the street to me. Taking their hands in mine, I led them to the Suzuki home for hours of fun with them and my younger sister and brothers. I was simply fond of children. Presumably due to having been baptized by Tolstoy, I had come to discern such a quality of preciousness in four- and five-year olds that at times I nearly felt like joining my palms in veneration.

Young children never deceive themselves.

They believe in others without the slightest hint of doubt.

They know only how to love, not how to hate.

They love justice, and zealously adhere to rules.

Seeking joy, they live vibrantly and cheerfully.

Unfamiliar with anxiety, they live in a constant state of blissful assurance.

Before long, I discovered that playtime with the neighborhood children was actually a useful learning opportunity for me. I longed to keep alive within me the unself-conscious human posture I observed in those children. A revolution had swept through me. I feel that Talent Education, which was eventually to be my life's work, began then.

Many of the world's beautiful children turn out to be adults who harbor suspicion, distrust, injustice, hatred, strife, unhappiness, and darkness. Why is that? Is it simply impossible to help them retain their beautiful hearts as they mature into adulthood? This was the source of

my belief that our educational strategies must certainly be flawed.

What Is the Use of Merely Knowing?

Sound Breathes Life—Without Form It Lives.

One morning in 1953, I received a phone call from a newspaper informing me of the death of Jacques Thibaud (1880-1953). The airplane carrying him had crashed in the Alps. I was asked to comment on the news, but such was my shock that I could scarcely respond. I stood motionless with the phone in my hand; it was the kind of shock one feels when notified of the loss of an immeasurably close, dear friend.

After the fierce shock subsided, I reflected on my sorrow with quiet tears. I had never met Thibaud. But before I even realized it, he had come to live within me. I loved and admired his violin playing, and from listening to his performances on record albums for over twenty years, I had sensed his character and studied his methods of musical expression and violin technique. Through music . . . through tone, Thibaud had, at some point unbeknownst to me, begun to live within me, and I was soon cultivating an unforgettable love and respect for him. Music . . . tone. What miraculous power it has!

It was on this occasion of Thibaud's passing that I awoke to a fact: humans do not live through wisdom; they live within the magnificent workings of life.

"Sound breathes life—

without form it lives."

That moment of awakening was when these words became my motto. Fifty years ago, I had encountered Tolstoy's counsel: "The voice of conscience is the voice of God." To live with conscience had since been my inviolable creed, but from that moment forward "conscience" was replaced for me by "life."

Music—The Words of Life

If we are to submit to that which our lives seek—but what is this thing called life? The lives that we endeavor to live always face toward joy. If we allow wisdom to lead us, the results obtained are unnatural. If we adopt the innocent heart of a child, our lives—based on a foundation of love—will try to move toward the true, the good, and the beautiful. I believe that the Buddha's pronouncement, "Humans possess an intrinsic nature," expresses the same idea. I feel likewise about Mozart's heart, which has taught me that spontaneous love and joy transcend human sorrow. It was Thibaud who made me realize that this function of life was precisely what I most cherish.

At the same time that humankind created the culture of the oral and written word, it also created the superlative culture we call music. Music is a language of life that transcends the oral and written word, a living art that should also be acknowledged for its mysteriousness, and therein lies its capacity to enthrall. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven . . . all of these composers are vividly alive within their music, powerfully speaking to our life forces, purifying us, elevating us, and offering us supreme joy and emotional depth.

He is as young as a boy and wise as an old man—never old-fashioned, never modern, carried to the grave and always alive. His smile, which was so human, still shines on us transfigured. . . .[2]

This is a passage from the pianist Ferruccio Busoni (1866-1924) extolling Mozart for expressing in sound a grand, formless being comprised of his character and philosophy, as well as his sorrow, love, and exquisite heart.

Talent Education is Education Directed Toward Life

Nature imbues every creature with life. The workings of that life, or the force with which it endeavors to live, is far beyond human wisdom. Each and every person who becomes aware of this is compelled to esteem and value children, adults, and even himself more highly.

We are profoundly moved by Maestro Casals' performances. In turn, the performances of children have the capacity to make that very same Maestro cry and move large numbers of people to tears. These all constitute beautiful symphonies of pure human life. The hearts, senses, wisdom, and conduct of humans, not to mention the functioning of their internal organs and nerves—each of these comprises no more than a portion of the vigor with which we strive to live. Regardless of what it is that human wisdom gropes for or discovers, we must not forget to understand human beings as a unitary force—that is to say, as all-inclusive entities that revolve around the workings of life.

Accordingly, my Talent Education had to be education directed toward life; or stated differently, a pedagogy for life-forces endeavoring to live.

Not to **Teach** but **Foster**

Why is it that every Japanese child develops with ease the superior ability to speak Japanese? That is where the secret of fostering human ability lies. When one does one's utmost to teach and motivate children, yet somehow the results are less than fruitful, then surely the approach used must be misdirected somehow. This feeling of mine derives from the experiences I have personally undergone, and the experimentation I have undertaken, in the last thirty years.

Educators everywhere have become overly absorbed with the idea that they are teaching; they have forgotten the reality that a child's life develops of its own accord. Moreover, such teachers have failed to inquire deeply into the process by which ability develops. In other words, they have made the mistake of concentrating only on the kyō (teaching) part of kyōiku (education), forgetting about the iku (fostering) aspect, even though the latter is the very aim of education.

At the level of elementary education, too, teachers are guilty of educating in ways that neglect to foster their students. Instead, they educate so as to teach, after which they inflict test after test on their pupils, who are then evaluated solely on the basis of their test results: this child is outstanding, this child is middling, and this child was born slow-witted.

Tests, by nature, should not exist to rank students. Rather, I believe they should be conceived as surveys to ascertain the degree to which students have understood a given body of material, and to discover if any of them did not understand something. I submit that the function of any survey chart based on student answers should be to identify which questions might be throwing off children who are confused or unable to execute particular tasks.

Depending upon how you view them, children's report cards are teachers' report cards as well. In schools today, however, they have become nothing more than "children's report cards."

What is Accomplished Simply in Knowing What One Ought to Do?

Parents do not send a child to elementary school in order to have the child's innate qualities be evaluated through tests. Nonetheless, in actuality, these days it has come to seem as if human assessment, or the assessment of children through repeated tests, has become the job of the school, the result being that everyone is obsessed with rankings. I find this unacceptable.

I would like to see schools help each child, during her nine years of compulsory education, to cultivate and solidify her abilities, even if it should so happen that these are confined to a single subject or skill. Nine years should be adequate for fostering in every child, at minimum, the splendor of having acquired at least one notable ability.

This ability does not even have to be in an academic subject. If, for example, education designed to foster a mindset and behavior based on "kindness to others" was carried out in everyday life at school, amidst friends, and at home, what a pleasant society Japan could create. However, the educational system today merely teaches children that they should "be kind to others." It therefore produces intellectuals who know full well that they "should be kind to others"—but who are, in reality, fostered to become nothing more than unfortunate egoists. The current state of society is borne of this sort of education.

I hope that we are able, in one way or another, through recognizing life as the source of children's development, to shift from education that teaches to education that fosters. This is why I have thrown my entire being into Talent Education. Stated differently, children have the capacity to develop in any way whatsoever, depending upon how they are fostered. May every child born on this earth develop into a decent and happy person, a human being with sought-after talents. I live always with this prayer, and stake my life on realizing it. I believe, moreover, that all children are born with the potential to respond to and fulfill this prayer.

Suzuki Shin'ichi, Ai ni ikiru (Nurtured by Love) (Tokyo: Kōdansha, 1966). This translation is excerpted from Suzuki Shin'ichi, Nurtured by Love, revised edition, trans. Kyoko Selden with Lili Selden (Van Nuys, CA: Alfred Music Publishing, 2013) (http://www.amazon.com/dp/0739090445/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20).

SPECIAL FEATURE

Japan in Translation III

In Honor of Kyoko Selden

Edited by Alisa Freedman

Artistic Legacy of the Fifteenth Century Selections from Japan: The Shaping of Daimyo Culture, 1185-1868, translated by Kyoko Selden (/2016/16/Selden-1.html)

Nagai Kafū, Selections from "Ukiyo-e Landscapes and Edo Scenic Places," translated by Kyoko Selden and Alisa Freedman (/2016/16/Kafu.html)

Cho Kyo, Selections from The Search for the Beautiful Woman: A Cultural History of Japanese and Chinese Beauty, translated by Kyoko Selden (/2016/16/Cho.html)

Osaki Midori, Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense, translated by Kyoko Selden and Alisa Freedman (/2016/16/Osaki.html)

Three Heian Poems, translated with calligraphy by Kyoko Selden (/2016/16/Selden-2.html)

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Lili Selden is a freelance translator and editor.

Notes

[1] Teikoku Music Academy was founded in 1931 with Suzuki Shin'ichi as co-founder. The word teikoku means "the imperial state," but Teikoku Music Academy was a private school. The school was closed in 1944 because of war damage. Kunitachi Music Academy, now Kunitachi College of Music, was founded in 1926 as Tokyo Higher Academy of Music.
[2] From "Mozart: Aphorisms," a 1906 publication to celebrate the 150th anniversary of Mozart's birth. Ferruccio Busoni, The Essence of Music and Other Papers, trans. Rosamond Ley (New York: Philosophical Library, 1957).

Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense

Osaki Midori

Translated by Kyoko Selden and Alisa Freedman

Introduction

Portrait of Osaki Midori
(http://plaza.rakuten.co.jp/shov100/diary/201112200000/)

Born in Tottori Prefecture (where her last name is pronounced Osaki rather than Ozaki[1]), Osaki Midori (1896-1971) was the fourth of seven children in a middle-class, intellectual family. Her mother was the daughter of the head priest of a Buddhist temple; her father was a teacher, who died while Osaki was a teenager. Osaki graduated from the Tottori Girls' School (Tottori Jogakko), and, at age eighteen, became an elementary school teacher. Aspiring to a literary career, she wrote poetry, essays, and fiction and sold a novel for schoolgirls (shōjo shōsetsu) to Shōjo sekai (Girls' World) magazine in 1917.

In 1919, Osaki moved to Tokyo to study at Japan Women's University. Her three older brothers had earlier pursued higher educations, attending the naval academy, Tottori University, and University of Tokyo, respectively. Osaki's story "From the Doldrums" (Mifūtai kara) appeared in the general interest literary magazine Shinchō (New Currents) in 1919, making her name known. However, running up against the university's policy prohibiting students from publishing literature in commercial venues, she withdrew from school in 1920 to become a fulltime writer.

Osaki strove to make a life for herself in Tokyo and to be part of the literary world centered there, for which acceptance often required the support of established writers and editors and the sale of works to magazines and newspapers. In the 1920s and 1930s, Tokyo was the epicenter of the intensification of historical and literary trends that had begun earlier, including rapid urbanization, the rise of new social groups and changing gender roles, diversification of mass media, development of popular entertainments, as well as increasing control of the police state and imperialist ventures. Tokyo was a magnet, then as now, drawing people from other parts of Japan and throughout the empire, seeking employment, education, and excitement. But, for women, a move to the capital often meant leaving behind the protective space of the family, breaking with the patriarchal system that was the basis of society. In Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense (Dainana kankai hōkō, 1931), as in her other works, Osaki expresses the alienation that many individuals experienced in the capital. She portrays unconventional familial relationships formed among youth seeking to establish themselves in Tokyo. Her female protagonists endured difficult living conditions,

as Osaki herself did.

Osaki associated with authors representing diverse ideological and aesthetic goals who sought to expand the scope of Japanese literature. Most scholars have classified Osaki with the Tokyo "modernists" (then more commonly referred to by the factions to which they belonged) who were experimenting with unorthodox techniques to respond to their modern moment, which they saw as marking a break with the past, and who sought to convey the allure and contradictions of Tokyo. Many modernist writers were critical of the proletarian literature about Tokyo being written at the time, which they saw as prioritizing politics at the expense of aesthetics and as focusing solely on despair. Yet they shared a similar concern with Marxist writers in capturing the details of daily life under capitalism as part of a larger critique. So-called modernists and Marxist writers contributed to periodicals and books sponsored by the same publishers (for example, Shinchō and Kaizō) in the 1920s, suggesting that their rivalries might not have been as implacable as contemporary scholars believe them to be and that editors had their eyes on the market and knew both literary forms could sell.

Unskilled at social interactions and unable to find enough work, Osaki lived in abject poverty. Hayashi Fumiko, aspiring author and contributor to Nyonin geijūtsu (Women's Arts) magazine to which Osaki sold many works, appreciated Osaki's talent and respected her as a person, but Osaki lacked the perseverance and social skills that enabled Hayashi to overcome an impoverished, anonymous, and degrading life. She was able to continue writing thanks to financial support from her mother in Tottori to supplement income received from her part-time work, as well as assistance from author Matsushita Fumiko, whom she had met at Japan Women's University. In 1932, Osaki—who had lost her emotional balance due to the side effects of medications used to treat migraine headaches and was perhaps suffering from the end of her brief cohabitation with Takeo Takeshi, a writer ten years her junior—was forced by her oldest brother to return to Tottori; there she was hospitalized for a mental breakdown. Although she regained her health, Midori abandoned her literary career and publically announced in 1941 that she was finished writing. Withdrawing to her remote hometown, she ceased contact with the Tokyo literary establishment, stopped publishing, and took care of her nieces and nephews amidst the social upheaval of the war. For years, her writings were overlooked by authors and critics.

Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense, often viewed as the culmination of Osaki's modernism and her signature work, was published in two parts in the March and April 1931 issues of the literary magazine Bungaku tōin (Literary Members) and a revised complete version appeared in the June 1931 issue of Shinkō geijutsu kenkyū (New Arts Research). The book version was released in 1933, and Osaki attended the launch in Tottori. The story is told in a light, humorous tone by Ono Machiko, a young woman who has left behind a quiet rural life with her grandmother to live with her brothers and former childhood crush in Tokyo. The male characters' perspectives are communicated through letters, treatises, and conversations interspersed through Machiko's narration. All four members of this "odd household" are devoted to their studies, unusual versions of fields developing at the time and which inspired Osaki's literature—science, psychology, music, and poetry. Machiko aspires to write poems that capture the "seventh sense" but is unable to define this elusive sense at the interface of consciousness and unconsciousness that arises from but transcends everyday reality. She perceives inklings of it through trancelike moments. The five ordinary senses are heightened to the point of discomfort—smells are disgusting, sounds discordant, tastes bitter, touches cause shivers, and sights are blurred or

painful to behold. Sensory perceptions are conveyed through strange combinations of words (for example, voices grow moist). None of the characters have the intuition of the sixth sense (dairokkan).

Names are important to the relationships, themes, and motifs of the story. The given names of the narrator's brothers contain the numbers one (Ichisuke) and two (Nisuke), and her cousin's name (Sangorō) is comprised of the numbers three and five. (Four is skipped perhaps because it is an unlucky homophone for death.) The name of the character Yanagi Kōroku who appears later in the story contains the number six. The sequence perhaps counts up to the seventh sense. Throughout the story, precise measurements are given, furthering numerical motifs. The narrator often deliberately uses first and last names when referring to her brothers and cousin, which causes an odd distancing effect for the reader; the men, in turn, refer to her as the "girl" (onnanoko). The name Ono Machiko playfully echoes the name of Ono no Komachi, the legendary early Heian court poet renowned for her exceeding beauty. Long, straight hair, one standard for feminine beauty in the Heian era (around 794-1185), is an ironic contrast to the narrator's reddish, frizzy hair and furthers the main theme of failure in love.

All characters are obsessed with romantic love—past, present, and future. They become embroiled in love triangles and suffer from the heartbreak of unrequited love. Machiko defines the psychological disorder of schizophrenia in terms of love triangles; and love triangles are the topic of the comic operas Sangorō sings. Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense can be read as parodying the romantic film comedies popular at the time, in which misunderstandings were resolved into happy endings, and a history of Japanese sentimental literature, from confessional writings to stories for schoolgirls, in which they often were not. Only the moss that Nisuke cultivates with manure succeeds in falling in love.

Love is also expressed as a main symptom of the various forms of "schizophrenia" (bunretsu shinrigaku) that Ichisuke studies. Scholar of Japanese literature and film Livia Monnet notes that Osaki made up the name of this psychological disorder, that, according to the afterword of the complete version of the novel published in (Shinkō geijutsu kenkyū), parodies Freudian psychoanalysis about which Osaki was well-read.[2] This love-initiated schizophrenia also reflects Osaki's interest in the motif of doubles and doppelgängers—as thematized by the likes of Edgar Allen Poe and the Surrealists—as a screen upon which to project unconscious anxieties. In the January 1930 issue of Nyonin geijutsu, Osaki published a translation of Edgar Allen Poe's horror story Morella (Morera), which is narrated by a woman who studies philosophies of identity and gives birth to a daughter that uncannily resembles the narrator's mother.[3] Doppelgängers are hinted in the fragment of the title of the book Ichisuke asks Sangorō to buy. Machiko is said to look like a minor foreign poet.

In addition to her training in classical Japanese literature and her forays into foreign literature, theories, and music, Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense reflects Osaki's knowledge of film. Osaki was the first woman to try her hand at film criticism, and starting in 1930, she wrote a monthly column of "Random Jottings about Film" (Eiga mansō) for Nyonin geijutsu. Her film writings included analyses of Charlie Chaplin comedies, the physical humor and pathos of which she injected into her stories, and observations of female filmgoers.[4] Indeed, Osaki's works impart the sensibility of a viewer in a theater engrossed in a silent movie. Osaki deployed cinematic techniques in her writing, including rapid scene shifts, physical gags, pans, close-ups, and montage. Montage puts images together in ways that condense the narrative and draws attention to symbolic meanings of individual sights and sounds. Almost in the

manner of Freudian free association, objects, particularly food (from salty local specialties and unripe oranges to the pungent greens grown by Nisuke) illuminate the disconnect between the characters. Machiko is responsible for kitchen duty, a job commonly assigned to women, but she is often unable to prepare meals. Instead, characters mostly snack. As in the case of books and clothing, both Japanese and foreign foods appear in the story. Machiko's bobbed hair might be a reference to foreign film actresses, as well as marking a break between her past life in the countryside and efforts to integrate herself into Tokyo.

In the 1960s, Osaki's stories were rediscovered by literary critic Hanada Kiyoteru. Thanks to Hanada, Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense was included in a volume of Black Humor (Kuroi ūmoa) in a series on Discovery of Modern Literature: Collected Works (Zenshū—gendai bungaku no hakken) in 1969. The reevaluation of her work began with Hanada's comparison of Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense to the literary impact of works by such 1960s authors as Abe Kōbō and Ōe Kenzaburō. Hanada deemed Osaki's unconventional style and humor as "urban modernist," firmly establishing the basis of her subsequent reevaluation. For example, Abe and Osaki similarly create a world of grotesque literature arising from the decadence of the city following its destruction in the 1945 firebombings. Their work is filled with discordant notes, and at the same time, represents an absurd world in which tragedy and comedy intermingle. In 1971, while delighting in her rediscovery and in the news of the reissue of her works, Osaki died of pneumonia. A single-volume of her collected works (Osaki Midori zenshū) was edited by author and literary critic Inagaki Masami and published in 1979 (Tokyo: Sōjusha).

Osaki displayed a writer's individuality within a social milieu that restricted the expressive practice of women. As exemplified by Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense, Osaki's literature is marked by an anti-realist, anti-worldly imagination, which conjures a fantastic realm beyond the everyday. Postwar authors, such as Mori Mari, Yagawa Sumiko, Yū Miri, and Tawada Yōko have extended the perspective of Midori's modernism. These women skillfully utilize the subjectivity of a young girl who rejects maturity and the feminine interiority promoted by patriarchal society. Osaki's literature, as well as her life, continues to attract the attention of writers, filmmakers, and scholars. The 1998 film In Search of a Lost Writer: Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense (Dainana kankai hōkō: Osaki Midori o sagashite, written by Yamazaki Kuninori, directed by Hamano Sachi) was financed in part through donations from women's groups throughout Japan.[5] The film combines interviews about Osaki and dramatization of her life with a staging of Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense. As noted in Noriko Mizuta's preface to this special issue, among Kyoko Selden's last unfinished projects was an edited volume of translations of Osaki Midori's literature, which was to include Miss Cricket (Kōrogijō, 1932, translated by Seiji M. Lippit, published in More Stories By Japanese Women Writers [Kyoko Selden and Noriko Mizuta, editors]) and the play Apple Pie in the Afternoon (Appurupai no goro, 1929). The following are the first sections of Wanderings in the Realm of the Seven Sense, the full translation of which is only available in the Review of Japanese Culture and Society (Volume XXVII).

Still from In Search of a Lost Writer: Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense **(Dainana kankai hōkō: Osaki Midori o sagashite, directed by Hamano Sachi) (http://www.takaraimasaaki.com/?p=58)**

Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense

Some time in the distant past, I spent a brief period from autumn to winter as a member of an odd family. And I seem to have had a certain experience of love.

In this family, every member, including me, who occupied the maid's room with its northern exposure, was an assiduous learner, and we all desired to make some contribution to a corner of life. In my eyes, everyone's study seemed meaningful. I was at an age when I was apt to think of things in that way. I was merely a girl with frizzy, terribly reddish hair, and my official work in the household was kitchen duty, as my status as resident of the north-facing room would suggest. But unbeknownst to the others, I had the following objective of my study: I would write poems that would reverberate in the human seventh sense. After they filled a thick notebook…Ah, I would wrap the notebook brimming with poems penned in small characters and send it by registered mail to a teacher with the most developed seventh sense. Then, all he would need to do would be to read my poems, and I would not have to expose my frizzy hair to him. (I used to feel restrained by my hair.)

Such was the objective of my study. But I only had a vague notion of what it entailed. Besides, I had no idea what form the human seventh sense took. So, in order for me to write poems, I had to first find a definition of the seventh sense. Because this was a hard task replete with indecision, my poetry notebook tended to be blank.

Ono Ichisuke was the one who appointed me to kitchen duty, and Sada Sangorō was probably the one who enthusiastically supported the idea. The reason is that Sada Sangorō had worked three weeks as the cook prior to my joining the family. Those three weeks were miserable for him in many ways, and I heard that he was such a bad cook that he had even burnt miso soup. The household also included Ono Nisuke. I was the cook for all three men. While I am on the subject of names, let me add a few things about my name. I am Ono Ichisuke and Ono Nisuke's younger sister and Sada Sangorō's younger cousin. My full name is Ono Machiko, but because this is the kind of name that behooves a woman of great beauty, it made me uncomfortable to ponder it. Nobody would imagine that a name like this would belong to a skinny, red-haired girl. So I thought that I should come up with a name better suited to my poetry and to myself once my thick notebook was filled with poems.

My grandmother had bought my basket for me when I was about to leave home to take up kitchen duty. The first items that she packed in it were medicines: gomisin, or dried kazura japonica berries, and finely chopped mulberry root. She firmly believed that these were special remedies for reddish, frizzy hair.

After she finished packing, my grandmother sighed deeply, facing the still open basket, and said to me:

"Seven parts gomisin and three parts mulberry strips. Don't forget the proportion. Patiently boil them thoroughly in a ceramic pot. When the water boils down to half, soak a hand towel in it, just like Grandma has always done for you. Wring it while it is still hot and apply it to your hair to stretch the frizz. Don't forget to smooth the unwanted curls every morning. Do it carefully. Soak and wring the towel repeatedly. Do it many times."

As her voice grew moist, I had to whistle louder. But my whistling did not seem to have much effect. My grandmother sighed again, looking toward the basket:

"Ah, you were born lazy, through and through. I doubt you will straighten your hair every morning. You won't care about your appearance. But I hear girls in the city are stylish and pretty."

I could do nothing about my whistling growing

weaker. I stood up and went to the kitchen for a drink of water. And in fact, I drank two large teacups of water, which helped me to whistle loudly again.

After whistling loudly in the kitchen for a while, I returned to find my grandmother, having wiped away her tears, removing the hair-care medicines from the basket. She then made individual packets, each containing the proper dosage of the two medicines. Making packet after packet wrapped in the paper from the sliding doors cut into squares, she added:

"Still, no matter how stylish and pretty city girls may be, the most important thing is one's disposition. I hear that, as far as the ancient gods were concerned, the frizzier a woman's hair, the more kind-hearted she was. The Sun Goddess, too, must have had curly hair. Listen carefully to what your brothers have to say and try to get along with Sangorō as you lead your life. . . .

My grandmother's tears fell into my hair-care packets.

My basket, too new for the above reason, made Sada Sangorō's dark-blue kimono and kimono jacket with white splash patterns look old and worn as he held them in his hand. Because he was preparing to take the entrance examinations for music school a second time the following spring, he looked somewhat sad to me, even with his back turned. But seeing him like this, I sympathized with his difficulties. He had sent me a number of letters, written in his clumsy handwriting and writing style, about how crestfallen a student preparing for entrance examinations feels.

As Sangorō and I approached the house, I could see mandarin oranges a little over one centimeter in diameter growing on the trees that formed a hedge around it, shining in the sun and looking almost the same color as the leaves. I then realized that a net containing mandarin oranges still hung from my hand. Unaware, I still held the oranges I had not finished eating on the train. Anyway, how underdeveloped the mandarin oranges on the hedge were—they later turned into homegrown fruit, imperfect and shockingly behind the season, with bumpy skin and many pips and not much larger than two centimeters. They were sour. But they looked beautiful under the stars on a late autumn night, and, despite their sourness, they were later to help with Sada Sangorō's love. He ate half of one of these two-centimeter oranges and gave the remaining half to the object of his affection. Partly because I need to tell my story in order, I will have to save the episode of Sangorō's love for a later time.

The single-story house surrounded by the hedge looked so old that the three name cards posted at the entrance appeared strikingly bright. Of the three cards for Ono Ichisuke, Ono Nisuke, and Sada Sangorō, only the first two were printed. Sangorō's name was inked in thick brushstrokes on a piece of cardboard. As he had written in one of his letters: "A student preparing for examinations is lonely. And a student who has to take examinations twice is even lonelier. Both Ono Ichisuke and Ono Nisuke must have long forgotten this feeling. You, Ono Machiko, alone will understand it." At the very least, perhaps writing his name in thick brushstrokes on the card kept his spirits up.

Because Sangorō entered the house through the window by the genkan and opened the door right away, [6] I stopped looking at the name cards and went into his room. But incidentally, that letter from Sada Sangorō continued:

As proof of the fact that Ono Nisuke has long forgotten how I must feel, he boils fertilizer almost every night, and the odor from his room, separated from mine only by a corridor, is unbearable. So I have to take shelter in the maid's room, which is on the other side of the house. Because boiling fertilizer is the basis of his graduation thesis, the odor comes often. Well, even if this escape helps me to tolerate the odor, I

am forced to pull out the bedding from the closet and go to sleep early in the evening because the maid's room has no electricity. When I have things to do, I need to use candlelight. Tonight, too, I am writing this letter on the tatami of the maid's room. I feel sad. The odor, which is particularly intense tonight, diagonally crosses the corridor, streams toward the genkan, moves into the dining room, cuts across the kitchen, and leaks into the maid's room. On such a night, I am so sad that I feel like banging on the piano.

Suppose I decide to tolerate the stench. It is annoying when someone else occupies the maid's room before I can. Because Ichisuke lives next door to Nisuke in rooms divided only by a row of sliding paper doors, he seems used to the usual amount of odor, but on a night when the fertilizer smell is too intense, he takes shelter in the maid's room before I can and studies in my bedding under my candlelight. He hardly lifts his eyes from his book when he orders me:

"If you have some studying to do, how about lighting another candle and getting under the covers at the bottom end? The odor from boiling a lot of fertilizer gets in the way of studying. Burnt ammonia smells almost the same as sulfur."

I step away from the maid's room and go to the public bathhouse, leaving both of my windows wide open. Then I watch a banana seller at a night stall until all the bananas are sold. Or I carry Ichisuke's bedding into my room and get as close as possible to the open windows for fresh air, while silently mouthing my pitch-training practice.

Because neither Ichisuke nor Nisuke can stand music at night, they tell me to study during the day while they are out. When will I be able to enter music school? I do not even know myself. Tell me what you think, Ono Machiko. May your words lift my spirits.

Because Nisuke is still boiling fertilizer, tonight I will write another important thing. I have been meaning to write this important thing for some time, but I have been unable to do so. It is something I would like to tell only Ono Machiko. Please understand that. This is how it is.

The other day, a teacher at the branch school (the preparatory music school where I commute every afternoon) laughed at my pitch-training practice. Commenting that my semitones were unstable, he let out a nasal laugh that sounded like "boo-hmm." I left school dejected and ended up buying a large sailor's pipe. Rather than having bought it on a whim, I think the teacher who laughed at me instead of scolding me about my pitch is to blame, but I wonder what Ono Machiko thinks. People seem to prefer being yelled at to being laughed at for their failures! In particular, the shorter the laughter the less chance of dejection!

The sailor's pipe I fancied at the pipe shop was three times as expensive as I had expected, and I spent most of the money Ichisuke had entrusted with me to purchase a book titled Doppel-something for him.[7] (#_edn7) Since then, I have been postponing my trip to the Maruzen bookstore. And I tell Ichisuke that I go to Maruzen daily but that Doppel-something has not yet arrived.

Having stowed the pipe behind the piano without once using it, I showed it to a ragman who happened to pass by in the morning when neither Ichisuke nor Nisuke was at home, and he appraised it at 30 sen.[8] What nonsense! I envied the ragman and wished I could buy a copy of Doppel-something for 30 sen. And my last wish is that Ono Machiko could join us as soon as possible and save me from my dire situation. If it seems you will not arrive here on schedule, please ask grandmother for the money right away and send it to me. Doppel-something probably costs 6 yen, the amount Ichisuke gave me.

It is true that I left several days earlier than planned because of this letter. But my early departure was not to save Sangorō from his dilemma. I had already provided for his expenses, and the amount came from the money my grandmother had tucked in the pocket she sewed on the front of my kimono undergarment. She had instructed, "When you go to the capital, it will soon be winter. You will need a new scarf to keep you warm. One from the country will certainly look inferior to those worn by girls in the capital. Use this money to buy one you like. If you don't know how to choose an appropriate pattern, ask Sangorō to go with you, and together you can select one on a par with those worn by the city girls."

The money in my undergarment was just too opportune. I secretly changed it into one 5-yen bill and five 1-yen bills, and enclosed the amount Sangorō had requested in his letter. Then I put the remaining four 1-yen bills back into the pocket and fastened the hook. My grandmother had attached a hook-and-eye to the pocket. Saying that hooks and eyes are very convenient, she kept a number of them, which she had removed from my worn-out summer clothes, in her sewing box.

My departure had been hastened by a vague feeling.

Sangorō lived with his piano in a 1.5-tsubo room by the genkan.[9] The piano looked so old that, had it been placed in a parlor or a similar place in a newly built house, it would have required a fine cloth cover. I was told that Sangorō had rented it from the landlord along with the old house. By the piano was a revolving stool, whose seat was more exposed cotton padding than velvet upholstery cover. Sangorō sat on the furoshiki he had spread on top,[10] and talked to me while eating a mandarin orange from my net sack. I listened, sitting beside my basket. Behind him was the piano, its lid open, and the sailor's pipe, still holding ashes, was perched on top of the keyboard. This is what Sangorō explained: "I rented this old, single-story house because it came with a piano, but after three weeks, I realized that it was the worst possible place for us. As long as we live with Ono Nisuke, we need a two-story house. Fine if there is no piano. Why don't we find a slightly newer place with two rooms on the second floor for Nisuke and Ichisuke, and you and I can stay on the first floor." (Sangorō put the peel on the piano keyboard and took another orange.)

"If the two of us look together, we will soon find a nice house. Nisuke can boil as much fertilizer as he likes upstairs. Odor tends to rise, so it won't bother us on the first floor. On evenings when Ichisuke takes shelter downstairs—when Nisuke heats fertilizer in test tubes, the smell is not so bad, but when he uses a big ceramic pot, it is unbearable. So Ichisuke will naturally take shelter on the first floor from time to time—then, I will let him use my room, and I will take shelter in your room. If we live on separate floors, I can sing my pitch-training pieces at night. Under the present circumstances, I go to the branch school in the afternoon, and at night Ichisuke and Nisuke keep me from practicing, so I do not have time to study. In the morning, after Ichisuke and Nisuke go out, I am very sleepy. You see, I have been the one to wake early every morning and fix breakfast. Our initial understanding was that Nisuke would help with the cooking until you arrived, but he never once did. His excuse is that he stays up until late researching his graduation thesis, but you never saw a late riser like him. Besides, he asks me too often to collect fertilizer for him. Anyway, if the present situation continues, I am bound to fail again. I do not want to fail the examinations for music school twice in a row. So let's, the two of us find a two-story house as soon as possible. We will quickly move while Ichisuke and Nisuke are out. We will need to rent a cart to carry our belongings, but I suppose you have the money for the fee. It does not cost much at all. Everyone has some extra pocket money when they first arrive in Tokyo.

Let's go ahead without saying a word to Ichisuke or Nisuke. Once we move all our belongings and fix up the second floor, we can send letters by special delivery to Ichisuke's hospital and Nisuke's school. Or it might be enough to post our new address at the entrance of this house. They will be content if they have rooms where they can study. They are so lackadaisical that they do not even complain about meals unless the rice gets badly burned. Nisuke's belongings like test tubes, seedbeds, and ceramic pots are tricky to move, but you and I will just have to carry a few items at a time by hand. That means we cannot move too far, and the moving expenses will be modest."

After a few orange peels sat in a row on the piano and the net was empty, Sangorō started smoking his sailor's pipe. He moved on to a new topic. His pipe was not as large as he had described in his letter: "That money put my mind to rest. Right away, I bought a copy of that book at Maruzen and handed it to Ichisuke, and he is now studying it. The title of the book, Doppel-something, translates into Japanese as 'schizophrenic psychology.' The hospital where Ichisuke works accepts only abnormal patients with this 'schizophrenic psychology,' and the doctors there make it their mission to change them to have a single state of mind. The fine points of this psychology is difficult for us to understand, but it helps that Ichisuke does not do his experiments at home the way Nisuke does. And as for the money, I will repay you when my father sends my allowance at the end of the month."

I had opened the lid of my basket and was eating caramels and leftover Tanba's famous chestnut yōkan.[11] It was already past noon, and I was hungry. Sangorō took yōkan out of my hand and started to eat it. He removed from the basket the preserved persimmons that had been hung under the eaves to dry and shared them with me. My grandmother had put the persimmons in the basket for me to enjoy on the way, but I had held back because I felt some compunction about eating on the train things so rich with the flavor of the mountain country.

Sangorō also seemed hungry. Placing the sailor's pipe on the piano, he stood up from the stool and began searching the basket. Regardless, wasn't he too rough with the piano? One glance at the keys was enough to detect their miserable, trashy hue, somewhere between grey and brown. Still, it was a piano, a musical instrument. On the keyboard sat a line of orange peels, followed by a row of persimmon pits, followed again by the pipe still emitting smoke.

Sangorō took out the four boxes made of thin wood that I had bought at Hamamatsu and unsealed one. Fully packed inside were small dark brown beans. Sangorō plucked a few out of the box and tried them.

"Too salty," he remarked. "Tastes bad. Don't you have anything better?"

I, too, tasted these Hamamatsu fermented soybeans, called hamanattō for short. I agreed with Sangorō. Ono Ichisuke had made me promise to buy some at Hamamatsu Station. His postcard had ended: "Please get a few boxes. It is my favorite food. It would be safer for you to choose a train that passes Hamamatsu during the day. At night, I fear you might be asleep when the train stops at the station."

Still from In Search of a Lost Writer: Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense **(Dainana kankai hōkō: Osaki Midori o sagashite, directed by Hamano Sachi)** (http://www.takaraimasaaki.com/?p=58)

Sangorō finally opened one of the hair-care packets from the very bottom of my basket. In response to his question about what it was, I explained its use. He replied: "You do not need to go through all that. These days curly hair is thought to be more beautiful. Wouldn't it be better to cut your hair short and apply hot curling irons?"

I reached into my undergarment pocket and slowly pulled out the four one-yen bills. I asked Sangorō if, instead of returning the money I had sent him, he could add these bills to the total and buy me a scarf.

"I see. Then I will keep this money for now. You mean a scarf that costs ten yen? Soon, by the end of the month, I will take you to buy one with a nice pattern. But we are hungry right now, so let's go out and eat some lunch. I have been hungry for a while, but I didn't want to go to the trouble of fixing anything and didn't have any money. This month I have had a terrible time because of that pipe."

Sangorō went to lock the door, picked up my sandals, and threw them out the window. He then threw me out the window after them.

Originally published in 1931. This translation was taken from Dainana kankai hōkō (Tokyo: Kawade Bunkō, 2009) and Osaki Midori zenshū (Collected Works of Osaki Midori), vol. 1 (Tokyo: Chikuma Shobō, 1998).

SPECIAL FEATURE

Japan in Translation III
In Honor of Kyoko Selden

Edited by Alisa Freedman

Artistic Legacy of the Fifteenth Century Selections from Japan: The Shaping of Daimyo Culture, 1185-1868, translated by Kyoko Selden (/2016/16/Selden-1.html)

Nagai Kafū, Selections from "Ukiyo-e Landscapes and Edo Scenic Places," translated by Kyoko Selden and Alisa Freedman (/2016/16/Kafu.html)

Cho Kyo, Selections from The Search for the Beautiful Woman: A Cultural History of Japanese and Chinese Beauty, translated by Kyoko Selden (/2016/16/Cho.html)

Suzuki Shin'ichi, Selections from Nurtured by Love, translated by Kyoko Selden with Lili Selden (/2016/16/Suzuki.html)

Three Heian Poems, translated with calligraphy by Kyoko Selden (/2016/16/Selden-2.html)

Osaki Midori (1896-1971) moved to Tokyo from Tottori in 1919 to establish her literary career. She published short stories, novellas, and film criticism, developing a distinctive mode of expression now categorized as part of Japanese "modernism." She returned to Tottori and in 1941 publicly

announced her retirement from writing. Her works were rediscovered by literary critics in the 1960s.

Kyoko Selden (1936-2013) taught Japanese language and literature as a senior lecturer at Cornell University until her retirement in 2008. Author, translator, artist and calligrapher, she was the translation coordinator of the Asia-Pacific Journal. Her major works as translator centered on Japanese women writers, the atomic bomb, the Ainu and the Okinawans. Her major translations included Japanese Women Writers: Twentieth Century Short Fiction (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00U90M16M/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), More Stories By Japanese Women Writers, An Anthology (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0765627345/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Kayano Shigeru's Our Land Was a Forest (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0813318807/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Honda Katsuichi's Harukor: Ainu Woman's Tale (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0520210204/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), The Atomic Bomb: Voices From Hiroshima and Nagasaki (https://www.amazon.com/dp/087332773X/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Shin'ichi Suzuki's Nurtured by Love (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0739090445/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), and Cho Kyo's The Search for the Beautiful Woman, A Cultural History of Japanese and Chinese Beauty (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00AWJOQ7W/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20).

Alisa Freedman is an Associate Professor of Japanese Literature and Film at the University of Oregon. Her books include Tokyo in Transit: Japanese Culture on the Rails and Road (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0804771456/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (Stanford University Press, 2010), an annotated translation of Kawabata Yasunari's The Scarlet Gang of Asakusa (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0520241827/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (University of California Press, 2005), and co-edited volumes on Modern Girls on the Go: Gender, Mobility, and Labor in Japan (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0804781141/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (Stanford University Press, 2013), and Introducing Japanese Popular Culture (forthcoming from Routledge). She has published articles and edited special journal issues on Japanese modernism, Tokyo studies, youth culture, gender, television, humor as social critique, teaching pedagogies, and intersections of literature and digital media, along with translations of Japanese literature. She is Editor-in-Chief of the U.S.-Japan Women's Journal.

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Three Heian Poems, translated with calligraphy by Kyoko Selden (/2016/16/Selden-2.html) (/2016/16/Selden-2.html)

Osaki Midori (1896-1971) moved to Tokyo from Tottori in 1919 to establish her literary career. She published short stories, novellas, and film criticism, developing a distinctive mode of expression now categorized as part of Japanese "modernism." She returned to Tottori and in 1941 publicly announced her retirement from writing. Her works were rediscovered by literary critics in the 1960s.

Kyoko Selden (1936-2013) taught Japanese language and literature as a senior lecturer at Cornell University until her retirement in 2008. Author, translator, artist and calligrapher, she was the translation coordinator of the Asia-Pacific Journal. Her major works as translator centered on Japanese women writers, the atomic bomb, the Ainu and the Okinawans. Her major translations included Japanese Women Writers: Twentieth Century Short Fiction (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00U90M16M/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), More Stories By Japanese Women Writers, An Anthology (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0765627345/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Kayano Shigeru's Our Land Was a Forest (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0813318807/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Honda Katsuichi's Harukor: Ainu Woman's Tale (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0520210204/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), The Atomic Bomb: Voices From Hiroshima and Nagasaki (https://www.amazon.com/dp/087332773X/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), Shin'ichi Suzuki's Nurtured by Love (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0739090445/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20), and Cho Kyo's The Search for the Beautiful Woman, A Cultural History of Japanese and Chinese Beauty (https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00AWJOQ7W/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20).

Alisa Freedman is an Associate Professor of Japanese Literature and Film at the University of Oregon. Her books include Tokyo in Transit: Japanese Culture on the Rails and Road (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0804771456/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (Stanford University Press,

2010), an annotated translation of Kawabata Yasunari's The Scarlet Gang of Asakusa (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0520241827/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (University of California Press, 2005), and co-edited volumes on Modern Girls on the Go: Gender, Mobility, and Labor in Japan (https://www.amazon.com/dp/0804781141/?tag=theasipacjo0b-20) (Stanford University Press, 2013), and Introducing Japanese Popular Culture (forthcoming from Routledge). She has published articles and edited special journal issues on Japanese modernism, Tokyo studies, youth culture, gender, television, humor as social critique, teaching pedagogies, and intersections of literature and digital media, along with translations of Japanese literature. She is Editor-in-Chief of the U.S.-Japan Women's Journal.

Notes

[1] William J. Tyler, Modanizumu: Modernist Fiction from Japan, 1913-1938 (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 2008), 83.
[2] Livia Monnet, "Montage, Cinematic Subjectivity, and Feminism in Ozaki Midori's Drifting in the World of the Seventh Sense, Japan Forum 11.1 (1999): 60.
[3] For analysis of Osaki's translation, see Hitomi Yoshio, Envisioning Women Writers: Female Authorship and the Cultures of Publishing and Translation in Early 20th Century Japan (Ph.D. dissertation, Columbia University, 2012), 244-47.
[4] Miriam Silverberg, Ero Guro Nansensu: The Mass Culture of Japanese Modern Times (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2006), 200-202. See also Kan Satoko, "Kaisatsu," Dainana kankai hōkō (Tokyo: Kawade Bunkō, 2009), 183.
[5] For information about the film, see "Midori (English) (http://www.h3.dion.ne.jp/~tantan-s/english_ozaki.html)." Hamano later directed a film version of Miss Cricket.
[6] Genkan is an entryway between the front door and main part of a Japanese residence.
[7] The reader is expected to think of the word Doppelgänger.
[8] One hundred sen equal one yen. Sen were taken out of circulation in 1953.
[9] One tsubo is approximately 3.3 square meters or six-feet square.
[10] Furoshiki is a cloth used to wrap packages for transporting them.
[11] The Tanba area is located between Kyoto and Hyōgo prefectures. Yōkan is a thick jellied sweet.

Calligraphy: Three Heian Poems

Translation with calligraphy by Kyoko Selden

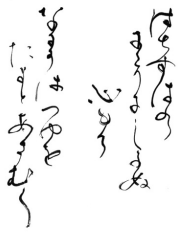
These three Heian-period waka poems—the first by Buddhist priest Henjō (816-89), the second by court poet Ōshikōchi no Mitsune (859-925), and the third by female poet Ise no Taifu (circa 989-1060)—were prepared for Marc Peter Keane's book, Songs in the Garden: Poetry and Gardens in Ancient Japan (Ithaca: MPK Books, 2012). Although these particular versions of the poems did not make the final cut for the book manuscript, Kyoko saved them in a scrapbook along with other favorites she had produced over the years.

The poems read as follows:

蓮の露を見て読める
はちす葉のにごりに染まぬ心もて
なにかは露を珠とあざむく
僧正遍昭
古今和歌集　165

hasu no tsuyu o mite yomeru
hachisuba no nigori ni shimanu kokoro mote
nanika wa tsuyu o tama to azamuku
Sōjō Henjō
Kokin wakashū, poem 165

Composed on seeing the dew on a lotus.
The lotus leaves, unstained by the muddy waters—why then do they deceive us with dewdrops shimmering gem-like?

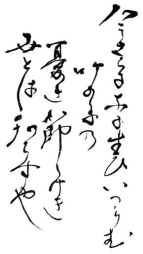


* The opening of the poem references 不染世間法如蓮華在水, a line in the Lotus Sutra that compares the purity of the Dharma with that of a lotus rising from the waters.

物思ける時、幼き子を見て、よめる
今更に生ひいづらむ竹の子の
憂き節しげき世とは知らずや
凡河内躬恒
古今和歌集　957

mono omoikeru toki, itokinaki ko o mite yomeru
imasara ni nani oiizuramu take no ko no
uki fushi shigeki yo to wa shirazu ya
Ōshikōchi no Mitsune
Kokin wakashū, poem 957

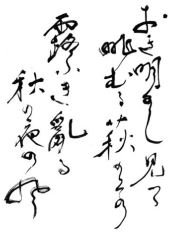
Composed on seeing his young child when he was in a pensive mood.
Why ever come into this life to grow, young sprout—don't you know sorrows flourish in this world as countless as the nodes on a bamboo stalk?



物思ふこと有りける頃、萩を見て詠める
おき明し見つつ眺むる萩の上の
露吹き乱る秋の夜の風
伊勢の大輔
後拾遺和歌集　295

mono omou koto arikeru koro, hagi o mite yomeru
oki akashi mitsutsu nagamuru hagi no ue no
tsuyu fuki midaru aki no yo no kaze
Ise no Taifu
Goshūi wakashū, poem 295

Composed on seeing a bush clover at a time when she was filled with cares
Peering hour after sleepless hour into the dark, my vacant gaze fixes on the dew scattered atop the bush clover by the autumn night's wind
Ise no Taifu
(ca. 990-1060)



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Kyoko Selden studied calligraphy with Kamijō Shinzan (1907-97) throughout her high school and college years in Tokyo. Kamijō was a prominent calligrapher and powerful advocate for returning calligraphy to public school curricula in the postwar era. She continued, in the ensuing decades, to pull out her inkwell and brushes whenever she was asked by non-profit organizations or authors to produce calligraphied logos, or was herself inspired to brush a classical Chinese or Japanese poem.

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